Collier's

TEN CENTS

FEBRUARY 23, 1946

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

THE TERRIBLE MORNING

Romance Under an Evil Star

BY NICK BODDIE WILLIAMS

PAGE 11

AMERICA IN GERMANY · BY JULIAN BACH, JR.

PAGE 18

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BILL GILLIES

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Backyard canters like this have plenty to do with Susie's and Pinkie's robust health. But Mother gets credit for those sunny smiles. College-educated Mary Brewer knows that today's soft foods don't give gums the exercise they need—that Ipana is specially designed, with massage, to wake up circulation in lazy gums.

Model background for a model smile. "No girl is more beautiful than her smile," is the Brewer family slogan. And a lovely smile depends on sparkling teeth—which, in turn, call for healthy gums. So Susie massages a little extra Ipana on gums after brushing, to speed up circulation and help keep gums from becoming tender.

There's a lesson for grownups in this typical classroom scene. Not only is the importance of gum massage being taught daily in thousands of schools: 7 out of 10 dentists recommend massage, according to a nationwide survey. (Same survey shows dentists prefer Ipana 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice *for their own use!*)

What kind of Mother does a Model make?

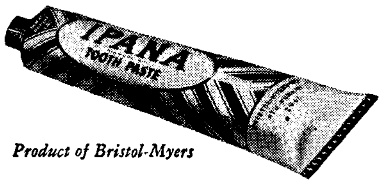
Susie Brewer's chubby health reflects her "model" mother's model care

"Why can't I do that?" muses Susie, who would like to follow in her mother's toe-dancing steps as faithfully as she now follows her daily routine of Ipana and massage for teeth and gums. Neglected gums often signal their warning to "see your dentist!" with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush. He may merely suggest, as so many do, the "helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage." Get a tube of Ipana today!

Do models make good mothers? In the case of Beverly Hills' lovely Mary Brewer, the answer is a big, resounding "yes!" One look at tanned and sturdy 4-year-old Susie and 2-year-old Pinkie will testify to that.

And Mother's "model" care extends to teeth and gums, too, of course. For Mary Brewer has learned what every successful model knows so well: the importance of a lovely smile. So this well-known fashion model has already started her youngsters on the dental routine that gets so much credit for their mother's glorious smile: *Regular brushing, followed by gum massage with extra Ipana Tooth Paste.*

Which proves that California-born Mary Brewer also knows what thousands of dentists and schools are teaching today —that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And that sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.



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And guess who's got him?

★ ★ ★ ★

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and GARSON'S GOT HIM!

★ ★

in M-G-M's exciting love story . . .

★ ★ ★ ★

ADVENTURE.

★ ★ ★ ★

Yes, *Adventure* adds up to being the most exciting and thoroughly enjoyable screen *Adventure* we've been on, in many a season of movie-going.

★ ★ ★ ★

Gable is a tough, swaggering, romantic bos'n who has made love and trouble in every port on the seven seas.

★ ★ ★ ★

Garson's a girl whose greatest *Adventure* is a picnic on Sunday.

★ ★ ★ ★

Then—WHAM! They meet!

It's lightning and thunder...it's sound and fury...it's wind and flame...it's heaven and some of the other!

★ ★ ★ ★

It's love on every note of the keyboard—laughing, lilting love; roaring, raging love. It's Gable and Garson in the screen's most exciting *Adventure!*

★ ★ ★ ★

Pardon us, while we doff our cap to Joan Blondell and Thomas Mitchell, who turn in such stand-out performances.

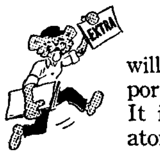
★ ★ ★ ★

And a low bow to the excellent supporting cast—to Victor Fleming for his fine direction—to Sam Zimbalist for his super production—to Frederick Hazlitt Brennan and Vincent Lawrence for their screen play with a punch!

★ ★ ★ ★

They've given us a great entertainment *Adventure* that marks the return of our favorite swell guy, Clark Gable—and the advent of Greer Garson in a zestfully different role!

—*Leo*



"The Beginning Or The End" will be the most important picture of 1946. It is the story of the atomic bomb!

Collier's
FOR FEBRUARY 23, 1946

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this week

FICTION

PAGE

THE TERRIBLE MORNING By NICK BODDIE WILLIAMS 11
A star explodes in its flight toward the earth—and chaos ensues.

MOUNTAIN TIME By BERNARD DE VOTO 17
The Serial Story. The fourth of five parts.

THE POND By EDWARD S. FOX 19
Donald had promised his mother he'd keep it a wild-life sanctuary.

A SERIOUS STUDY OF LOVE By WARE TORREY BUDLONG 24
Barbara's kid sister was a big help in the game of girl-gets-boy.

A MAN NEEDS A HORSE By HYATT DOWNING 40
Mother gets dragged into Father's feud with Mr. Van Norman.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING KISSED By FRANCES LANAHAN 70
The Short Short Story.

ARTICLES

ALL OUT AGAINST CANCER By HANNAH LEES 14
How total war is being organized against this dread killer disease.

LITTLE MISS INNOCENT By JIM MARSHALL 16
Marie Wilson's beautiful-but-dumb technique isn't easy, but it pays.

AMERICA IN GERMANY By JULIAN BACH, JR. 18
Military government judges are trying to substitute our ideas of justice for those of the Nazis.

UNDERWATER WEALTH By HAROLD L. ICKES 20
The Secretary of the Interior tells why the U.S. has taken title to the vast resources of our submerged coastal lands.

A.W.O.L. DE LUXE By BILL DAVIDSON 21
The amazing odyssey of a Canadian army private who hated M.P.s.

FASHION ON THE DOWNGRADE By JOHN L. GARRISON 22
Styles—especially in pants—for the gents and gals who go skiing.

LINDBERGH IN BATTLE By COL. CHARLES MacDONALD 26
Conclusion. The Lone Eagle takes part in a mission to the Palaus.

THE LITTLE DOC By LUBY POLLACK 32
At 18, Doris Gnauck has won fame for her skill in curing sick chicks.

BAD NEIGHBOR POLICY By EDWARD TOMLINSON 54
A study of our diplomatic bungling in our Latin-American relations.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD By FRELING FOSTER 6

WING TALK By ERNEST JONES 8

THE WEEK'S WORK By AMY PORTER 93

EDITORIALS: *Industrial Democracy and War on Race Problems* • *Two Governors* • *Unrest in the Army* 94

COVER By *BILL GILLIES*

any week

JUST to complicate things a bit more, there's a gentleman named Earnwint—Corry Earnwint—who has come all the way from Victoria, British Columbia, to Washington to sell somebody the idea of transferring control of the whole British Empire to Canada. First he'd set up the King and Queen in Ottawa. After that the procedure is not quite so clear. But England, Scotland and Wales and North Ireland would be self-governing dominions. The main idea, he assures us, is to get the Empire policy makers away from Europe. He reports no progress.

MR. EARNWINT got to talking about the ceremony of returning the Magna Charta from Washington back to London. As you know the noble document was over here during the war for safekeeping. "Any cheers you may hear," said Mr. Earnwint, "will not be uttered by representatives of India or southeast Asia, benighted peoples who do not understand the significance of that glorious symbol of freedom."

ALSO while in Washington we asked a young lady in the Treasury Department whether congestion in our nation's capital was less than it was a year ago. "Mentally, no," said she. "Physically, yes. Living conditions threaten to become normal. There are only six girls living in my two-room flat now. Used to be ten."

A BEDEVILED department head entered his office on the morning of Washington's telephone strike, rubbing his hands with brisk satisfaction. Said he to his secretary: "Miss Smith, we shall be able to get lots of work done. No phone calls." Said she: "But we're on a dial system. That's not affected." Said he, collapsing dejectedly: "Miss Smith, inventors are the curse of the world."

AND just before we left Washington a taxi driver told us that he was thinking of buying a thirty-six passenger bus and advertising round-trip excursions to Congressional Investigations "Which Wouldn't Be Going On If Congress Had Been Doing What It Ought To Have Been Doing If It Hadn't Been Investigating." Those were his very words. He said, too, that a Pearl Harbor investigator rode with him not long ago, telling him to hurry to the Capitol and not to stop to pick up any other passengers. "So I did what he told me and he was so grateful that he gave me a five-cent tip," the fellow said.

AND ex-Lieutenant Andy Frisk, United States Army, has been squandering his time in Los Angeles, California, thinking that "it's a good thing the military responsible for Pearl Harbor are all generals

(Continued on page 45)

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It is a sensitive barometer of health. The eye's condition helps the diagnosis not only of its ailments, but often of those in other parts of the body, such as *high blood pressure, diabetes, hardening of the arteries.* Prolonged headaches or faulty vision mean you should see a competent eye specialist.

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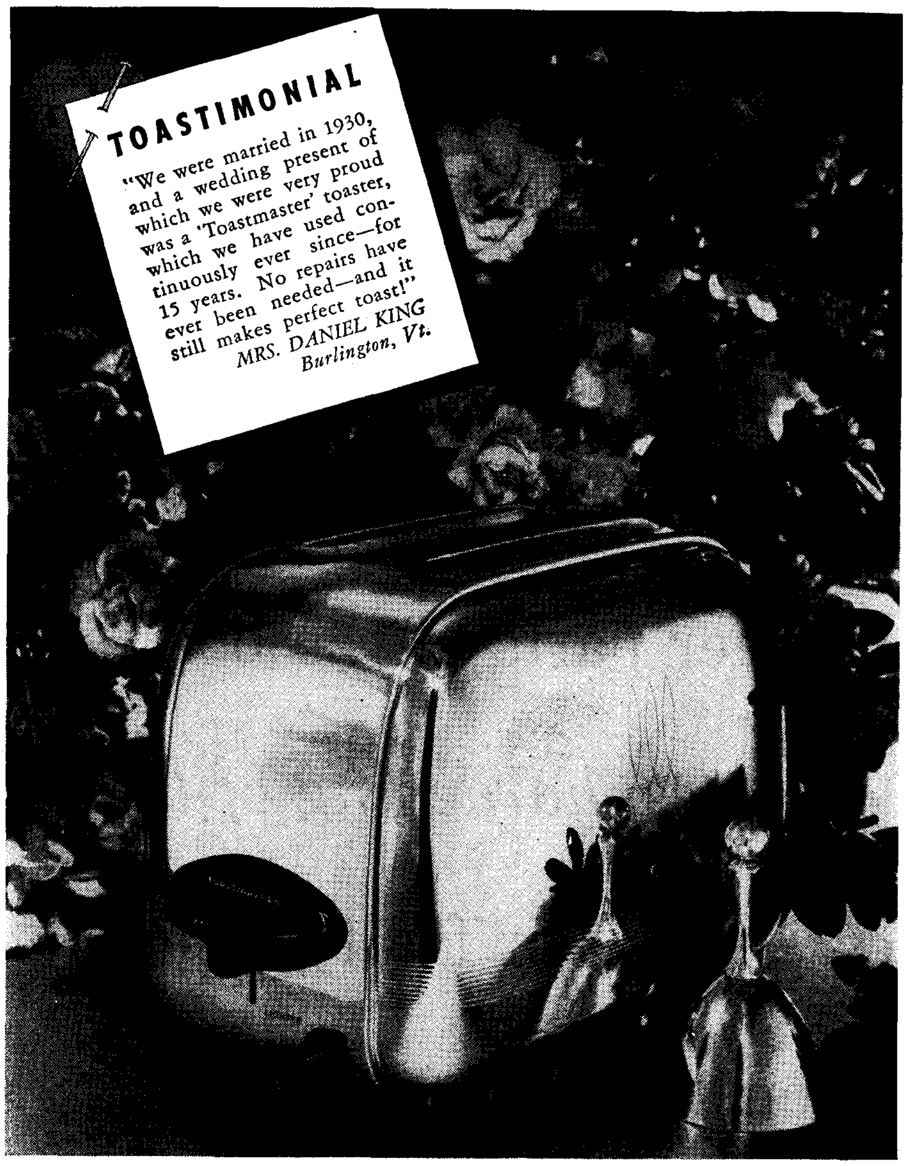
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Perhaps you feel that you've been *waiting* years, for an opportunity to buy a new "Toastmaster" toaster . . . a *wonderful* toaster, new in beauty and efficiency, but old in *experience*. Well, ask your dealer *now!* And if he hasn't one in stock, leave your order . . . he'll have more soon.

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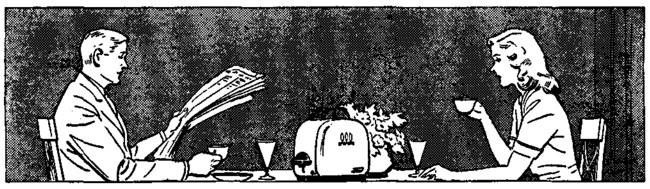

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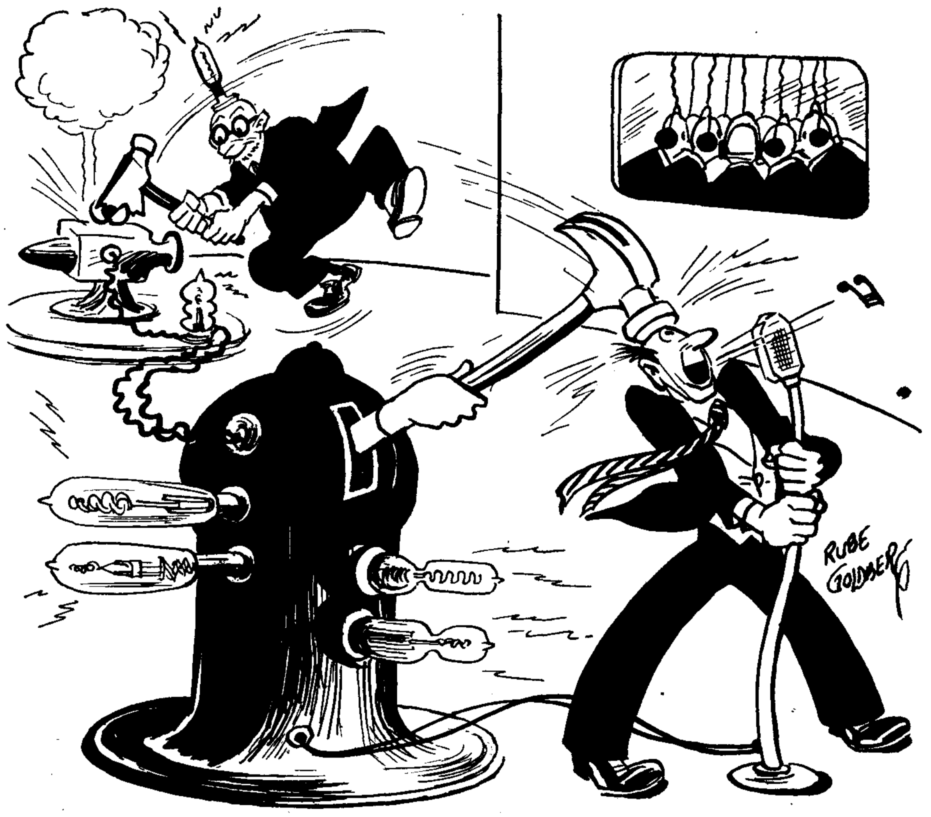

RUBE GOLDBERG

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

The first public demonstration of atomic energy as a source of power took place in Hull, Massachusetts, on the night of July 27, 1940, when energy released by the splitting of an atom of U-235 switched on through amplification the new transmitter of radio station WBZ.—*By A. E. Dembitz, New York City.*

Probably the greatest mystery in American sporting records was the disappearance of 27 of 28 homing pigeons during a 1,175-mile race from Havana, Cuba, to Washington, D. C., which began on July 4, 1928. While the sole survivor, a bird named Eureka, arrived on time at the capital, no trace of the others has ever been found and no one knows what happened to them.

Of the 22,000,000 students who daily attend the public schools of the United States, 4,400,000 or the 20 per cent who live on farms and in distant villages have to be transported to and from school. The job requires the use of 86,000 of the country's 150,000 busses and costs $650,000 per school day, a total of $100,000,000 a year.—*By Belmont Farley, Washington, D. C.*

Many species of snakes have a small pit on each side of the face between the nostril and the eye, the purpose of which was first disclosed by experiments made in New York City in the early 1930s. These pits proved to be sensory organs or heat receptors with which the snake, being unable to hear, locates its warm-blooded prey at night. Some snakes have several pairs of them, and pythons have been known to have as many as a dozen.

The word mausoleum, which is applied almost universally to burial structures, did not come from Egypt, although that country has been famed throughout all history for the grandeur of its tombs. The word is derived from Mausolus, King of Caria in Asia Minor, whose magnificent sepulcher stood in Halicarnassus from 353 B.C. to 1375 A.D., when it was destroyed by an earthquake. Incidentally, parts of it may be seen today in the British Museum in London.

The only Oriental personage whose portrait has appeared on a U.S. postage stamp is Dr. Sun Yat-sen, first president of the Chinese Republic, who was honored on our China Commemorative Stamp issued in 1942.

During February, 1944, in Delhi, India, the Hindus attempted to bring about the end of World War II by a mass prayer service known as a *mahayajna*, the first one they had deemed necessary since the 17th century. Around 100 sacred fires, 1,000 Hindu priests prayed six hours a day for ten days, reciting 10,800,000 prayers in this ceremony which cost more than $500,000.—*By Morrell Gipson, New York City.*

In England before the war, few but military officers were privileged to receive a decoration from the king himself. But during the past five years, nearly 33,000 persons, including civilians as well as servicemen and women of all ranks, have been awarded medals and decorations for gallantry and valor by King George in investitures at Buckingham Palace.

When Spain became a republic in 1931, its illiteracy rate was 45 per cent, its army had one officer for every six enlisted men, and 51 per cent of its land was owned by one per cent of the people, a few of whom possessed enormous estates. For instance, the Duke of Alba held a territory of some 11,000 square miles on which were 55 towns.

While the industrial leaders of Russia have no income from rents and profits, they are paid in proportion to average wages much higher salaries than executives in other countries. Consequently, a number of these Russians are now millionaires. The first to achieve this status, three years ago, was Kalpe Berdyebekov, the director of a state farm in the Kazak Republic.

After the United Nations Organization announced last fall that its headquarters—the new world capital—would be in the United States, 41 communities in 21 states made formal application to be considered for the site.

The number of persons employed on American farms comprised 33 per cent of our working population in 1910, 28 per cent in 1920, 23 per cent in 1930, 18 per cent in 1940 and an estimated 15 per cent today.

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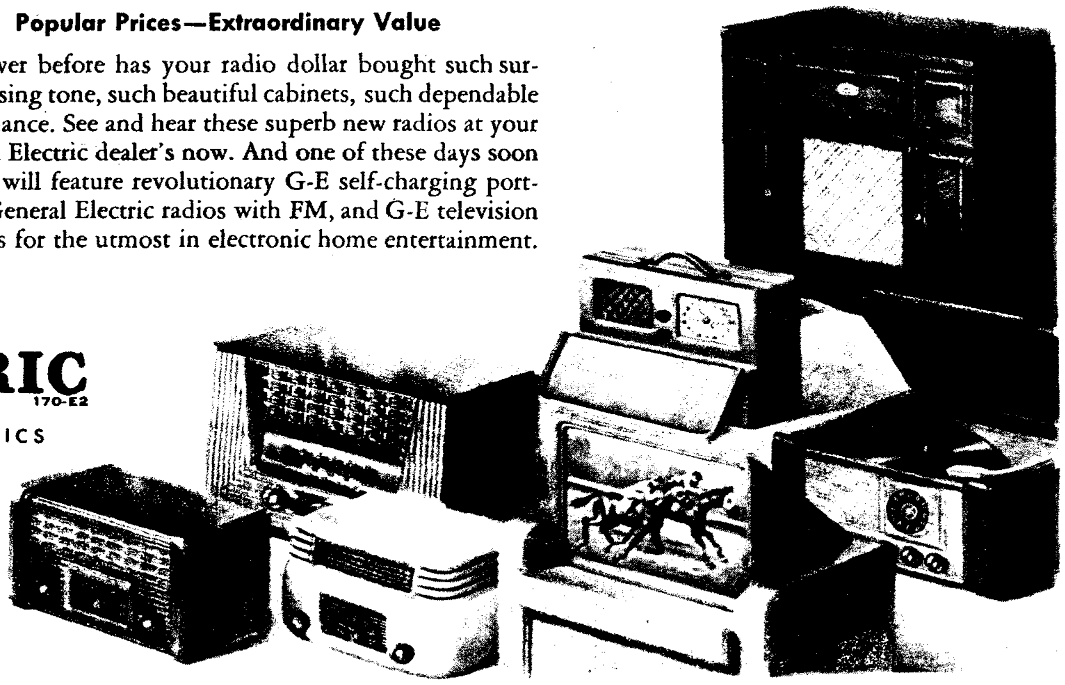

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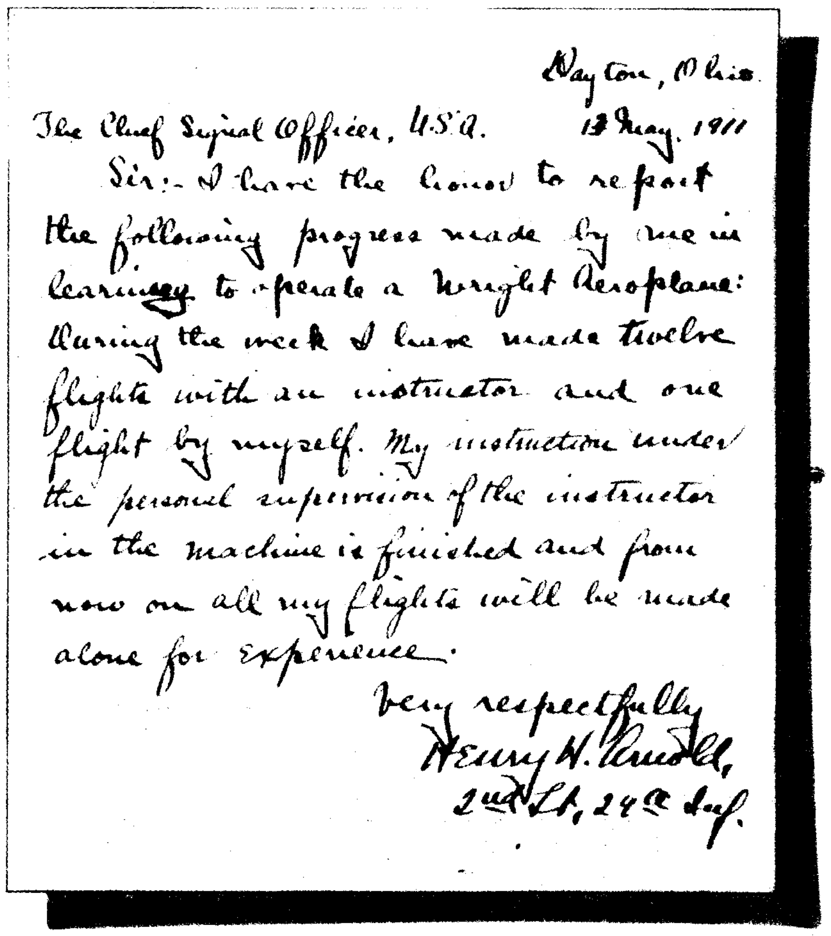


Dayton, Ohio.

The Chief Signal Officer, U.S.A. 13 May, 1911

Sir:- I have the honor to report the following progress made by me in learning to operate a Wright Aeroplane: During the week I have made twelve flights with an instructor and one flight by myself. My instruction under the personal supervision of the instructor in the machine is finished and from now on all my flights will be made alone for experience.

Very respectfully
Henry H. Arnold,
2nd Lt, 29th Inf.

Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

WHEN General Arnold carries out that oft-repeated threat to retire to the country, sit under a tree with a gun beside him and shoot down the first airplane that dares come near, he's going to start reminiscing in spite of himself.

Thirty-four years as an active Army pilot and suddenly complete calm and quiet; no problems, no hazards, no worries? He can't throw a switch and black out a career that began in May, 1911, when, as a twenty-four-year-old second lieutenant of infantry, he showed up at the Wright Flying School in Dayton with orders that said he was to be taught to fly at government expense.

The man who today at fifty-nine fought for and succeeded in organizing, building and commanding the greatest air force in the world's history will doubtless regard that ten-day period in the spring of 1911, during which he learned to fly in less than four hours, as the most momentous of his life.

From War Department archives, there has just been uncovered a single sheet of paper in the handwriting of Second Lieutenant Henry H. Arnold, long forgotten by both the writer of that letter and historians concerned with the genesis of the Army Air Corps. Addressed to the Chief Signal Officer, U.S.A., then responsible for Army aviation development, and dated May 13, 1911, Lieutenant Arnold wrote briefly and with restraint. But he could not conceal his pride of accomplishment and enthusiasm for flying, a characteristic which has cropped out periodically in his active career, so much so that his friends call him the Eternal Optimist. (A reproduction of that letter appears above.)

In this same ancient file is the flying report on Lieutenant Arnold by the Wright Company's "teacher," A. L. Welsh. "Al" Welsh was killed the following June in a plane crash at the Army's College Park, Maryland, aerodrome, near Washington, while demonstrating a Wright machine. With him died Lieutenant I. W. Hazlehurst, for whom the airfield at Mineola, Long Island, was named in the last war.

Al Welsh's report on Student Arnold sums up: "No. of flights, 28. Total time in air, 3 hrs. 40 minutes. First lesson May 3d, finished May 13th, 10 days learning."

General Arnold recently filled in some observations on his flying lessons from a recollection as fresh as yesterday's: "Our airport was a miniature pasture, rough, small and with trees in it. It was outside of Dayton. I first spent three hours in the balancing machine, an old airplane mounted on an edge so it would teeter. Operation of the warping lever, to warp the wings, enabled the student to learn its action by keeping the machine laterally balanced. (There were no ailerons as we know them today.) This was very necessary as there was nothing natural in the movements of the Wright controls—the handling of the controls had to be instinctive or disaster would result. This flying continued during my entire stay at Dayton."

WITH Lieutenant Arnold and learning to fly at the same time, was Lieutenant Thomas (Tommy) Milling, now a retired brigadier general who, plagued with illness for many years, was unable to play an active combat part in the recent war. Lieutenants Arnold and Milling returned to College Park "to take over jobs as instructors, and the students, like us, learned in about the same time."

"Military aviation was new when I began my flying lessons," General Arnold recalls. "Congress had made its first air appropriation of $125,000 on March 3, 1911, and our first installment of five airplanes—standard, commercial types—was on order. The only airplane the Army had was that delivered by Orville Wright in 1909 and it was doing military missions down in Texas.

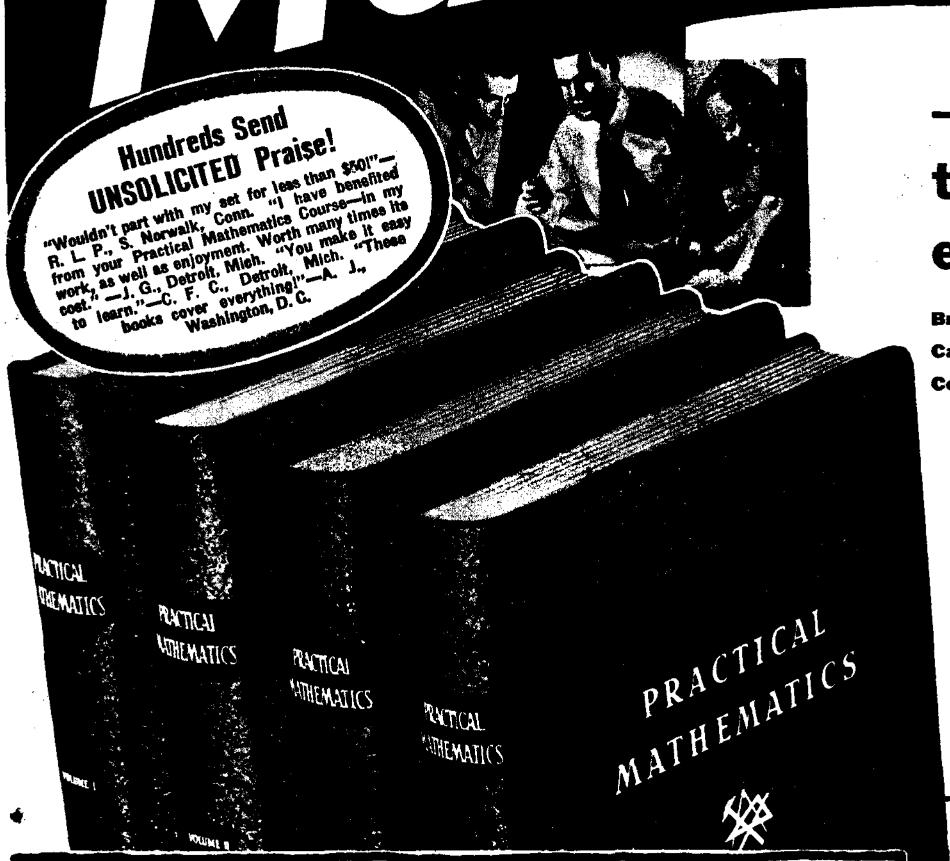
"Courage was then considered the main attribute of the aviator, but it was soon found that aptitude was more important. The Army pilot policy was that only young, unmarried, medium-weight junior officers be detailed, and then only after they had displayed interest and volunteered. In such a situation, Lieutenant Milling and I were the first Army men to be sent to the Wright School at Dayton.

"The Wright aviator of that day sat on a very small seat on the leading edge of the thin lower wing, reached by crawling under wires which crossed in front. His feet rested on a bar also out in front. The control system could in no way be described as instinctive. For the elevator, you moved a vertical stick in the conventional manner to go up and down; but for lateral balance and rudder, and for turning, a second stick moved also fore and aft.

(Continued on page 62)

Here's Easy High-Speed Self-Instruction in all 25 Useful Branches of

Mathematics



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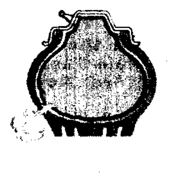
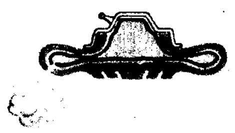
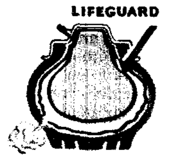


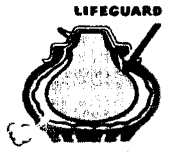
1. Ordinary tube has but one air chamber. If tire blows, tube blows, too.



2. Instantly both tire and tube go flat, frequently throwing car out of control.



3. The LifeGuard has *two* air chambers. If tire blows, only outer chamber flattens.



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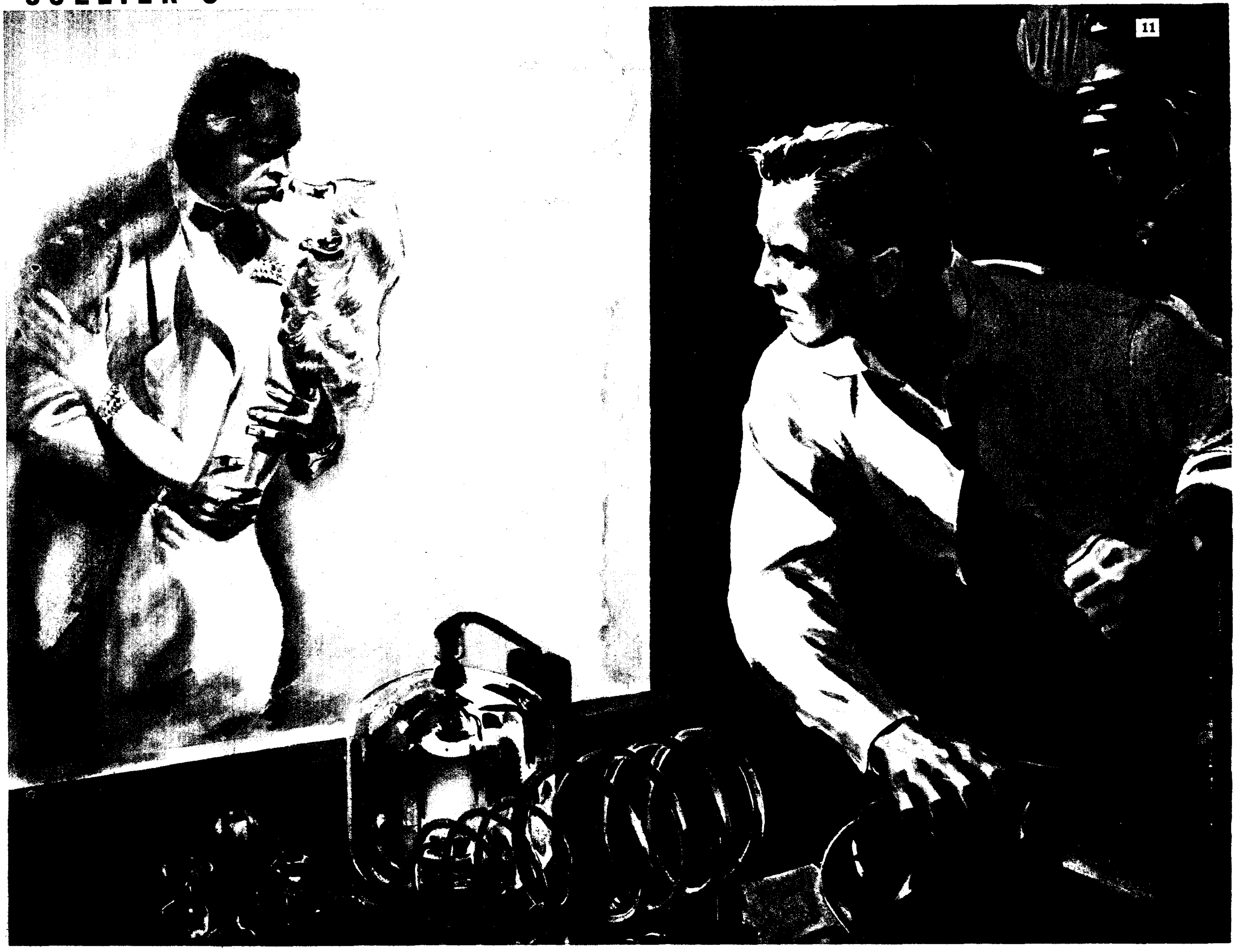


I looked through the lead-glass wall and saw Jane with Hobey Ames. I watched him put his arms around her and pull her close to him

The Terrible Morning

BY NICK BODDIE WILLIAMS

A new star exploding into the Universe. And on the Earth, chaos and sudden disaster

I WAS in the laboratory when my wife Jane came walking into this flat of ours with Hobey Ames. I didn't want to look at my watch, but I couldn't help it. It was two o'clock in the morning.

The lab walls are made of lead-glass, so that no cosmic rays except those coming through the recording shaft can get in to gum up the frequency readings. You can see through the walls, but not very clearly. What you see is distorted and blurred, and people look like goldfish in a bowl. Maybe I hated those walls once, but I love them now. Maybe I never loved Lorna, Jane's Scotty bitch, either; but now she can even sleep on my feet.

The way I remember it, Hobey waved at me, as if to say: Why, there's poor old Professor Mize. Jane's gloved hand made a motion casually. I could see the way this Hobey Ames held onto Jane's arm, and the way she let him do it, and knowing what I knew—Jane had told me about the dates they'd had while I was stuck for the duration in that meteorology station in Greenland—it cooked me through, the way a roast gets it on a spit.

Suddenly the buzzer sounded on our private three-way telephone. The chief, Doctor Alfred Donner of Mount Wilson Observatory, was making the final call of our routine day.

"Hello, Gelhaus. Hello, Mize. Frequency of cosmic rays fractionally above normal at Mount Wilson at 2 A.M. Sky here cloudless. Temperature 59 degrees. I'm going to bed. Call you at 7 A.M."

Then Bob Gelhaus' voice came from our station at Redondo Beach:

"Cosmic ray frequency at Redondo normal. Temperature, 68. Humidity at 33."

I spoke my piece. "This is Frank Mize, reporting with the very latest data from downtown Los Angeles, corner of First and Broadway—"

"Can't you put it in song?" Bob Gelhaus asked.

"Rays, 72," I said, ignoring him. "Temperature, 73. And I've got a bellyful of this. When do I get that relief?"

"Relief, relief. Who gets relief?" Gelhaus asked.

"All right, clown," I said. "Shut up. I'm talking to Donner."

THE chief lit into me. Sitting like Jove up there on Mount Wilson, he always gave his punks—Gelhaus and me—the take-it-easy routine when we started beefing. "Cut it out, Mize. I know you're bored. I'm bored myself. Nothing up here for laughs but Kiesel goggling through the Big Eye. Says he feels something spooky shaping up out there tonight."

I could imagine that—Kiesel, squatty and bald, glued to the tail-end of that 100-inch telescope while Halley's Comet looped the loop. "You really kill me, Chief," I said. "But I want that relief."

"Listen, Mize. You stick for one more week. Then you can rot in Palm Springs till you die."

"This little chat is being recorded," I pointed out. "I'll confirm that promise in the wax."

"Things are looking up here," Gelhaus cut in. "Been watching grunion hunters on the beach. So comes along a babe clad in a skin-tight web of mesotrons and neutrons who completely paralyzes me—"

The chief made sounds. It was as near a raspberry as a Nobel Prize man ever makes. "Think of her, Gelhaus, as so much calcium and hydrogen and silicon. It helps."

"Helps what?" asked Gelhaus.

I hung up. They'd keep that up for half an hour, not giving a rap that everything they said was going in the automatic wax recording of whatever came across our three-way line. It'd be a treat to hear that played before the American Philosophical Society,

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

but right then what was on my mind was in the kitchenette.

I made another check before I left. It was the same, normal for June. The lead-proofed lab was built into the dump the chief had picked out there at First and Broadway, facing the Civic Center. Gelhaus gave us readings at Redondo's sea level, I got readings under downtown conditions and Donner got them at Mount Wilson's six thousand feet. I'll say this much, the chief had fixed a decent flat for us, considering the budget that he had for it. But I knew Jane was sick of it. Twenty-four-hour duty, six long months, no dough to speak of, but a first-class chance to break into the scientific big time. I had explained to Jane exactly what it meant to us when I came back from Greenland and the war. She'd been hot for it then. But—well, there was this Hobey Ames.

They were sitting in the kitchenette, Jane in a chair and Hobey perching on the sink with a highball. Not too much room in there. Hobey was big enough to crowd it even more. A tall man, lean, tanned to a manicurist's taste, a splash of gray around his temples. You'll find a dozen of him any day around the Racquet Club, the guys who have the gift of getting hold of something that produces plenty of cash without much sweat. Hobey had been in rockets while the war was on. Now it was plastics. Or it was Jane. I think that he was working hardest at Jane.

"How is it by those rays of yours?" he asked.

"It's fine by them," I said.

Jane's gray eyes watched me carefully. And right then, I got scared. I poured myself a drink, taking my time at mixing it, but I was scared. Jane hadn't said a word but she was watching me. I wondered if she knew how jittery I was.

"Just had a talk with Donner," I said finally. "In one more week, I'm through with this."

"That's nice," said Hobey. "Don't you think so, Jane?"

"Is it?" she said. She kept on watching me.

I said, "Where've you two been?"

It was the wrong thing to say. Something uneasy came into Hobey's eyes. Jane gave me a sneer. "You mean," she said, "you actually missed us?"

"Jane thought we might as well be dancing while you worked," Hobey put in.

"Somebody's got to take me off your hands," Jane said.

"I'll take you off his hands," grinned Hobey. "Any time."

"Listen," I said, "you two—"

THE buzzer sounded in the lab. Not once, as in routine, but steadily, insistently. Hobey was putting down his drink.

"Your little playmates want you," Jane said carefully.

"Listen to me," I said. And then I choked it off. If she'd made up her mind about Hobey, if she knew what she meant to do, I wasn't getting anywhere by blowing up now. I stood there thinking about that and hearing that buzzer jumping off the wall.

"Go on," Jane said. "Science calls."

I turned sharply around and walked away from them, into the lab. I picked up the phone. It was Donner's voice.

"Frank! Frank!"

I answered him.

"Ray frequency has suddenly jumped eight points. But temperature and humidity are still normal for the hour," he said. "You know, that makes that jump in frequency damned queer, and kind of spooky, too. What do you get?"

"I thought you were going to bed," I said.

"I couldn't sleep. Check your recorder, Frank."

I went to the recorder shaft. The jiggling red line had risen vertically. I ran back to the phone.

"Up seven points here, Chief."

"The hell you say! Then it's not my machine that's out of whack. Can't raise Gelhaus. Him and his grunion hunters on the beach! Confound—"

"Hello, hello—" It was Bob Gelhaus cutting in on the three-way phone. "Donner on the line? Say, Chief, ray frequency has jumped five points here at Redondo since 2 A.M. Five points in little better than an hour. That's fast. What is it, Chief?"

"We'll wait a while and see. You birds go back to bed, I'll sit with this. Check your recorders at 7 A.M. and call me then."

I didn't want to go back to the kitchenette. Not yet. For when I did, something was going to pop. I wanted Hobey to get out of there. I wanted to see Jane alone and have it out. And Hobey hadn't left.

"I can't sleep now," I lied. "I'll stick."

"Me, too," Bob Gelhaus said. "I'd like to know the reason for that five-point jump."

"Suit yourselves," the chief said in that bland drawl of his. "You know, we're having fun up here. Kiesel believes he sees a supernova being born. Four of his stooges are standing around him like a cheering section. Every now and then they run in here and gibber. Very gay."

"Supernova?" Gelhaus said. "Wish I was there. I get a bang, watching those big stars blossom suddenly in the sky. Remember that one back two years ago, the quickie that blew up so fast?"

Donner laughed. "Kiesel still kicks himself for missing that."

"How fast is it exploding?" I snapped.

"About a thousand kilometers a second, Kiesel thinks. He's probably got the Big Eye on the airplane beacon on the city hall down there."

"Where's he think it is?"

"Hasn't had time to figure yet. Says it looks like it's in the polar region on the Milky Way, like that last one, but maybe closer in."

"You observatory guys," Bob Gelhaus said, "have all the fun."

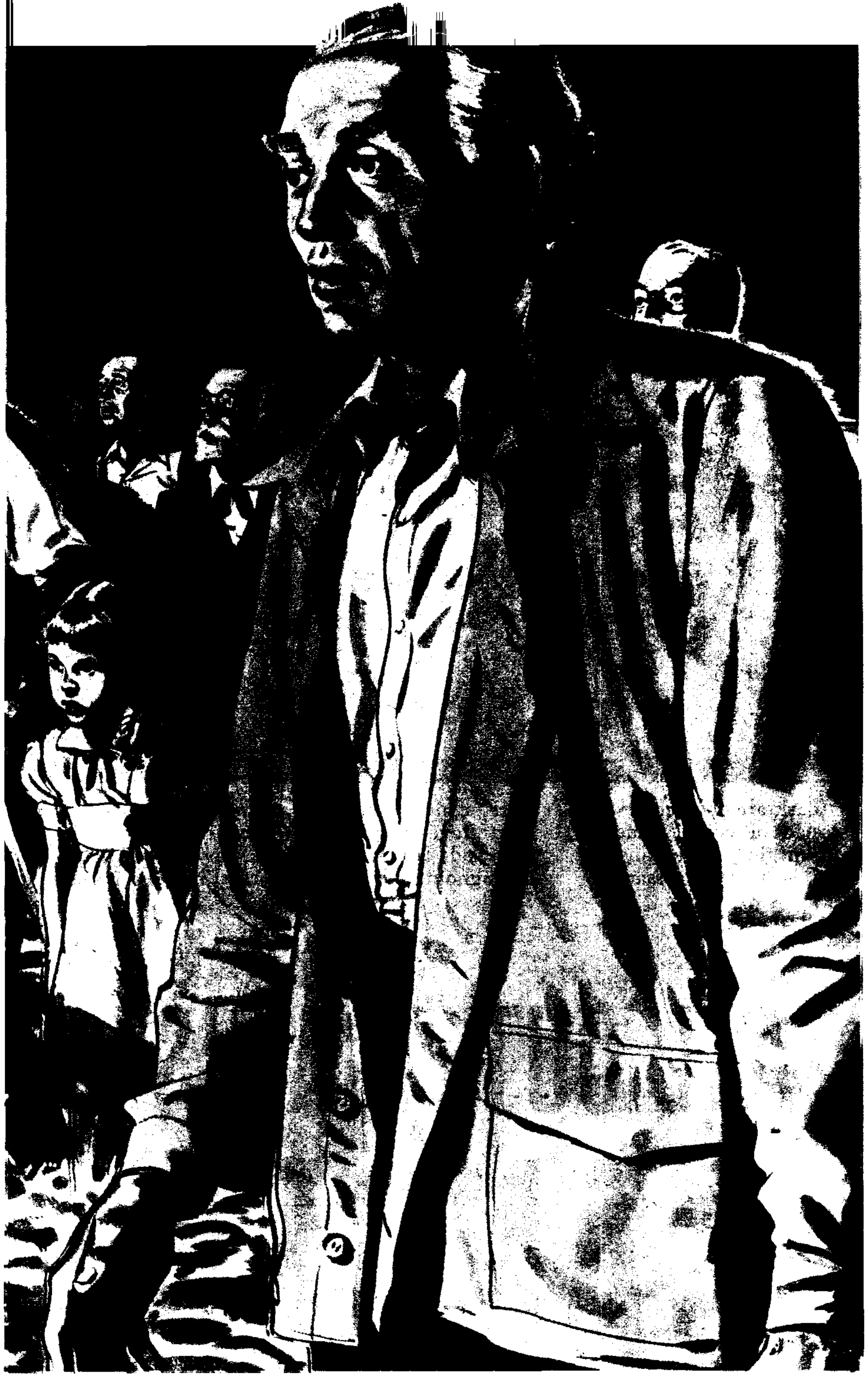
"How about your grunion-hunting babe?"

"Hell, Chief, I put a telescope on her. She probably inspired the basic contour of the cyclotron."

There was a lull. I started across to look at my recorder. Something snagged my foot and I fell flat. It was Lorna, Jane's Scotty. She squealed indignantly at me. I wanted to kick her in the teeth. I didn't, though. Kind to dumb animals, that's Mize. I looked at my recorder. Then I ran back to the telephone.

"Donner," I shouted. "Get a load of this. Ray frequency is up twelve points from normal here."

"Hey, Chief! Hey, Chief!" It was Bob Gelhaus' voice. "Rays up eleven at Redondo Beach. Time, ten of four. And temperature at 75. It'll shoot through ninety in the shade by noon."



Gelhaus reported from his station. "There's a steady stream of them heading for the surf. They're walking stiffly, Chief. . . . like they're stunned. They don't see anything. . . . Now they're going into the water"

"Donner!" I called. He didn't answer. Gelhaus did.

"It's my guess that the chief is buying himself a drink. This is the first time we've caught anything since we set up the system. Do you think Kiesel's supernova is behind it all?"

"Grow up, Gelhaus," I said. "That's comic-strip stuff."

"Is it? I hate to think of all the time and rubles Kapitza's wasting in Armenia checking it."

"Russians," I said, "will go for anything."

"And get there," Gelhaus said. "Remember Berlin?"

I remembered Berlin. But just then Berlin didn't interest me. I saw Jane coming from the kitchenette, the outline of her shimmering through the lead-glass wall. Hobey Ames came with her and he put his arm around her and pulled her close to him. He turned her loose when I came out. He just stood there, looking surprised, and grinning.

"This," I said to Jane, "is strictly for exercise."

I let Hobey have one on the chin. It knocked him flat, and maybe I looked surprised, too. But I felt fine.

"Tough guy," Jane said.

"Maybe," I said. "But I've had all I want of this. I told you that I didn't mind you having dates while I was gone—"

She laughed at me. "You don't mind now. But you want us to act as if you do, to make a pretense—"

That's when I finally blew up. A man can admit that, and be ashamed of it, and still it's just as bad. But this is straight—I blew. I slapped Jane's face.

"Tough guy," she said again.

Hobey got up. He meant to fight. It was all right with me, that part of it, the fighting. Except that I felt sick about the slap.

"Go on," I said to Jane. "Get out of here."

Hobey moved in between us then. His fists were doubled up.

"Let's don't," I said. "Just get out, both of you."

"Now, wait a minute, Einstein—" Hobey began.

I brushed him off. He wasn't half the man he looked. Just big, that's all. I went back in the lab and stood there looking at the phone. I couldn't think. All I could grasp was how Jane had looked when I slapped her face. How she had said to me, that second time, "Tough guy." If I'd had any sense, or even any decency, I could have gotten things straight. I was sure of that. Instead, I'd been a rat. I'd been an idiot. And Jane was gone. I'd thrown her out. Me, who had always tried to be so damned magnanimous. Me, who—

It was the buzzer that broke through to me. Mechanically, I took the phone.

"—bigger than that," the chief was drawling. "Kiesel says he doesn't dare take time out for computing it, but maybe fifteen hundred kilometers a second."

"I guess you wouldn't link the cosmic rays with it?" Bob Gelhaus asked.

"Why not? There's got to be some reason for this jump in frequency. The rays will do until we find a way of disproving it."

"Hear that, Mize?" Gelhaus asked.

"No," I said. "What?"

He laughed. "The hell you didn't. . . . Lord, it's getting hot. It'll hit a hundred degrees back there by noon. And I'll be swimming. Mmmmm! Sea breezes and sand nymphs. Want to swap places?"

Donner cut in abruptly. "Frequency's up," he said. "It's way up, boys. Twenty-five points. If it isn't Kiesel's supernova, what is it? I'm going to take a squint through the Big Eye. Keep close watch."

I knew that would take time. I didn't want to hear Bob Gelhaus chin himself to death. I left the lab and went back to the kitchenette. The place was cold. I saw the two half-finished drinks on the sink, Hobey's and Jane's. A cigarette had burned its length into the tablecloth. All pretty miserable. And all of this because I'd had to hit the guy. I couldn't play it smooth—couldn't wait and try to patch it up with Jane.

All right. All right. No crying at this hour. My watch showed half-past four and it was getting light. I found some tomato juice and corn flakes and some cream. While I was eating, something scratched my leg. Lorna was underneath the table, sitting up, begging.

"So you got left?" I said to her. She wagged her tail. I said, "Here, try some corn flakes, kid. Looks like we're both in it together."

She licked the bowl. And then she sat up suddenly again and yipped.

"What now?" I said.

Well, it was Jane. She came in from the bedroom. She had her nightgown on, and she looked good in it.

"Couldn't sleep," she said. "Too hot. Want me to fry some eggs for you?"

That really had me whipped. I must have looked it. Jane swept her light hair backward from her face. She didn't smile—that wasn't it, but there was something like a quirk around her lips.

"One thing you ought to learn," she said. "No woman ever lets herself be thrown out in the middle of the night. Sunnyside up?"

I got up then. "Jane, let's give it another try."

"You're all mixed up," she said, angry. "You don't know what you want."

I said, "And Hobey does?"

She stared at me. She bit her lip, then laughed. "That's right. He's coming back at eight o'clock. Then I'll get out for good."

"At eight," I said, "I'm going to knock him down again. I never had such fun."

"I'm glad it's fun for you," she said. "I like to leave my husbands laughing. Want these eggs?"

"Give 'em to Lorna. She's the one you love."

The buzzer started in the lab.

"There," Jane said. "There's your answer. Run along."

I KNEW I had to get that phone. And I was sore. I went into the lab and picked up the receiver. Gelhaus was talking.

"Ray frequency is up by forty points here," he said. "It's getting my goat. You'd almost think that you could see 'em when they get that thick. I'm even kind of glad about the lead roof on this lab."

"Kiesel's gone nuts," the chief said. "It's a supernova, all right. His helpers swear that they can see it without the Big Eye. It does look big."

"What's going on?" I interrupted them.

"So there you are," the chief barked. "What's your recording down there, Mize?"

I ran to the shaft, then back. "Fifty," I cried. "Up fifty, Chief! Good God—"

There was a pause. And then the chief's voice, in that drawl of his, flat almost to the point of tonelessness: "Something's blown up. Something's disintegrating out in space. I think—"

His voice shut off. There was a long silence with that empty ticking on the phone. It was 5 A.M. I heard the first streetcars go rumbling down the Broadway slope. I looked through my mirror window, east along First Street. Filipino bus boys were already straggling toward their work. A janitor, as usual, was leaning on his mop in front of the Times Building. A policeman went into the ABC Café. The routine thing. What always happened in the morning on this corner of Los Angeles. And yet I took a good look at it now. That last thing that the chief had said excited me. *Disintegrating out in space*—

Then I heard Gelhaus' sudden voice.

"Listen, Chief, I've seen your damned supernova. I kept thinking about that swim I meant to take. I looked out through my mirror window at the beach and then up at the sky. Well, there's a great bright blob up there. Could be the sun except that it's too high—almost straight up. It's your supernova or I'm going nuts like Kiesel."

Donner demanded, "What's your frequency?"

"Seventy above normal."

"Yours, Mize?"

I got it from the shaft. "Seventy-four, Chief."

"It's eighty here." An undertone of tenseness came into his drawl. "We're watching something monstrous. Something has gone wrong with the universal scheme of things. Don't leave your labs. No matter what you see or hear, *don't leave your labs*. You are recording a phenomenon for future generations, or—"

"Or what?" I insisted.

He shut me off by barking, "What's your frequency?"

"Now seventy-nine."

"Yours, Gelhaus?"

GELHAUS didn't answer. I waited a moment, hearing the hollowness that sung across the wire, then I went from the lab to the bedroom. Jane had packed up. She stood there fully dressed, her hands jammed hard against her hips.

"I want you in the lab," I said.

"No, thanks, Sonny. None of those little curiosities for me."

"This is no curiosity," I said. "Something awful damn' big is going on, and it may turn out to be dangerous. We have an idea that high ray frequencies may unbalance the human nervous system. These lead walls look silly, but they work."

"I still say no, thanks."

"I don't care what you say," I said.

I picked her up and carried her into the lab.

"You're going to stay in here," I said.

"Suits me, Tarzan," she said indifferently. "Amuse yourself by ordering me around. Until eight o'clock."

I said, "Until eight o'clock." And then I took her to the mirror window and adjusted it, so that we could see straight up.

It was there, all right. A great white ball of fire, larger than the sun, directly overhead at six in the morning. I let Jane look at it.

"What is it, Frank?"

"A supernova."

"But it's so close. What is it, Frank?"

"Stay in this lab with me," I said.

"You're trying to scare me with this stuff."

"I'm trying not to scare myself."

"Does it—mean anything?"

"Listen," I said. "Stick close and listen. I'll be busy."

"Frank!"

"Now cut it out," I said. I went to the recording shaft. By then, Jane was calling Lorna from the kitchenette into the lab. She closed the door. I noticed that as I went to the phone.

"It's ninety-one now, Chief," I said.

"It's ninety-six here," Donner said. "What's your temperature?"

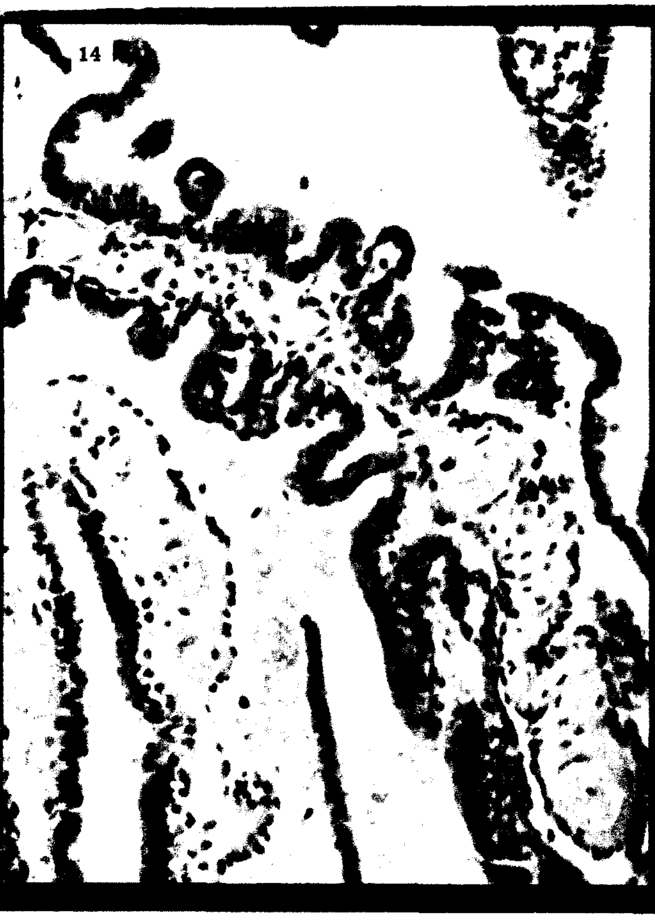
"Eighty-seven degrees."

"Wish I could raise Gelhaus. He doesn't answer."

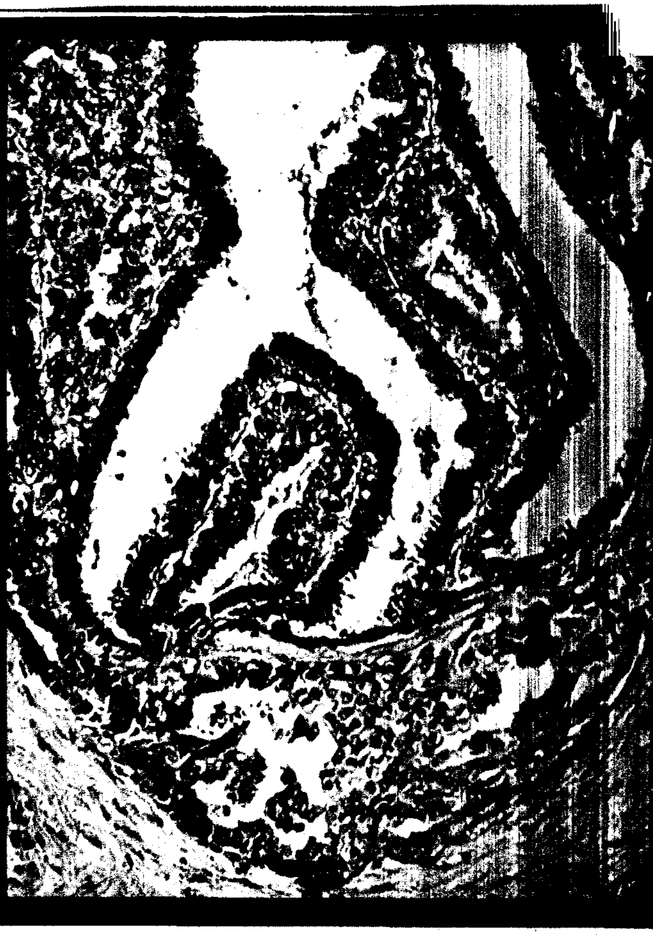
Then Gelhaus' voice, matter-of-fact: "Ray frequency at Redondo up to eighty-five. Temperature eighty-one. Sorry about the delay. I've seen something strange—a suicide. Made me sick or I'd have called you sooner, Chief. Old woman came across the Speedway, half a block from the beach, then walked on into the sand. I thought she'd stop. She didn't, Chief. Down to the water's edge, then walked right in. Hell of a thing to see. Waded out until nothing was showing but her head. A wave came in and when it passed, she'd gone. I never thought—"

"You'd better get a drink," I said.

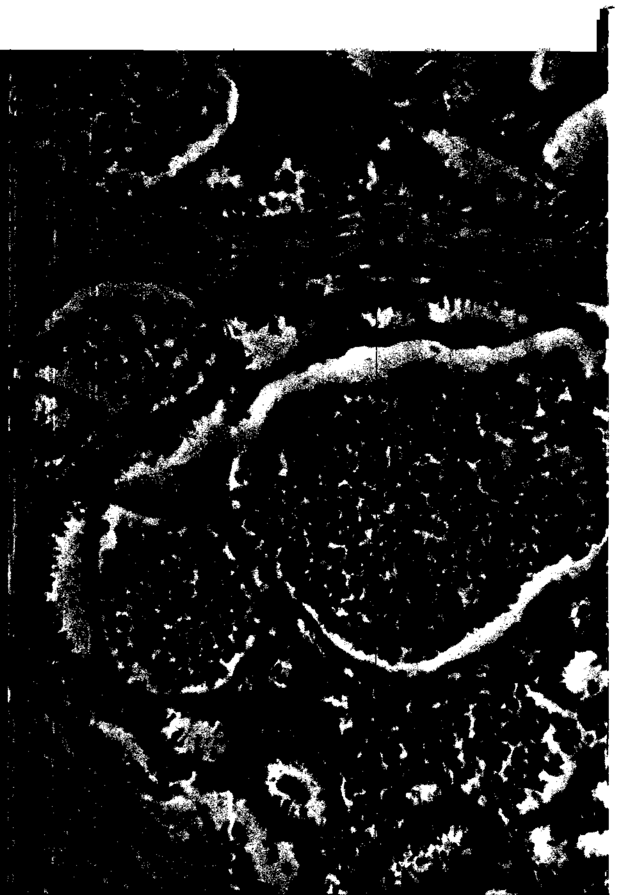
(Continued on page 50)



Microphoto of breast tissue (600 magnifications) shows folding of lining of lacteal duct, indicating beginning of abnormal growth. Treatment is simple removal of mass followed by close observation



As growth progresses the duct (dark areas) becomes obliterated by uncontrolled spread of cells. Some cancer cells may be identified in this stage, and surgical removal of the breast is now necessary



Here, cancer cells have completely filled the duct. Next stage will be infiltration into adjoining tissue followed by spread of cancer cells (metastasis) throughout body. Radical breast removal is necessary

ALL OUT AGAINST CANCER

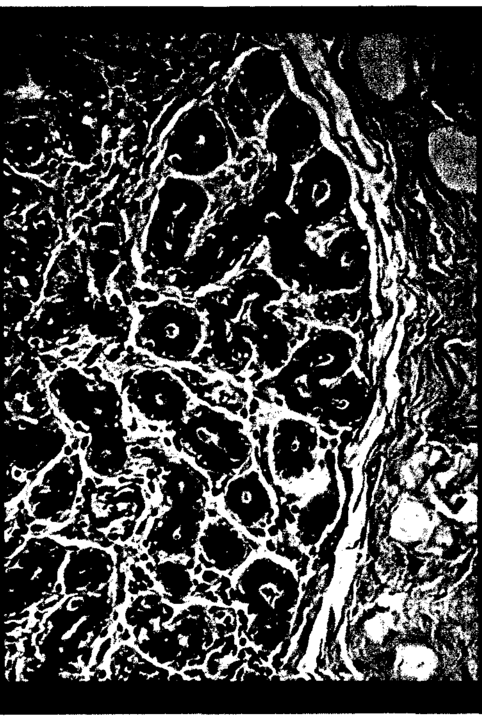
BY HANNAH LEES

The microphotographs on this page are splendid examples of the most exacting of medical-photographic techniques. Microphotography, a science in itself, has literally saved thousands of lives by making possible early detection of cancer.

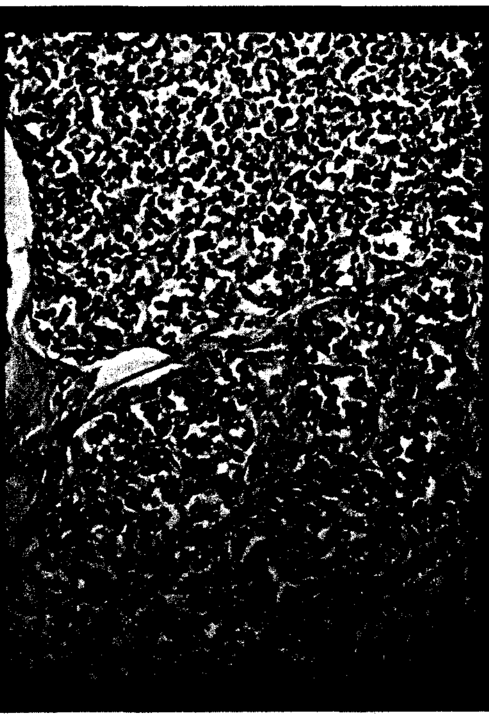
Microphotography is widely used in practically every medical field, is of inestimable value to bacteriologists and pathologists, and has aided greatly in the treatment, control and prevention of a long list of diseases. In the teaching of medicine, microphotography is a basic necessity.

Under some procedures, good images of 2,250 magnifications may be made. The cell tissues shown here are magnified about 600 times. To make them, a snip of living tissue was taken from deep within the suspected growth, a routine procedure in cancer detection. This tiny fleck of tissue was then frozen, and from it was sliced an incredibly thin cross-section, which was stained to bring out cell structure and pattern. Staining varies with type of tissue and purpose of study, and is a highly technical procedure. Special mounting and carefully planned lighting of great brilliancy are required to produce the finished photograph.

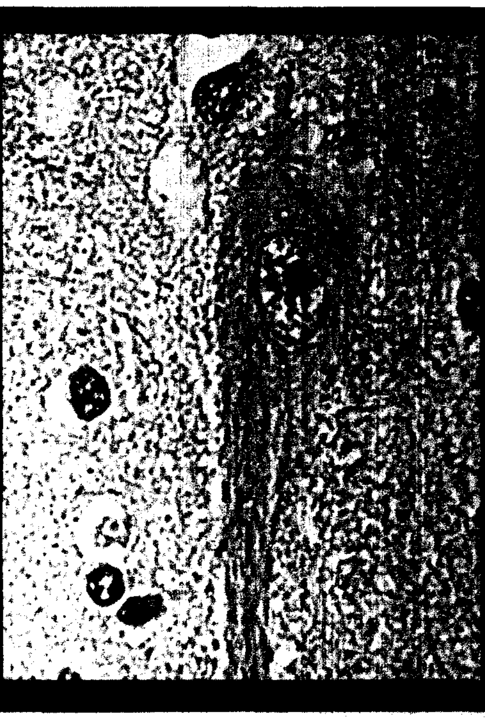
These photographs were supplied by Memorial Hospital, basic unit of Memorial Cancer Center in New York. The brain-tissue photographs were made especially for Collier's by Henry M. Lester, a pioneer in medical research photography.



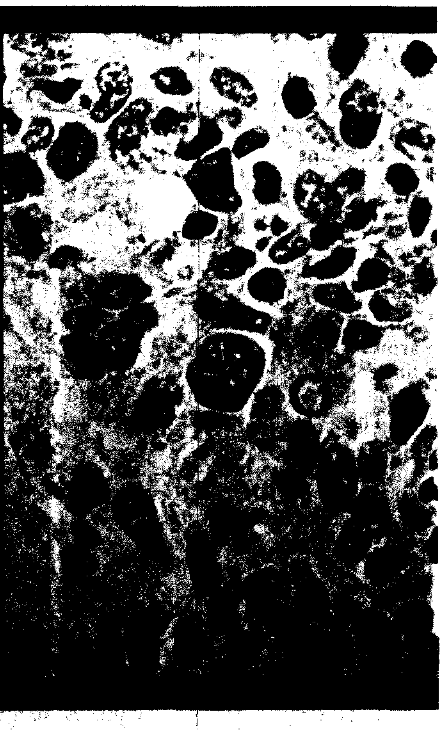
Normal breast lobule magnified 600 times shows buds of gland tissue. The healthy cells lining cavities appear as tiny specks, orderly in arrangement



Cancer in similar tissue. Cavities are obliterated. Loose, disorderly cancer cells have replaced normal cells. At this point, cancer is ready to spread throughout body



Brain tissue, showing normal neurons, or nerve cells, in cerebellum. Most brain processes—speech, sight, hearing, thought, etc.—depend on activity of the neurons



Corresponding brain tissue showing co
plete destruction of neurons by growi
cancer cells. Effect of this process
patient depends on brain areas involv

America's cancer fighters are abandoning guerrilla tactics in favor of a concerted, well-organized push against one of our worst killer diseases

THE problem of what's going to be done about cancer has presented America with some facts it hasn't liked to look at. More people are dying of cancer in this country every year: 169,000 in 1944, well over 170,000 in 1945. That is about nineteen people every hour, more than die of anything else except heart disease. They aren't all old people who should be ready to die, either. More than half of that 170,000 were under sixty-five, about 2,500 of them were under twenty.

You don't think of cancer as a children's disease, but more children between the ages of five and nineteen died from cancer last year than from all the contagious childhood diseases put together. Four times as many children died from cancer as from infantile paralysis. Yet two years ago while the March of Dimes collected three hundred and fifty dollars for each case of polio in the country, the American Cancer Society collected fifty cents for each case of cancer.

We're a sentimental country that will do anything for a cause that touches our emotions. Because of the children involved, because of Franklin Roosevelt and Warm Springs, we'll do anything to try to stop polio. The fact that the progress so far has been slight doesn't keep us from trying, and it shouldn't. But maybe it's time we got sentimental about cancer, too. Last year, with its first big push into public consciousness, the American Cancer Society pulled the public contribution for cancer up to six dollars a case, which is still not much of an indication of public awareness.

The trouble has been that we have felt so hopeless about cancer, so frightened by it, that we didn't even want to say the word. Up to last year some newspapers still had cancer in a class with words like rape, to be described by euphemisms. People didn't die of cancer in the papers, they died of a tumor or a malignancy. But how, said the American Cancer Society, going to all the papers, can we get the public to start fighting cancer if you won't even mention it? So at last, for journalistic purposes, people do die of cancer. When we look back, years from now, we're probably going to see the year 1946 as the time we suddenly decided we weren't living in the Middle Ages to hide our heads in terror from a disease, but in a scientific age where we could fight disease and win.

Worthy of a National Effort

George Gallup took a poll on this last summer and found that three quarters of us would be willing to pay higher taxes to make the kind of national effort about cancer that we made about the atomic bomb. At present the government spends not much more than $500,000 on the National Cancer Research Institute at Bethesda, Md., and another $100.000 on scattered research grants—less than half a cent in taxes from each of us. We don't know as much about cancer as we did about the atomic bomb when we started, we aren't as near finding the answer, but how fast we could probably get results if we did make a national effort is shown by the progress that has already been made by small, scattered, determined groups.

The Gallup poll also showed, however, just how vague most of us are about what cancer really is. Cancer is a malignant growth. Any number of other growths which are still not normal are also not cancer. A wart is not cancer, the average skin mole is not cancer, neither is a benign tumor, even a very large one. All these things grow to a certain size and then stop. But cancer is a growth that doesn't stop and has no order or pattern. Scientists call it cellular anarchy.

The normal cellular structure of our bodies is an incredible job of specialization and discipline. When we began to grow, the ovum that was going to turn into you or me divided into two cells, then divided again into four and kept this up until there were millions of cells of different specialized kinds that made up our eyes and our brains, our hands and our hearts. When the cells in our hands had made five fingers complete with palms and fingernails, bones and blood vessels, they stopped multiplying and will stay in the cellular order we think of as a hand for the rest of our lives except as repair is needed. If we cut ourselves, the kind of cells that are destroyed set to work to make new ones, but when the new skin or flesh meets the normal tissue, the cells stop multiplying.

In cancer, something happens to a group of cells so that they lose this normal control. It can happen to any kind of cells in the body, the stomach, the breast, the bones, or the blood, and the basic problem of cancer research is to discover what happens to those cells to make them lose all order or pattern or specialization. They begin to divide and redivide, growing and spreading, fulfilling no function except destruction, because whatever makes these cells lose their discipline also makes them stronger than normal cells. As the cancer cells multiply they crowd out and destroy the normal cells.

Ultimately the mass of them becomes so big that a few break off and are carried by lymph channels or blood vessels to some other part of the body where they lodge, and instead of being absorbed as normal cells out of place would be, they begin once more to multiply and spread. Metastasis, this is called, and when it happens, a cancer is usually incurable.

But the important thing from the angle of prevention and treatment is that cancer always starts with a few wild cells, and if those cells can be completely destroyed before there are too many of them, the patient can be cured. We tend to think of cancer as a hopeless disease but it isn't at all.

A Realistic Teaching Method

A Philadelphia surgeon has a dramatic way of bringing this home to any cancer education meetings he is connected with. He asks twenty or thirty of his cured cancer patients to come to the meeting, then he tells the audience that they may very well be sitting right beside a person who has been cured of cancer. When the patients are finally discovered (and they always are) and tell their story informally, it is very convincing. In one state 35,000 cases of cancer have been checked and followed since 1935 and eight thousand of them are still alive.

There could be fifty or sixty thousand more people like that in the country every year, if we put enough effort into it. This isn't romantic optimism. The best brains in cancer prevention and treatment agree that without adding one new fact to what we already know about cancer we probably could save a third of the people who now die of it just by earlier diagnosis and more expert treatment.

The chances for cure are better, of course, in some forms of cancer than others, but luckily some of the commonest are the ones with the best chance for cure. There is six times as much cancer of the uterus and breast among women as any other sort and the chances for cure in this are remarkably high if it is caught early. Skin cancer is fairly common and the percentage of cures in this is as high as 95 per cent in some hospitals. It is all a matter of how easy detection is and how difficult the complete eradication of the cancer cells.

Leukemia is still the most hopeless cancer of all because there is no way of removing all the cancer cells from the blood stream and leaving the healthy ones. Most people don't realize that leukemia is cancer of the blood-forming organs. But it is a particularly tragic form, for most of that high cancer death rate among children is from leukemia.

There is talk in cancer articles of finding some chemical or radioactive substances that can be injected to attack the cancer cells without damaging the normal ones. If this were found it would be the white hope of leukemia and other widespread or inaccessible cancers, but it is still in the future. A radioactive phosphorus looked like the answer some years ago, but it turned out often to damage the patient more than the cancer cells in the blood and had to be abandoned. More recently a radioactive iodine which tends to localize most actively in thyroid cells has been experimented with in locating cancer of the thyroid even when it has spread through the body.

Cancer experts believe that new and more effective tracer substances like these may be found in some of the radioactive isotopes that came out of the fission of the atom. The Committee on Growth which was formed last year to direct the research funds of the American Cancer Society has asked the government to release some of these radioactive isotopes for cancer research.

But today the only effective weapons we have against cancer are still surgery, radium and X ray, and they can only be effective if they manage to destroy every cancer cell. If even a few cancer cells are left they can start that wild headlong process of growth all over again. The problem with radium and X ray, of course, is to destroy the cancer cells without damaging the normal tissue too much. This is still a serious problem even with the newest ways of using radium and the latest high-powered and concentrated X rays, for a good many kinds of cancer cells are very resistant to anything but dangerous doses.

Surgery looks safer and surer to most cancer specialists and if the cancer is diagnosed early enough and the surgery is expert enough it can be extremely effective. One big cancer hospital saves thirty-five per cent of its patients with severe cancer of the breast which has spread to the glands in the armpit, and a fair number of its patients with cancer of the mouth which has spread to the neck. But this is a remarkable record and a very delicate job of surgery.

Generally speaking, the most expert surgeons or radiologists cannot check cancer unless they see it before it has begun to spread. Whether they see it early is entirely up to you and me. The Gallup poll showed that in spite of the American Cancer Society's years of educational work, more than half the people in the country had no idea what early signs of cancer to look for.

Here they are, not to brood over but to be aware of, because awareness can save lives. A lump in the breast may mean beginning cancer. So may persistent indigestion. Or a sore that doesn't heal. Or a wart or mole that suddenly begins to spread. Hoarseness may mean cancer of the throat. Unusual bleeding may mean cancer of the uterus or the bowel. If any of these are caught early enough they can be cured. But not enough people know that.

Education Lowers Death Rate

This is sad because alertness has proved it can bring very tangible results. The death rate from cancer is still climbing in the country as a whole, partly because we have progressed in licking so many other important causes of death like tuberculosis and pneumonia and partly because more of us are living to the most cancer-susceptible ages. But the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company reports that the cancer death rate has almost stopped climbing among its industrial policyholders and has actually dropped a good deal among the women policyholders. These people live mostly in cities and have been exposed to cancer education. Metropolitan believes this accounts for the trend.

Almost a grimmer fact than our lack of national knowledge is that right now there aren't enough trained doctors and surgeons and radiologists, there isn't enough equipment, there aren't nearly enough hospitals with cancer clinics even to take care of the still very small number of people who are aware.

There are maybe twenty cities in the country today with cancer detection clinics. This is progress, because a year ago there were only four, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Los Angeles. But practically every clinic in every city is dated up for six months ahead by people who want to keep on the lookout for cancer and stop it in time. That is too long to wait. A cancer can start and become hopeless in six months.

Theoretically, of course, everybody could

(Continued on page 60)

A child cancer patient at Memorial Cancer Center in New York. Cancer is widely considered a disease of the aged, but it kills more children between the ages of 5 to 19 than all contagious childhood diseases combined

ACME

Little Miss Innocent

BY JIM MARSHALL

It takes brains to be brainy, but still more of them to be dumb, as Marie Wilson, who works at it, testifies

Being lovely but a lunkhead is not easy, but Marie Wilson makes it pay off in dollars

THERE are two things about being a screwball in Hollywood: You have to operate on a split-second schedule if you want it to pay off; and when you're out in company you have to watch your language. When we broke in on Marie Wilson at The Players Restaurant on Sunset Strip, she was lecturing in long, four-syllabled words on the chemical properties of carbon tetrachloride. She had to absorb four cups of tea, a gooey chocolate-and-whipped-cream thing, quantities of crackers and a big slab of Camembert cheese before she could get back into her role.

For some years now Miss Wilson has been Hollywood's Little Innocent, starting way back when at Warner's with Jimmy Cagney, Pat O'Brien and others as the naïve little waitress in Boy Meets Girl. Since then she has had a hard job being high-domed in private but low-domed in public.

For 45 months straight, Marie had starred ten times a week in a glorified vaudeville known as the Blackouts of 1942, '43, '44 and '45, without missing a show. And in this time she also had made seven movies, winding up 1945 with Hunt Stromberg's Young Widow, and Metro's Music for Millions. Since a movie schedule calls for getting up around 7 A.M. and a vaudeville show ends about 11:15 at night, Miss Wilson's life is fairly full.

So is her home life, which she shares with a husband, a stepfather, a mother and assorted relatives. They all live in a big house in the Hollywood hills, and the general atmosphere is such that Marie has learned to sleep with her little fingers in her ears to shut out the noise. This is sometimes embarrassing and it's likely, too, to upset her schedule, which allows so many minutes for this and so many for that. She even has an agreement with her boss in the Blackouts, Ken Murray, to beat the final curtain every evening. She gets away a few minutes before the finale, dresses, picks up a stage electrician who lives out her way, and trundles home in a clattery old car.

She was born August 19, 1916, in Anaheim, Orange County, California, and although she was a bright student, she has now decided that she never was able to finish high school; it fits in better with the character. When she says, coyly, "I never finished high school, even," people wag their heads and murmur, "You poor little innocent thing."

After failing at high school, Marie went to Cumnock Academy and learned something about acting, finally taking no-pay parts with the Beverly Hills Players. It wasn't until she was 18 that she found out that actresses often got paid for acting. She took advantage of this burst of knowledge at once and has never forgotten it.

One day she heard that while stage actresses really were paid, they were paid even more by the movies. In her naïve, innocent little way she took an inheritance left her by her father, rented a big house in Hollywood and moved the family in. She laid out the

(Continued on page 92)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY PHIL STERN

Mountain Time

BY BERNARD DE VOTO

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story:

The strong bond between EX-DOCTOR CYRUS KINSMAN and JOSEPHINE WILLARD was coming to a breaking point. CY, having been discharged from New York's Mercy Hospital for openly accusing his superior, DOCTOR ALEXANDER MCALLISTER, of a lack of integrity in his surgery, had returned to his home town, Custis, Colorado, completely disillusioned with his profession and with himself. Renouncing medicine, he made a bare living by working as a mechanic and bootlegging for ART RICCO, stubbornly ignoring the indignation of Custis, including that of JOSEPHINE. Divorced now from her egotistical author-husband, SAM WILLARD, and living in Custis with her parents, ASA and HATTIE CANEDAY, JOSEPHINE had pulled through a nervous breakdown with the help of CY's patient, endless understanding, but well once again, could not bear seeing his talent thrown away, and bitterly accused him of cowardice. Yet CY remained resolute. His concern for DEBORAH, JOSEPHINE's young daughter, who was seriously ill of an unexplained anemia, provided his last remaining link with medicine, and even here, endless hours of studying reports by the renowned laboratory researcher, EZRA BARTLETT, proved futile. Meanwhile, JOSEPHINE's patience had reached its limits. When CY finally admitted his love for her but refused to marry her, claiming he would not involve another person with the decadence he believed existed within himself, she gave up, told CY in despair that she was through.

IV

IN SPITE of the sharpness of that last encounter with Cy, Josephine remained doubtful that anything had been settled and, restless, embittered, she tried hard to sink everything in her job at the sugar company. She had got under Cy's skin, at least, for she didn't see him for well over a week. Then there was a sudden crisis at the Caneday house—over Aunt Mary Heath. She was no relative but all the Caneday children had always called her Aunt; she had been a lifelong friend of Asa and Hattie and of Old Doc Kinsman and his wife, Cy's mother, who had been dead for twenty years. Now Dr. Rulon Williams said she had cancer.

When Asa Caneday roused himself to command, people obeyed. So on Asa's summons Cy came to the house. A hard and hateful scene followed. Asa ordered Cy to examine Aunt Mary and confirm or refute Williams' diagnosis. Cy refused. Confused angers swirled and flashed. There was no point in his examining her, Cy insisted, for at Mrs. Heath's age when any competent man diagnosed cancer of the breast he could not be wrong. Asa insisted that he wanted another opinion. Then get Frank Bramwell, Cy said—Frank was an elder friend, and a wise old head. He intended to do that, Asa said, but he wanted Cy too. Cy said he did not practice medicine, was not licensed to practice medicine in this state, could not and would not enter a consultation. He was sorry, he had no wish to offend Asa, but what Asa wanted was quite out of the question.

Asa's face was scarlet and Josephine was surprised to see that Cy's was pale. It was a battle of wills, an all-out battle. Presently it had both of them saying ghastly things they would both regret. And in the end Cy won it—he won all battles except the one with her, which neither of them could ever win. Asa was condemning Cy forever but he had to give up before a granite finality that could not be changed. Cy flung out of the house. Baffled, raging, but wondering whether the deepest prohibition might not now be out in the open where it could be seen, Josephine went to the gate with him.

He raged at her in the darkness, "You put him up to it!"

"I did not. It was Asa's idea altogether."

"Why does he want a consultant from Tanser's Garage?"

"Oh, work it out with a slide rule," she said wearily. "In little words for young minds, Cy, people are friends. He would want to do everything he could if there's a chance a friend doesn't have to die."

"I couldn't do a thing that Williams can't do. Or Bramwell. Or anyone."

"Damn you," she said impotently, "there is certainly one thing you couldn't do. You couldn't help them know. They think you're the city slicker—the 1920 model. They think you've got all the newest gadgets from the big time, the place where the great men grow. They think maybe the pride of Mercy might possibly know a little more, something that would help. What they don't know is how great a man you are. Too great to bother with hick doctors. Or old women from the sticks who have cancer. Or whistle-stop people who are their friends."

He left without a word and she wondered whether this time the rage he had lighted in her might not prove permanent. Of course not—it was gone the next morning, replaced by the familiar bewilderment, the familiar certainty that the battle would have to be fought out to the end, no matter what the end might be. Today was Sunday and Hattie asked her to go to church and she agreed.

THE First Congregational was out of her childhood. She sat there through hymns and sermon, remembering the strange little girl she had been—and revolving the opaque mystery of Cy Kinsman. Afterward the minister asked her if she wouldn't agree to sing for him sometimes. That touched her and she said she would.

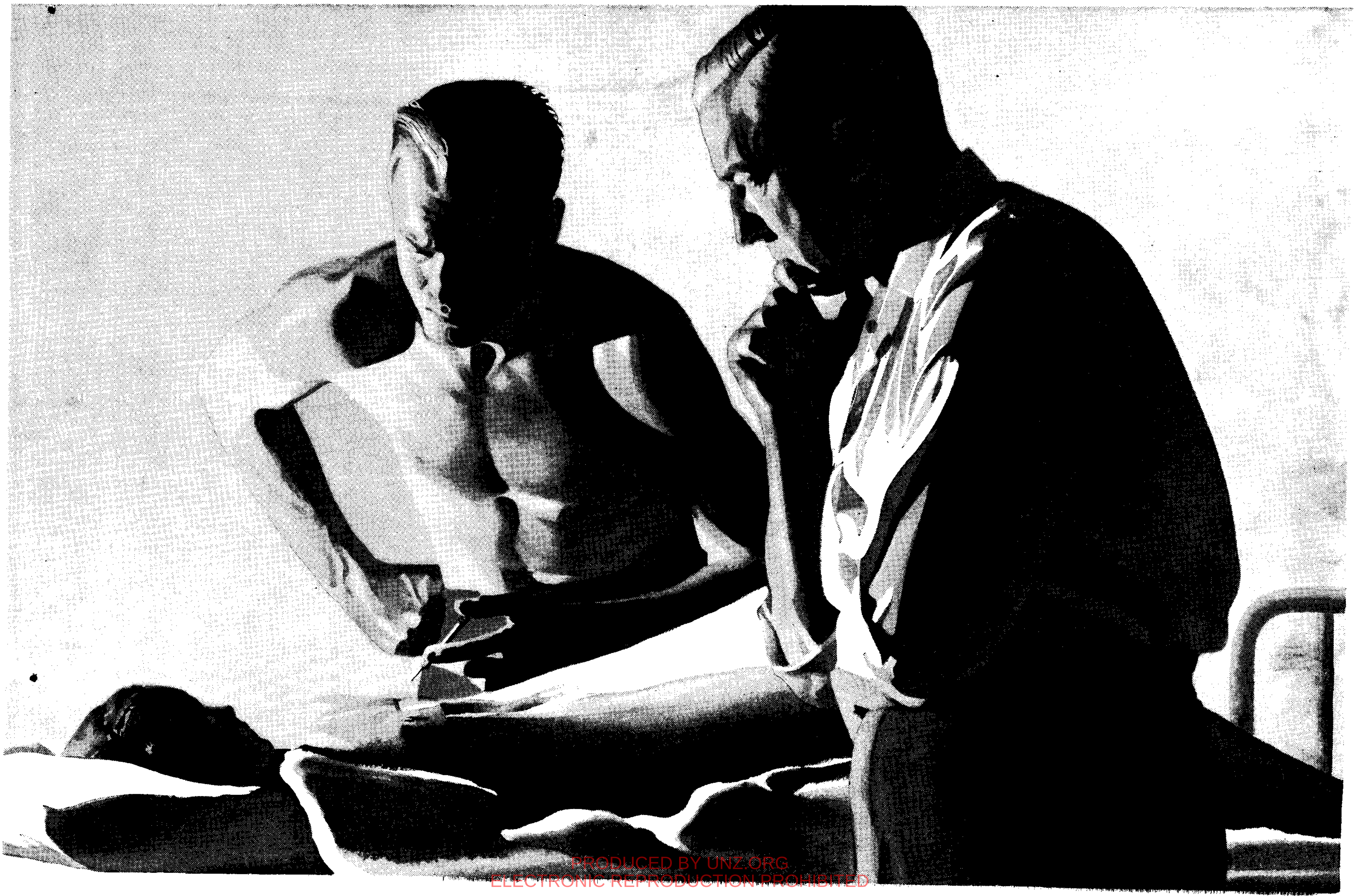
As they started home, she suddenly knew that she had to make another try at solving that mystery.

"You go on, Mother," she said. "I'll be along later."

She would do it this time. She would force it out of him, whatever it might be. Then she would force him to examine Aunt Mary Heath, yes, and operate on her, too, if that had to happen. It had been a long, desperate battle but now she was going to win it. She could. A loathsome but still intoxicating knowledge buoyed her up. She had the will, and though it might be unlovely it was enough. She had mastered Sam. Cy was

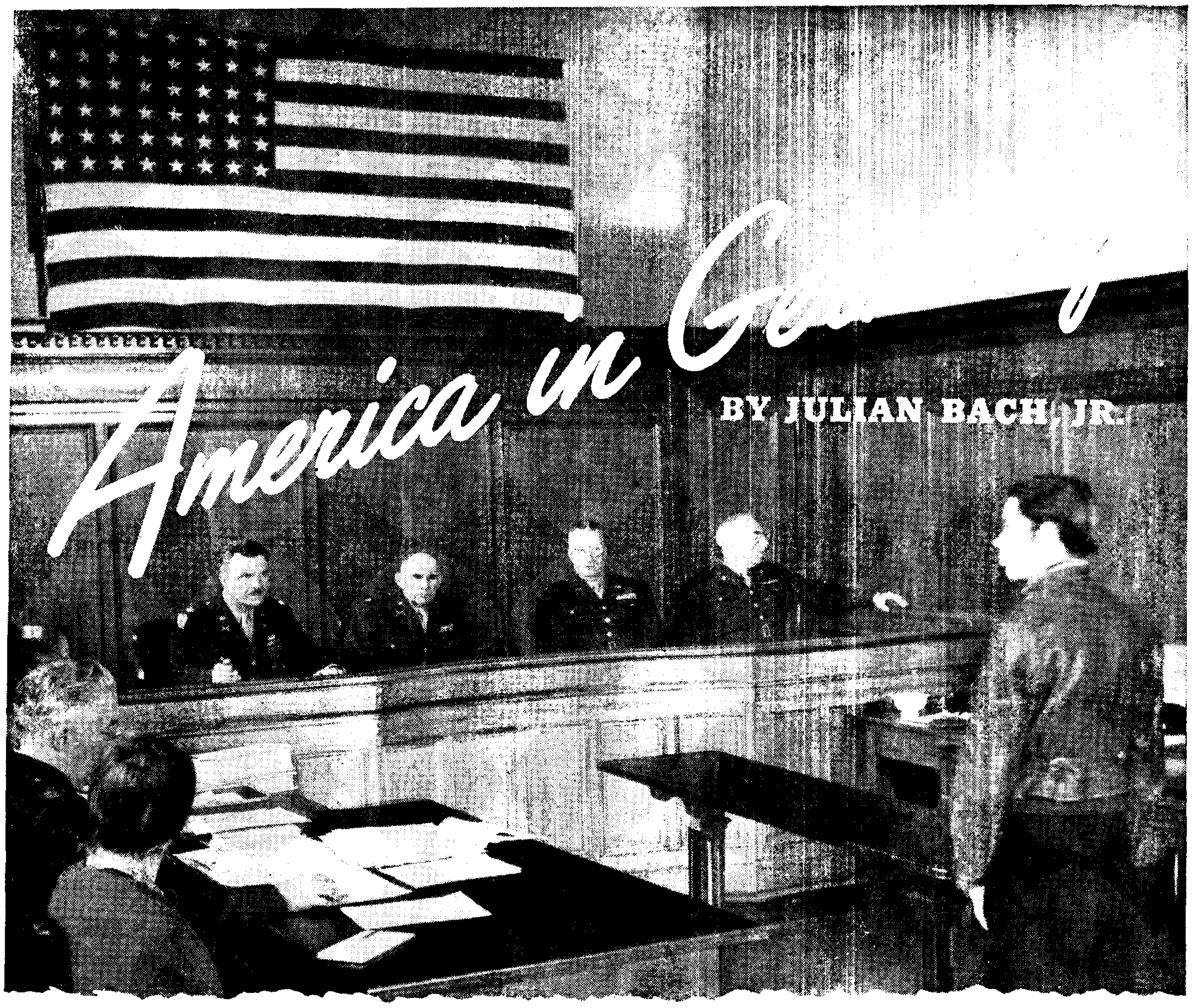
(Continued on page 79)

The two men were watching Deborah with absolute concentration. Cy, ready to use the needle, saw the little face was ash-gray and set in a curious expression of alarm



America in Ge

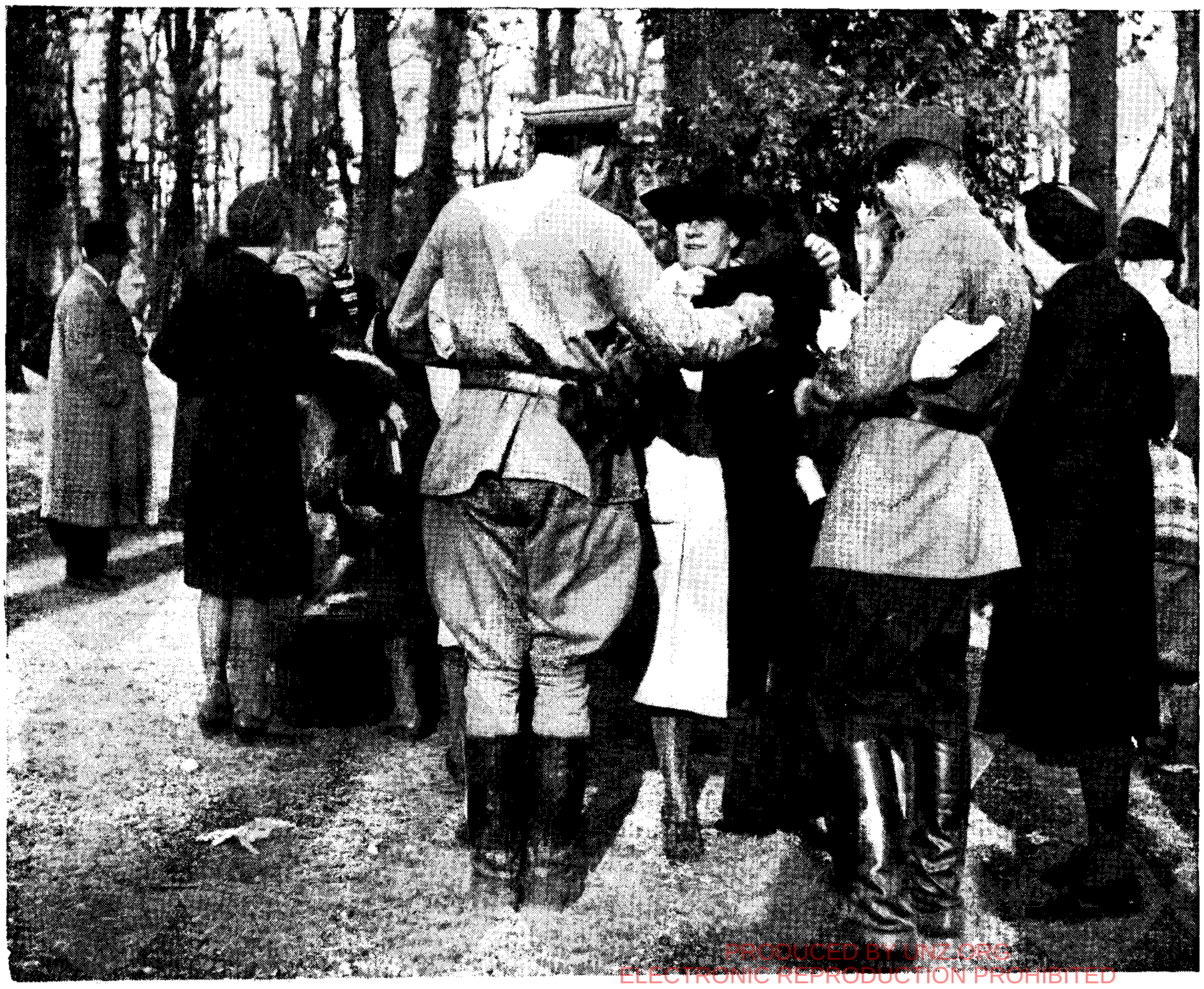
BY JULIAN BACH, JR.



A military government court tries Rudy Steuer, a German civilian and former SS man, for illegal possession of a pistol. A girl whom he had refused to marry informed on him. On the bench are Colonel J. P. MacNeil, Lt. Col. Eugene A. Bond, Lt. Col. J. C. Joublanc, Major Stephen S. Bean

The judges of the military government courts, most of them former American lawyers, show the Germans what American justice means. They handle everything, from murder to cases arising from fraternization and black-market deals

Russian soldiers bargaining for a German woman's coat on the black market in the Tiergarten, in Berlin. A Russian soldier said, "Americans laugh at me for paying $500 in occupation marks for a $10 watch. They don't realize that the watch will enable me to buy cows for my farm in Russia"



CAPTAIN RUTHERFORD of the Army of the United States smoothed his black hair and straightened his tie. "I tried sixty-eight cases last week," he said, "but I don't want any more weeks like that." Captain Rutherford is the legal officer with the local military government detachment at Heidelberg. But in reality, he is the visible embodiment of American justice. His manner is calm; his voice, deliberate. He is stern with offenders but not pompous.

It is through all the Captain Rutherfords attached to the legal division of military government that the American people make their will most sharply felt. They are America's voice and face. As they are the Americans who sit in judgment of Germans brought to trial before the summary, intermediate and general courts of military government for having violated the laws and regulations of that government, it is the Captain Rutherfords who decide which Germans, if found guilty, shall die, or be sentenced to ten years or ten days.

Since Captain Rutherford personally serves as judge in a local summary court, where the maximum punishment is one year, he handles the least serious violations of our rule, but for that very reason he handles the greatest number. No question is too slight for his consideration. When Fräulein Ochs, his secretary, announces that Frau Hertz is outside and would like to know whether the captain will permit her to bring her husband, Erich, some extra food while he is in jail for ten days for having violated the curfew, it is Captain Rutherford, not Berlin or Washington, who must decide. Whatever his decision, it will leave its mark on Frau Hertz's and Erich's impression of Americans and the new justice which we have brought to Germany. (In this case, the captain's answer happens to have been "yes.")

The American people are fortunate in the Captain Rutherfords who voice their conceptions of justice. It seems to me that most of our legal officers have been well picked. They are chiefly former lawyers, like Captain Rutherford himself, or former cops and highway patrolmen. They are down-to-earth, without being soft. The justice meted out to Germans in our courts is so severe sometimes by ordinary U.S. standards that you have to pinch yourself to remember that these are the "easygoing" Americans you have heard about.

But, then, you have only to pinch yourself a second time to remember that the defendants are a defeated enemy, accused of violating the edicts of a nation that conquered them; that this is still in a broad sense the "mopping-up" period of a war; that the prestige of America is at stake; and that, above all, the Germans were more harsh toward themselves and certainly their enemies. We are severe, then, by the ordinary standards of Americans sitting in judgment of other Americans. But the circumstances are not ordinary. For the cases in hand are those of Americans sitting in judgment of Germans. And the results, it seems to me, are just about right.

When Captain Rutherford goes to court, he takes along with him his interpreter (a German), his good man Friday, who is a private first class, and Gisella Ochs, his secretary, who also serves as court recorder, speaks fluent English and French, and is, I think, one of the few beautiful girls in Germany. "We get most of our cases through Germans informing on one another," the captain explains on his way upstairs in the *Rathaus*. "They're great informers. I tried two cases one afternoon, and in each case the accused man's wife had informed on him. We even had one woman inform on another for coming in five minutes after curfew. She apparently wanted her neighbor's room."

"The current craze for Germans informing on one another is a reflection of the low condition of the courts under the Nazis," a high-ranking U.S. legal officer reports. "It is easy to see that a German could settle a feud by informing on a neighbor to the police. We have cases now of one person 'planting' a gun in another's house and then informing on him."

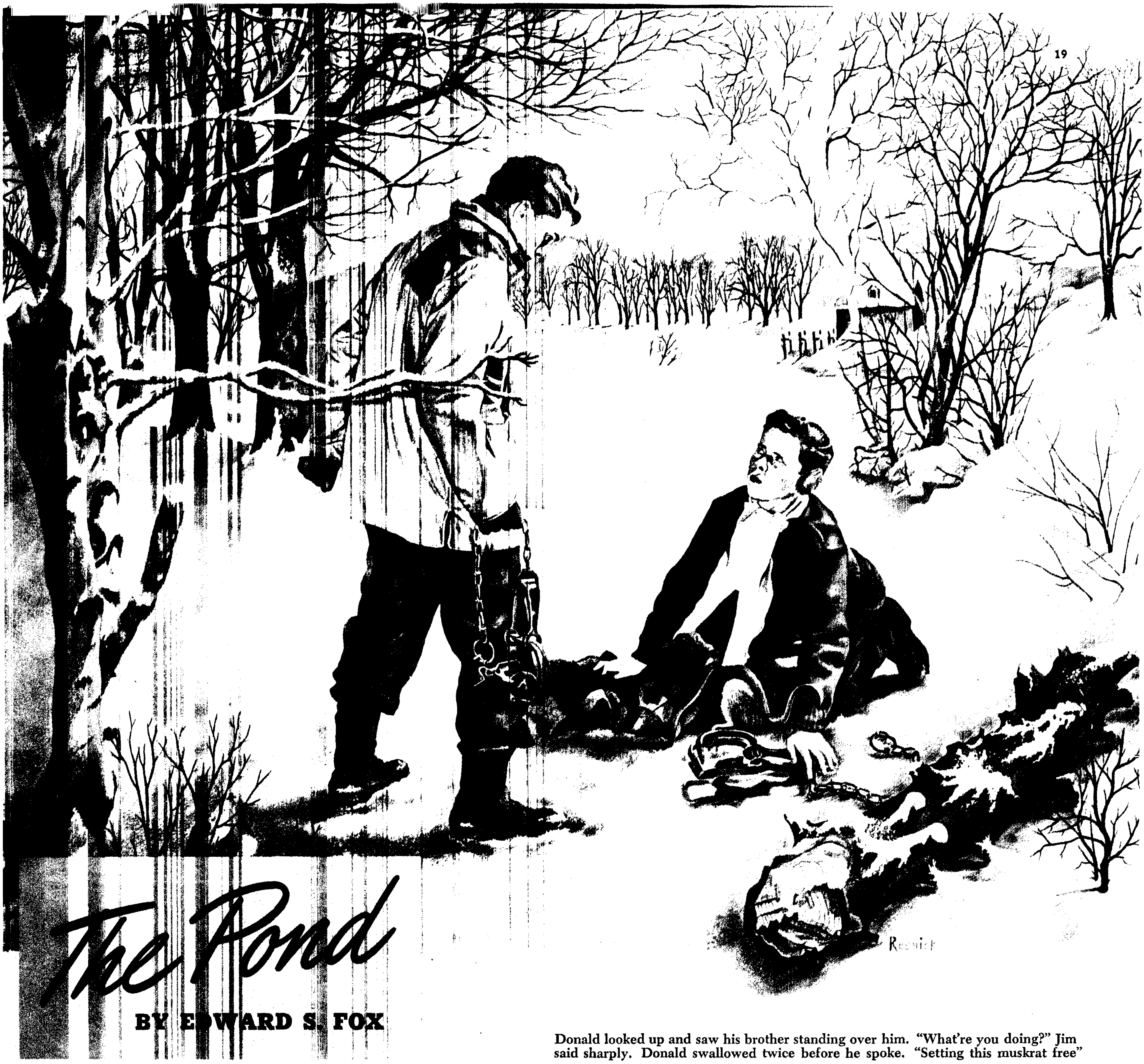
Any junior officer who presides at military government summary courts has a docketful of examples to back up this observation. Says a lieutenant, who used to be a state highway policeman in Michigan and who now dispenses justice in Frankfurt: "Germans seem to have a national habit for squealing. They squeal in court to get each other's jobs, and they will steal documentary evidence to implicate each other.

"In this way we often find that a case becomes increasingly serious as it progresses, with new evidence brought in by the witnesses. Nazis have sometimes been uncovered in this way. The case starts off with the accused standing trial for some minor violation of military government law. One of the German witnesses, who perhaps wants the accused's job or room, testifies that the accused has not only committed the breach of law involved in the charge, but then produces evidence that the accused lied in his *Fragebogen* (questionnaire). Then when the accused is sentenced to, say, 14 days for curfew violation, he has a new charge facing him that can bring with it a sentence of three years."

The captain opened the double doors of the assembly hall that now serves as a summary courtroom, and Sgt. Harry Cronin (of Army Talks) and I passed in. It was a heavy room, with dark wood panels, and the sunlight, flowing through the stained-glass windows, cast amber shades upon the great American flag hanging

(Continued on page 43)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF–PIX



The Pond

BY EDWARD S. FOX

Donald looked up and saw his brother standing over him. "What're you doing?" Jim said sharply. Donald swallowed twice before he spoke. "Setting this muskrat free"

Young as he was, Donald learned that sometimes you have to resort to violence to protect the things you love

HIS brother Jim said, "I set out a line of traps yesterday. Eleven in all."

Donald looked up, the spoon stopping halfway to his mouth. He saw his father stop eating, too.

"Where?" he whispered.

"Down at the pond," Jim said.

The kitchen was warm with the odor of bacon and boiling coffee, but Donald felt a shiver run up his spine. He looked at his father appealingly. His father went on with his eating, a small frown the only sign that he was aware of the conversation.

Donald laid his spoon in his plate and slipped sideways out of his chair. He heard his father call out to him to come back and finish his breakfast, caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror in the hall, of a face the color of the white plaster wall, of a pair of black, frightened eyes.

He ran up the stairs, two at a time; on the top step he paused as the rumble of his father's voice came to him from the kitchen. "Did you have to set those traps, Jim?"

"I've got just this two-weeks vacation and I need some money to take back to college," Jim answered. "It's the best way I know of."

"I'm not so sure." There was a trace of doubt in his father's voice and Donald held his breath. "While you were away at school these last few years the pond has been more or less Donald's and Mother's private property; they made it sort of a sanctuary for animals. Seems like hurrying things—with Mother dead only six months. . . ."

"He'll get used to it." Jim's voice was confident.

There was silence in the kitchen and Donald strained his ears until his father's voice rumbled again. "I suppose so."

He heard his father's chair scrape, heard the rattle of his dishes as he put them in the sink; then the sound of the back door opening and closing as his father left the house. He turned and, crossing the hall into his bedroom, went and stood by the window with clenched hands. His father could have stopped Jim, but he hadn't. His father didn't understand about the pond, either.

Once before, someone had threatened their sanctuary. It had been last winter when one of the neighbor boys had discovered it to be full of mink and muskrat. "It's a perfectly natural thing for boys to want to trap," his father had argued the point. "Jim and I used to when he was a kid."

"Never, as long as I have the breath to stop it"—his mother had been resolute—"will anyone hunt or trap the pond. It's ours, Donald's and mine. Those animals down there are our friends. We couldn't ever allow anything to happen to them."

His mother had smiled reassuringly at him and he had taken courage from that. But now his mother wasn't here to stop Jim. He sank slowly onto the edge of his bed, biting his lip so he would not cry.

Then he slid down and drew a box from under the bed. He opened it and fumbled under a stack of drawings of birds and animals until he found his leather pocketbook. He counted his money, then hurried downstairs. Jim was just finishing his breakfast.

"What's that you've got there?"

"Six dollars and thirty-eight cents." Donald laid the five one-dollar bills and the silver on the table before his brother.

Jim looked at the money and then at Donald.

"You can have my books too," Donald said. "You can have my drawings—and my fountain pen—and—and my bicycle—"

Donald's voice stopped on a note of desperation. He had offered everything, but if his brother understood, he didn't show it. And he couldn't explain. Jim had been away so long—was so much older—he was almost like a stranger—

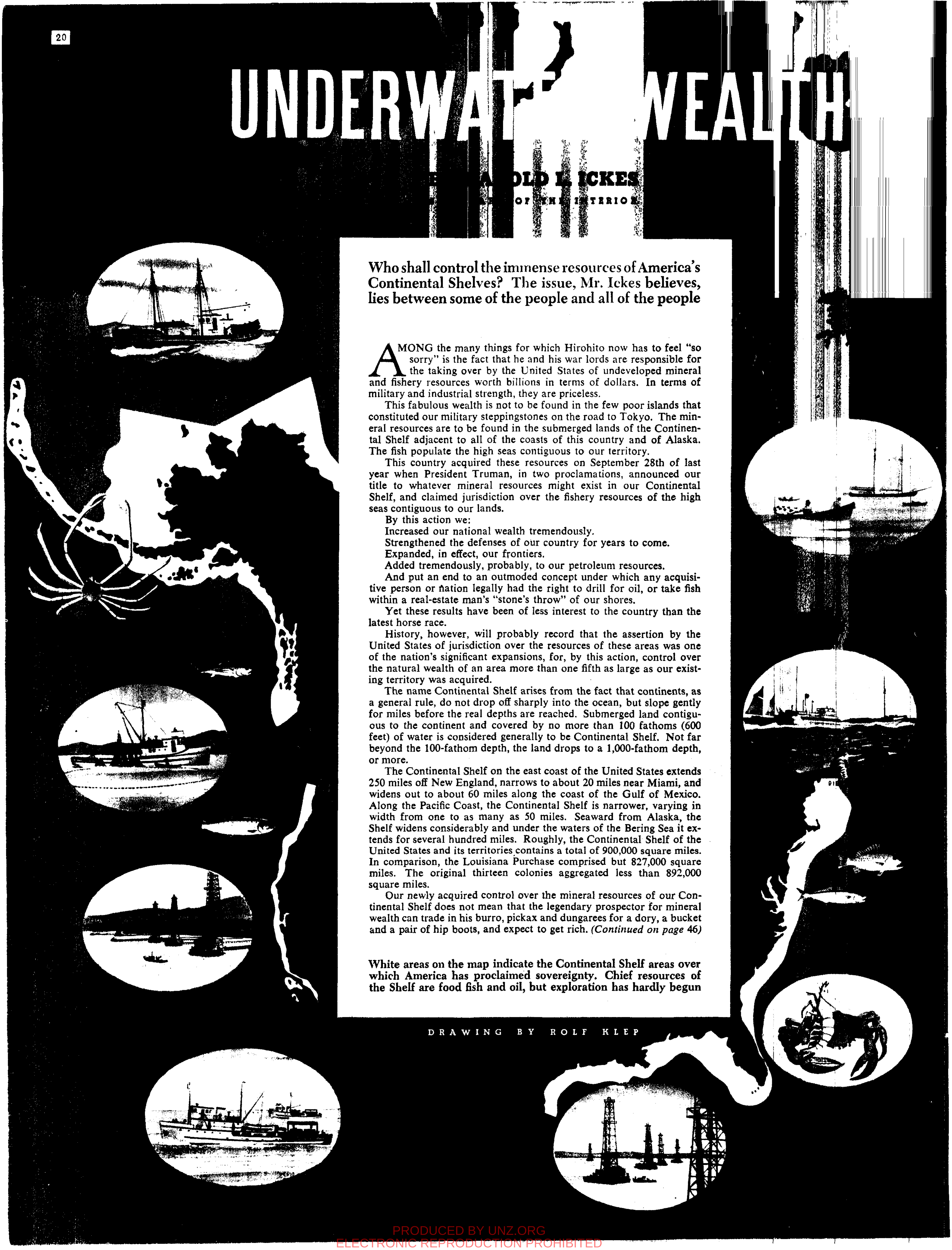
Donald turned blindly to the door. He climbed the stairs slowly. He heard Jim whistling downstairs. If his mother were alive

(Continued on page 69)

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL RESNICK

UNDERWATER WEALTH

By HAROLD L. ICKES
SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR



Who shall control the immense resources of America's Continental Shelves? The issue, Mr. Ickes believes, lies between some of the people and all of the people

AMONG the many things for which Hirohito now has to feel "so sorry" is the fact that he and his war lords are responsible for the taking over by the United States of undeveloped mineral and fishery resources worth billions in terms of dollars. In terms of military and industrial strength, they are priceless.

This fabulous wealth is not to be found in the few poor islands that constituted our military steppingstones on the road to Tokyo. The mineral resources are to be found in the submerged lands of the Continental Shelf adjacent to all of the coasts of this country and of Alaska. The fish populate the high seas contiguous to our territory.

This country acquired these resources on September 28th of last year when President Truman, in two proclamations, announced our title to whatever mineral resources might exist in our Continental Shelf, and claimed jurisdiction over the fishery resources of the high seas contiguous to our lands.

By this action we:

Increased our national wealth tremendously.

Strengthened the defenses of our country for years to come.

Expanded, in effect, our frontiers.

Added tremendously, probably, to our petroleum resources.

And put an end to an outmoded concept under which any acquisitive person or nation legally had the right to drill for oil, or take fish within a real-estate man's "stone's throw" of our shores.

Yet these results have been of less interest to the country than the latest horse race.

History, however, will probably record that the assertion by the United States of jurisdiction over the resources of these areas was one of the nation's significant expansions, for, by this action, control over the natural wealth of an area more than one fifth as large as our existing territory was acquired.

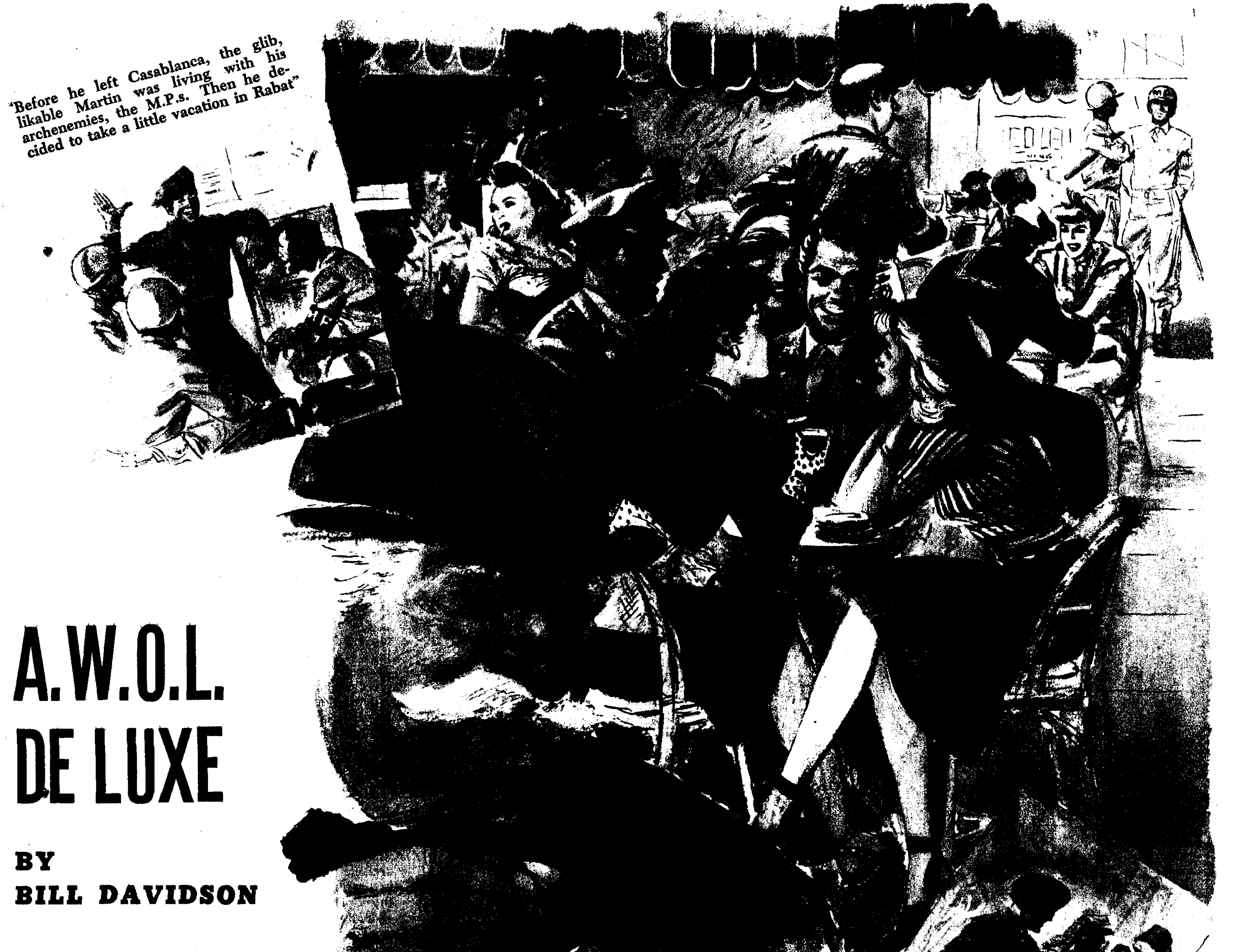
The name Continental Shelf arises from the fact that continents, as a general rule, do not drop off sharply into the ocean, but slope gently for miles before the real depths are reached. Submerged land contiguous to the continent and covered by no more than 100 fathoms (600 feet) of water is considered generally to be Continental Shelf. Not far beyond the 100-fathom depth, the land drops to a 1,000-fathom depth, or more.

The Continental Shelf on the east coast of the United States extends 250 miles off New England, narrows to about 20 miles near Miami, and widens out to about 60 miles along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico. Along the Pacific Coast, the Continental Shelf is narrower, varying in width from one to as many as 50 miles. Seaward from Alaska, the Shelf widens considerably and under the waters of the Bering Sea it extends for several hundred miles. Roughly, the Continental Shelf of the United States and its territories contains a total of 900,000 square miles. In comparison, the Louisiana Purchase comprised but 827,000 square miles. The original thirteen colonies aggregated less than 892,000 square miles.

Our newly acquired control over the mineral resources of our Continental Shelf does not mean that the legendary prospector for mineral wealth can trade in his burro, pickax and dungarees for a dory, a bucket and a pair of hip boots, and expect to get rich. *(Continued on page 46)*

White areas on the map indicate the Continental Shelf areas over which America has proclaimed sovereignty. Chief resources of the Shelf are food fish and oil, but exploration has hardly begun

DRAWING BY ROLF KLEP



"Before he left Casablanca, the glib, likable Martin was living with his archenemies, the M.P.s. Then he decided to take a little vacation in Rabat"

A.W.O.L. DE LUXE

BY BILL DAVIDSON

Private John Martin, an American in the Canadian army, will be discussed as long as there are veterans to convene. He was absent without leave for 14 months and lived like a king

"Broughton trailed Martin for two days. He wasn't sure. The second night, Martin went on a tour of the night clubs with a U.S. Army lieutenant colonel"

"When he ran out of money for Scotch and gin, Martin swiped mattress covers from the M.P. supply room and sold them to the natives for Sunday suits"

IN EUROPE last year, a poll was conducted among the American troops. The question was, "Who is the most popular G.I. in the European Theater of Operations?" It was a stupid question. The most popular G.I. in the European Theater of Operations turned out to be a combination of Betty Grable, the Sad Sack, Jackie "Butch" Jenkins, Marshal Zhukov, Esther Williams, a Red Cross girl named Fooffy, M. Hennessy of cognac fame and one, Private John D. Martin of the Canadian army.

The inclusion of Private Martin in this group was not an accident. Twenty-nine enlisted men voted for him, a fact which had the sociologists predicting another wave of gangster adulation of the John Dillinger-Little Caesar type. For Martin was not popular. He was notorious. He was a criminal, convicted by court-martial and currently in a Canadian prison. What the sociologists didn't know was that G.I.s all over the theater went for Martin, not because of his A.W.O.L. and black-market record, but because he tweaked the nose of the Army brass for more than 14 months and did a beautiful job of it. Stories about John D. Martin will be told at every veterans' convention from here on in.

Actually, dark, handsome, glib-tongued Martin is an American. He was born in Nevada, Missouri, on March 24, 1912, worked on newspapers and radio stations in California for several years, and then went up to Vancouver to enlist in the Canadian army on May 21, 1941. Up until January 15, 1944, Martin's record as an infantryman with the 3d Canadian Division in Africa, Sicily and Italy was fairly good.

According to Martin's confession, he had been drunk while off duty, and his commanding officer had slapped fourteen days of solid K.P. on him. "That sort of thing," Martin wrote, "demoralizes a guy like me." On the third day of his field punishment, a sergeant took him out into a mud-blanketed field behind the bivouac area and told him to dig a nice big hole for garbage.

There was a barrel of *vino bianco* standing near by. Martin took a few slugs. Then he turned over a few spadefuls of the gooey Italian mud. A twelve-year-old Italian kid passed by. Martin offered him five dollars to dig the hole. The kid refused. Martin took a few more gulps from the barrel. He began to compare himself with the great martyrs of history. He looked at the hole. He went back to the barrel. By now, Martin's persecutions compared with those of the Christian fathers in the Coliseum. He bashed in the barrel with his spade and let the wine pour into his helmet. "The next thing I remember," wrote Martin, "it was a month later and I was sitting on a park bench in Naples, 250 miles away."

He sat in Naples, looked at the M.P.s swarming all over the place and wondered why he hadn't been picked up. He had three weeks' stubble on his face, and his head felt like a steam calliope.

"I've got to get out of here," Martin said to himself. He remembered a friend of his in an American B-25 bomber group at near-by Pompeii. Martin walked over to a Red Cross club across the park. He sat down and typed a pass to Pompeii, signed it with his *(Continued on page 35)*

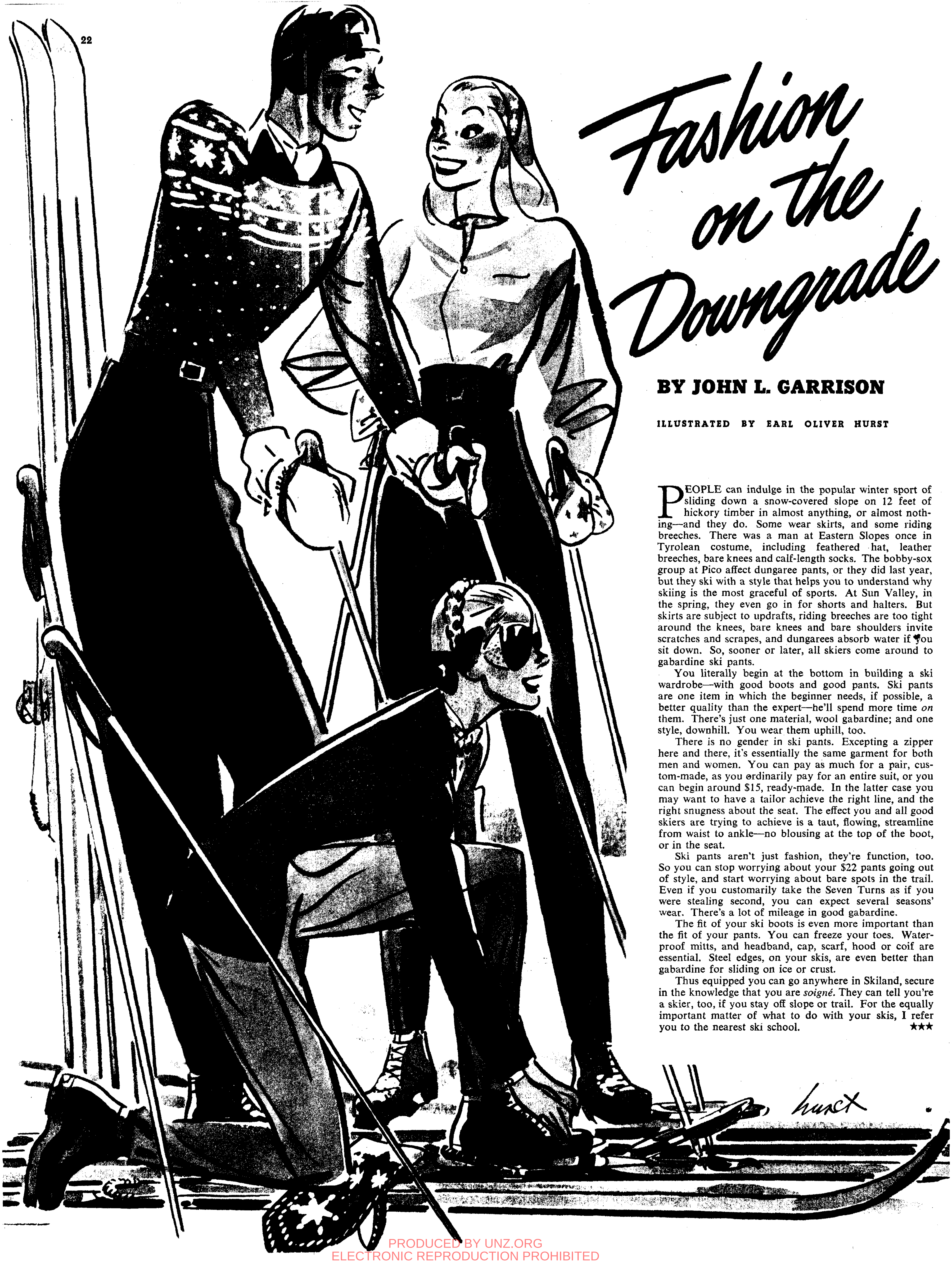
The dowager said: "Would you consider driving my car to Paris for a price?" Martin accepted—for a higher price

ILLUSTRATED BY LEON GREGORI

Fashion on the Downgrade

BY JOHN L. GARRISON

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST



PEOPLE can indulge in the popular winter sport of sliding down a snow-covered slope on 12 feet of hickory timber in almost anything, or almost nothing—and they do. Some wear skirts, and some riding breeches. There was a man at Eastern Slopes once in Tyrolean costume, including feathered hat, leather breeches, bare knees and calf-length socks. The bobby-sox group at Pico affect dungaree pants, or they did last year, but they ski with a style that helps you to understand why skiing is the most graceful of sports. At Sun Valley, in the spring, they even go in for shorts and halters. But skirts are subject to updrafts, riding breeches are too tight around the knees, bare knees and bare shoulders invite scratches and scrapes, and dungarees absorb water if you sit down. So, sooner or later, all skiers come around to gabardine ski pants.

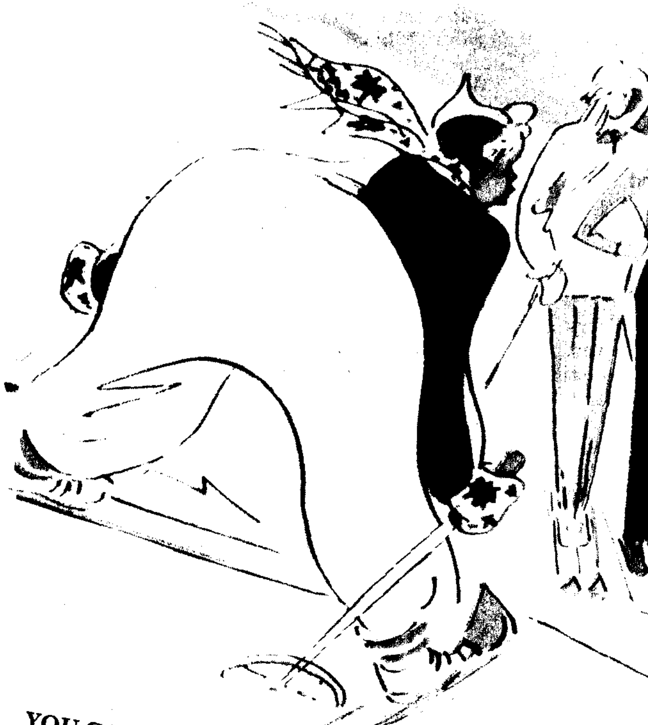
You literally begin at the bottom in building a ski wardrobe—with good boots and good pants. Ski pants are one item in which the beginner needs, if possible, a better quality than the expert—he'll spend more time *on* them. There's just one material, wool gabardine; and one style, downhill. You wear them uphill, too.

There is no gender in ski pants. Excepting a zipper here and there, it's essentially the same garment for both men and women. You can pay as much for a pair, custom-made, as you ordinarily pay for an entire suit, or you can begin around $15, ready-made. In the latter case you may want to have a tailor achieve the right line, and the right snugness about the seat. The effect you and all good skiers are trying to achieve is a taut, flowing, streamline from waist to ankle—no blousing at the top of the boot, or in the seat.

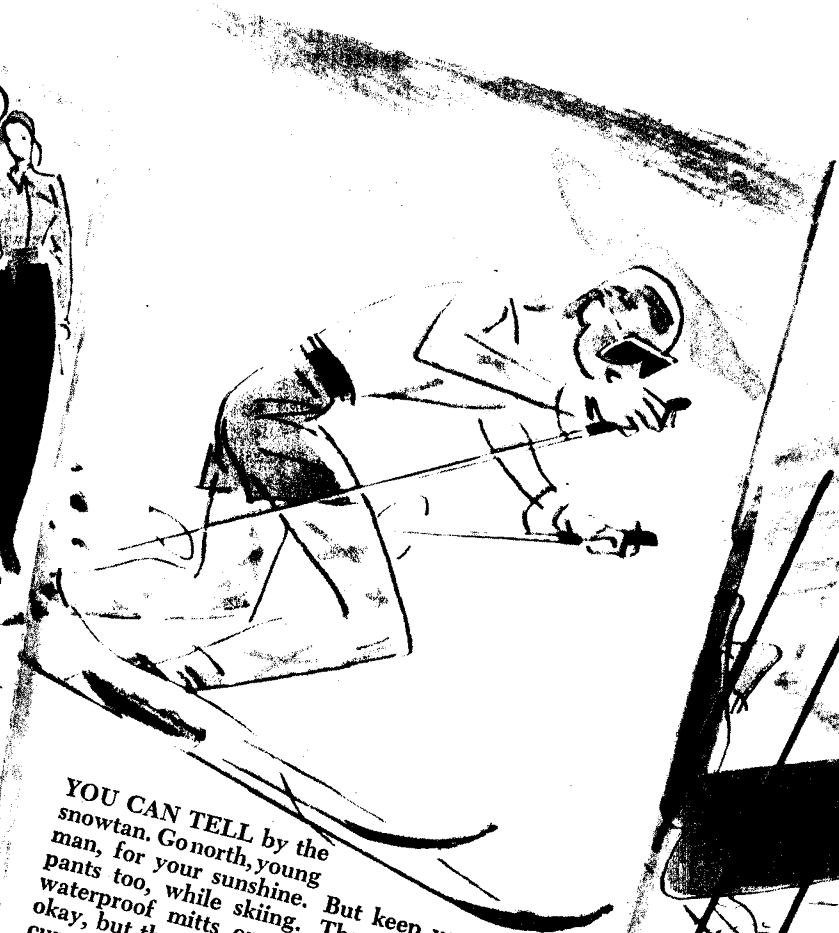
Ski pants aren't just fashion, they're function, too. So you can stop worrying about your $22 pants going out of style, and start worrying about bare spots in the trail. Even if you customarily take the Seven Turns as if you were stealing second, you can expect several seasons' wear. There's a lot of mileage in good gabardine.

The fit of your ski boots is even more important than the fit of your pants. You can freeze your toes. Waterproof mitts, and headband, cap, scarf, hood or coif are essential. Steel edges, on your skis, are even better than gabardine for sliding on ice or crust.

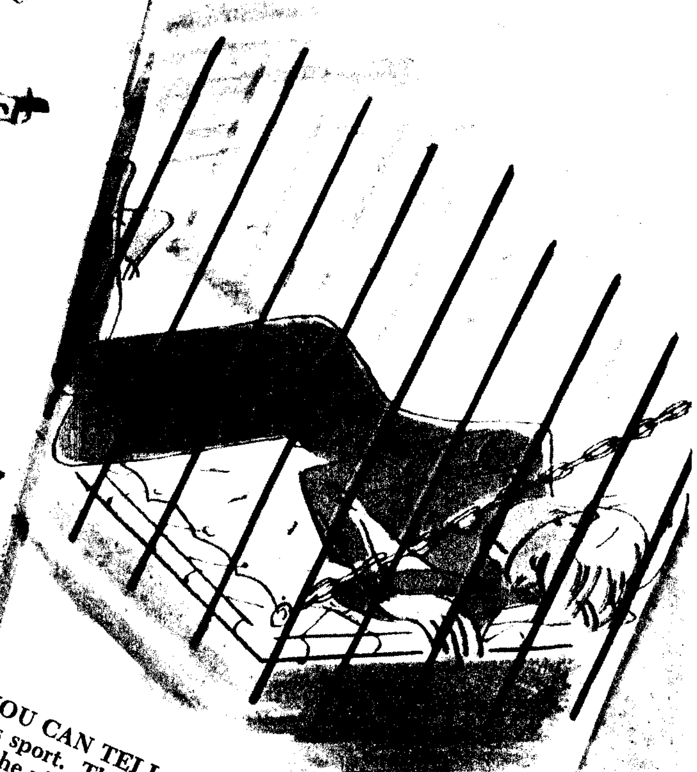
Thus equipped you can go anywhere in Skiland, secure in the knowledge that you are *soigné*. They can tell you're a skier, too, if you stay off slope or trail. For the equally important matter of what to do with your skis, I refer you to the nearest ski school. ★★★



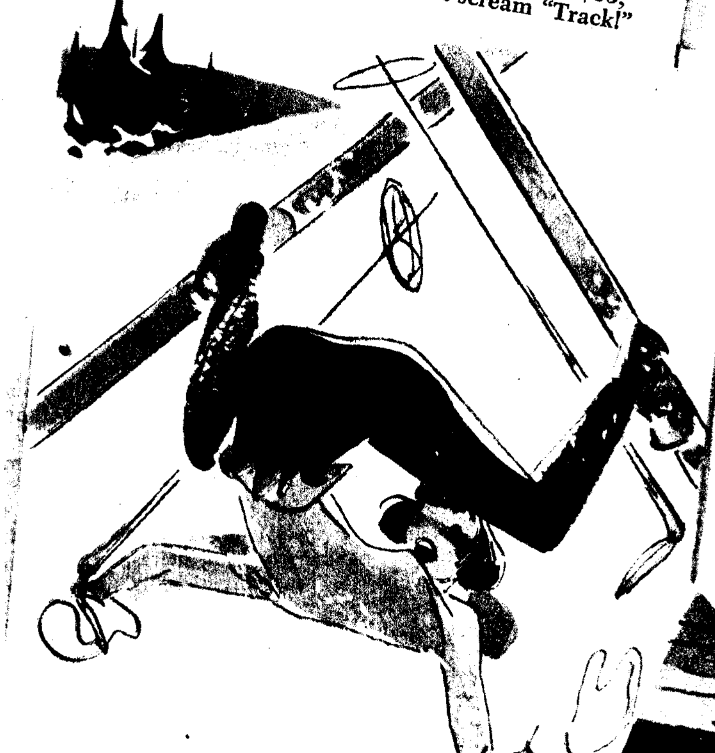
YOU CAN TELL a skier by the fit of her pants. They should be snug at the hips, full in the knees, tapering at the ankles. The two girls, who have really tremendous style in custom-made ski pants at $35, are waiting correctly to pass. Don't scream "Track!"



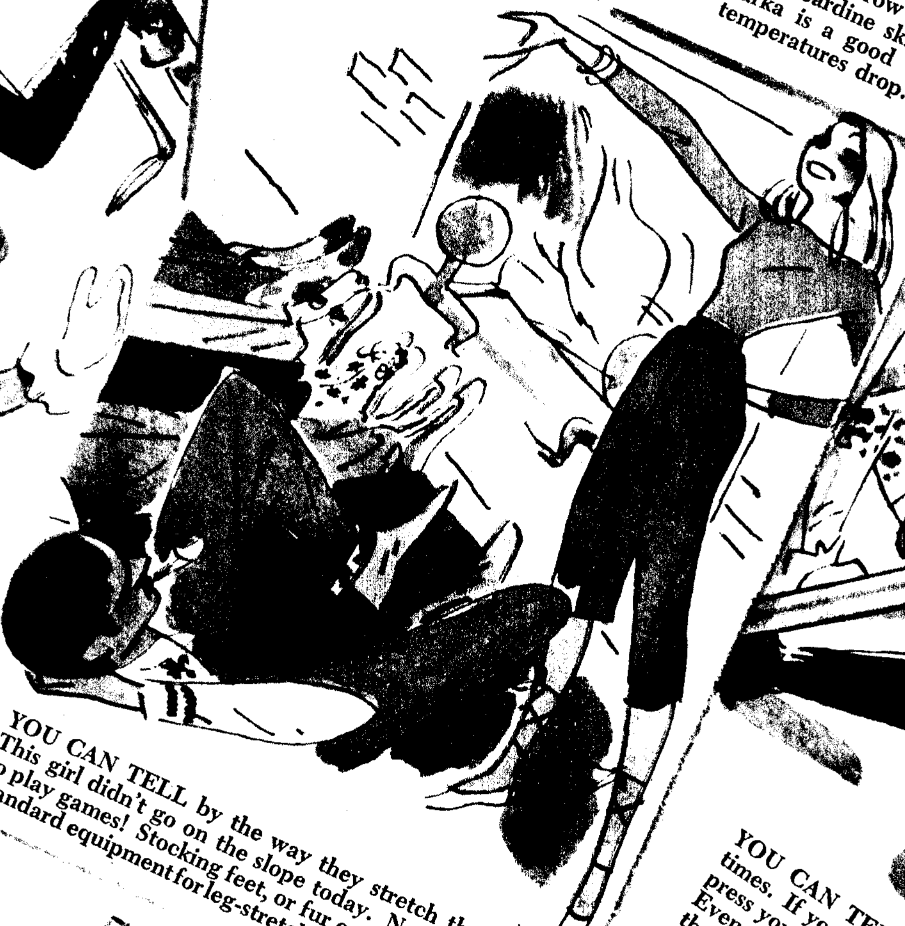
YOU CAN TELL by the snowtan. Go north, young man, for your sunshine. But keep your shirt on, pants too, while skiing. The sunglasses and the waterproof mitts on the young man above are okay, but they don't cover enough territory. Mercurochrome marks the spots he forgot to cover



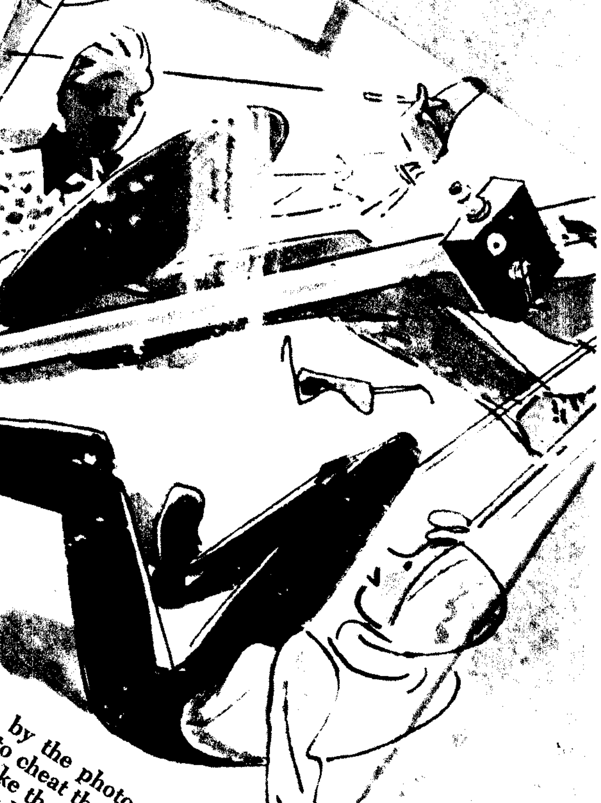
YOU CAN TELL by what he'll go through for his sport. This young man is spending a night in the village jail because he didn't make reservations. But he'll be very comfortable on the trails tomorrow in his red longies underneath his gabardine ski pants. A lightweight poplin parka is a good thing to have along in case temperatures drop. Anyway, it's colder on top



YOU CAN TELL if they brush themselves off, as if they never expected to fall again. Snow bunnies don't bother, they just drip. To avoid being one, wear a poplin jacket, with socks inside your pants like the girl above. Sweaters are all right if you don't fall—or carry a whisk broom



YOU CAN TELL by the way they stretch their legs. This girl didn't go on the slope today. Now she wants to play games! Stocking feet, or fur or wool booties, are standard equipment for leg-stretching and toe-wriggling



YOU CAN TELL by the photographs, sometimes. If you want to cheat the camera and impress your friends make the photographer wait. Even a good turn looks better toward the finish than at the start, unless it ends up like this one. For a still shot, pull your skis together, place your poles alongside the tips. Look poised for flight, even though you know otherwis

A Serious Study of Love

By Ware Torrey Budlong

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL

What Flip didn't know about the romantic strategy was certainly no hindrance to the campaign she directed

BARBARA spread both dresses on her bed and compared them, ruffled blue and sleek black, with a passionate attention. Now that she had a date with Tom, at last, everything depended on this evening.

Flip spoke up unexpectedly, behind her. "Love is very exhausting, isn't it?"

Barbara spun around and tried to give Flip a stern, older-sister look. But Flip just stared back with that wide-eyed interest of hers. Flip was mostly big eyes, freckles and long legs; right now, huddled on the window seat, the legs and the bumpy brown knees dominated.

"Haven't you got some lessons to study, Felicia?" Barbara inquired.

Flip went right on as if lessons hadn't been mentioned: "When you're in love, you have to spend so much time deciding which clothes to wear, and getting ready to look surprised when you've been waiting on the porch for an hour and he finally comes by. Seems to me you ought to wear the blue dress tonight, and work up to the black dress by degrees."

"Um—" said Barbara. The unnerving thing about Flip was that she so often made sense. But it was irritating to have your eleven-year-old sister speak with such authority about your personal problems.

"What do you know about love?" she asked Flip scornfully.

Flip wriggled into a more comfortable position. "I don't know much," she admitted with disarming frankness. "But I'm making a serious study of it, so I'll be all ready when it comes into my life."

"How—how efficient," said Barbara.

"Let your real self shine out," said Flip thoughtfully.

"What?"

"Your real self," Flip told her. "I asked the minister's wife what was the best way to get someone to love you. And she said, to let your real self shine out. She said one should be one's own sweet self, and everyone would love you. I don't think she was quite on the beam, do you?"

"Well—" said Barbara, doubtfully.

"But Caralee was loads more practical than the minister's wife," Flip continued firmly. "I was talking to her jus this afternoon about the same thing."

"What did Caralee say?" Barbara asked in spite of herself. Caralee was the top glamor girl of the older set. And Barbara, deep in the uncertainties of being only nineteen had often watched Caralee from the sidelines and envied her

"Caralee got right down to sex appeal," Flip explained She added, frowning, "I wonder if the minister's wife knows about sex, in a serious way?"

"What did Caralee say?" Barbara repeated impatiently

"Oh—she said that the only way to stir a man was to be arresting," Flip answered. "She said a girl had to be dramatic, nowadays, or she'd get lost in the mob. She was really very helpful. Maybe the black dress would be more dramatic."

"Maybe," Barbara murmured, her mind on Caralee. She picked up the black satin, wondering why she was paying any attention to Flip at all. But it had been profitable, on previous occasions, to pay attention to Flip.

"You must know everybody in town," she told Flip. "The way you talk to people—"

Flip sighed deeply. "I can't really live yet," she explained. "Not at my age. So I'm living vicariously. It's very interesting. I sort of borrow people, and make believe I'm them. Right now I've borrowed you, and I'm in love with Tom."

"Now that's too much," Barbara exclaimed, outraged. "Of all the foolish ideas. Now run along, Felicia."

Flip unwound herself reluctantly from the window seat. "I'm always running along somewhere or other," she said wearily. "Well, don't forget to be dramatic, Barb, because I want to find out how you do it."

"And don't let me see you mooching around when Tom comes," Barbara added hastily.

"You won't see me," Flip said, not very reassuringly, and closed the door behind her.

Barbara decided on the black dress, with no more delay. Caralee ought to know what a man liked. With plenty of eye shadow, and her hair brushed straight up, the effect ought to be fairly dramatic.

HALF an hour later, when Tom rang the bell, she went slowly downstairs to let him in, trusting her parents would remain offstage as requested.

Now was the time to be calm and cool and collected. Tom had been living next door for months, just taking her for granted. This was her chance to show him what he'd been missing.

She swung the screen door open, leaning back a little against the doorway, so her figure could put its best curves forward. She watched him move toward her.

"Hello, Tom," she said.

He smiled at her, that sudden smile of his, and automatically she was no longer calm and cool. He had that swift an effect on her; it happened every time.

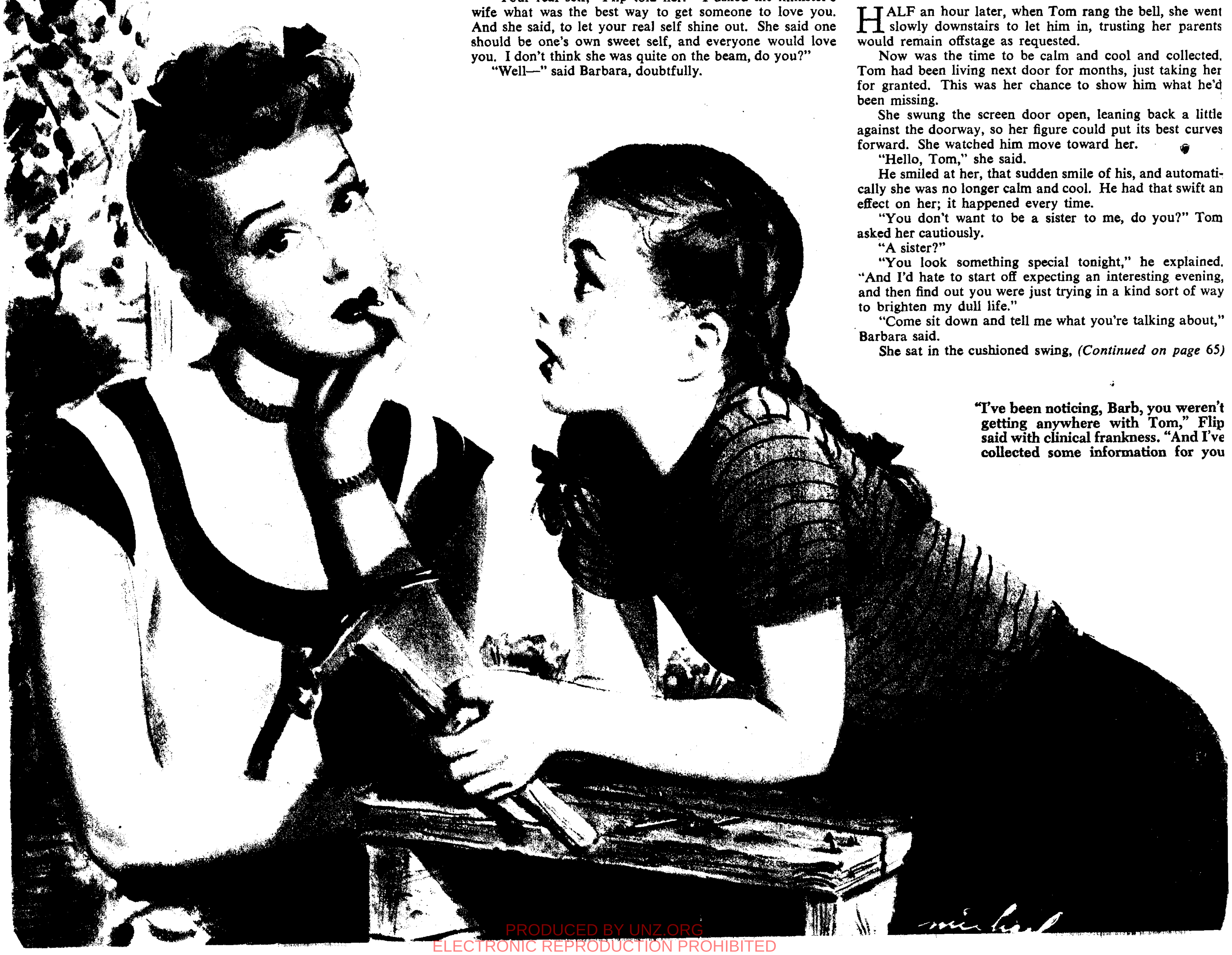
"You don't want to be a sister to me, do you?" Tom asked her cautiously.

"A sister?"

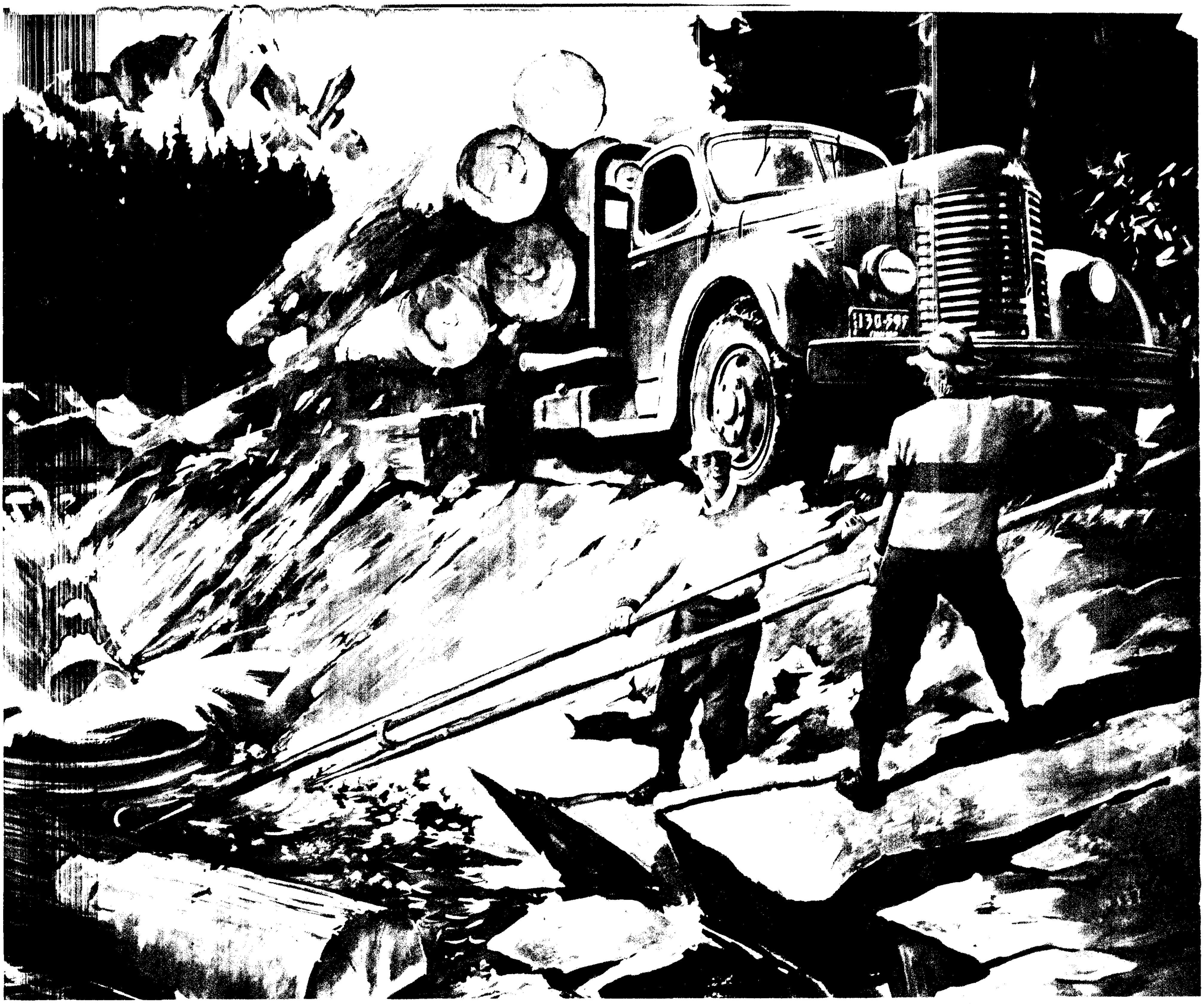
"You look something special tonight," he explained. "And I'd hate to start off expecting an interesting evening, and then find out you were just trying in a kind sort of way to brighten my dull life."

"Come sit down and tell me what you're talking about," Barbara said.

She sat in the cushioned swing, (Continued on page 65)



"I've been noticing, Barb, you weren't getting anywhere with Tom," Flip said with clinical frankness. "And I've collected some information for you



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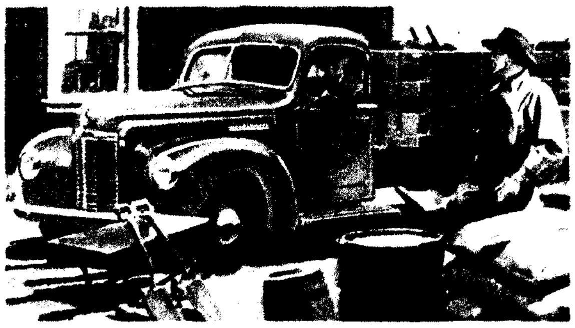

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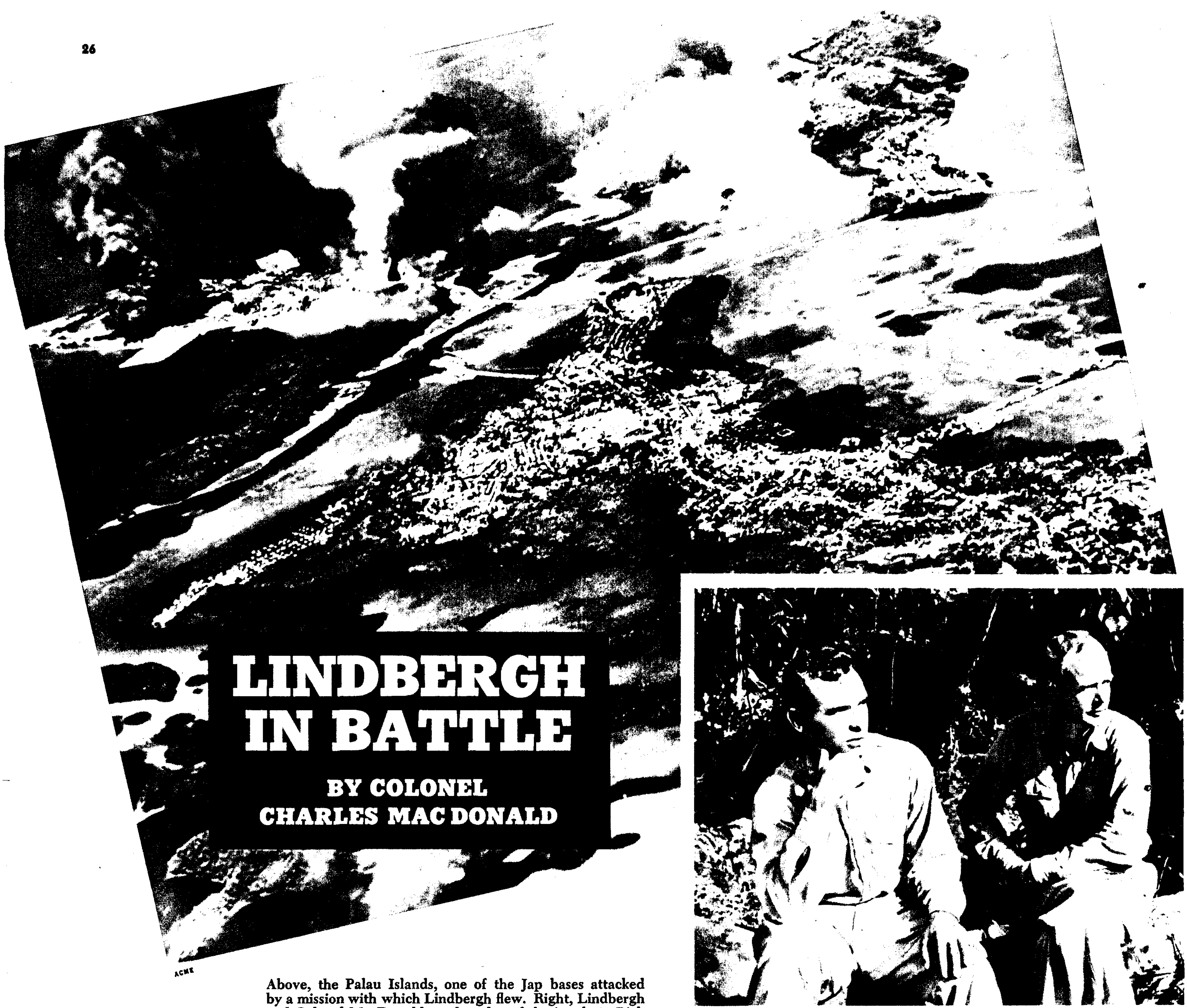
BY COLONEL CHARLES MAC DONALD



ACME

Above, the Palau Islands, one of the Jap bases attacked by a mission with which Lindbergh flew. Right, Lindbergh and Colonel MacDonald on the edge of the jungle at Biak

In the concluding installment of Lindbergh's adventures during the war the Lone Eagle takes part in a mission to the Palaus and narrowly escapes getting shot down

Conclusion

IT WAS not long after we landed that the news spread rapidly through the camp. "Lindbergh got a Jap." The tropical sun was making a hurried exit below the horizon as Lindbergh, Smith and I walked toward Captain Eliott Summer's tent. We could hear Captain Robert (Pappy) Cline's quartet, with ukulele accompaniment, lustily giving out with a favorite song:

Take me off the alert,
I don't want to get hurt;
Oh, my, I'm too young to die,
I want to go home.

We began on the twelfth verse of this endless ditty. Lindbergh was one of the boys. We sat on cots, the coffeepot simmered in the middle of the tent and the "bull" went the rounds.

It was always a surprise to me that despite his age, Lindbergh's excellent physical condition made him seem a logical companion to any group of young pilots. It was a compliment to him that none of them paid him more deference than they did one another.

Remembering the excitement of their own first victories, they were interested to know how Lindbergh felt about his. During the congratulations and the talk, the inner elation from his victory was apparent in his quick smile. However, his face had a more serious expression than usual, and it was noticeable that the nervous tension from the fight had not yet worn off.

"How'd you get him?" he was asked.

"We were shooting at each other and I hit him first," Lindbergh replied matter-of-factly.

"From my position behind you, I could see his guns firing," Joe Miller said. "Boy, that was close!"

"How close did that Jap come to you?" asked Captain Johnny Loisel.

"Too close." Lindbergh's face tightened. "Must have been less than ten feet. I felt a hard bump when he passed my tail."

Talking about it relaxed him. Later he might have joined in the singing—had he known the words.

By the time we started back to our shack the moon was up. "We can expect another air raid tonight," I said. "That's a Jap bomber's moon. And, incidentally, I think we're kind of silly to keep that box of TNT in our tent."

"If a bomb hits close enough to set off our TNT we wouldn't have to worry anyway," someone said.

Fresh Fish for the Camp

I didn't much care to have a box of TNT for a roommate, but consoled myself with the thought that judiciously used, it would account for many pounds of fresh fish. Our chief afternoon sport was throwing TNT from a rubber life raft into schools of fish and then, with the aid of a glass faceplate, diving and recovering the casualties.

Lindbergh had got us interested in this sport many weeks before. It was while we were still in our temporary camp off the end of Mokmer airstrip. I was sitting on a camp stool in the tent; the sun radiating off the white coral made the air dance. I thought the tent was hot enough to broil a steak, but, lacking the steak, couldn't prove it. I was lost in a dream of an ice-cold Coke. It was a pleasure to consider whether, if I had one in my hand, I would gulp it down without stopping to breathe, or just sip it to make it last as long as possible. Interrupting this pleasant reverie, Lindbergh walked in with a heavy cardboard box labeled "TNT." Then he went out to the jeep and came back with a wooden box labeled "Hand Grenades."

I looked at him with a jaundiced eye.

"Does that mean I can't smoke in here?"

"Oh, no," he replied, "you can't set off TNT with fire. It needs a percussion wave."

"Well, what's it for?"

"I thought you'd like to go fishing." He started wrapping a half-pound block of TNT to a hand grenade with adhesive tape, explaining, "I couldn't get any blasting caps, but I think the hand grenades will set the TNT off. It should make a good enough explosion to stun the fish."

The fish got off easy that first afternoon. The hand grenades wouldn't set the TNT off. But the next day we got a good supply of blasting caps and fuses, and from then on it was too bad for the fish.

We were catching it regularly these nights; red alerts were frequent. A little after midnight three sharp explosions from our AA guns warned us that enemy planes were approaching. It was the usual nightly show; searchlights frantically weaving back and

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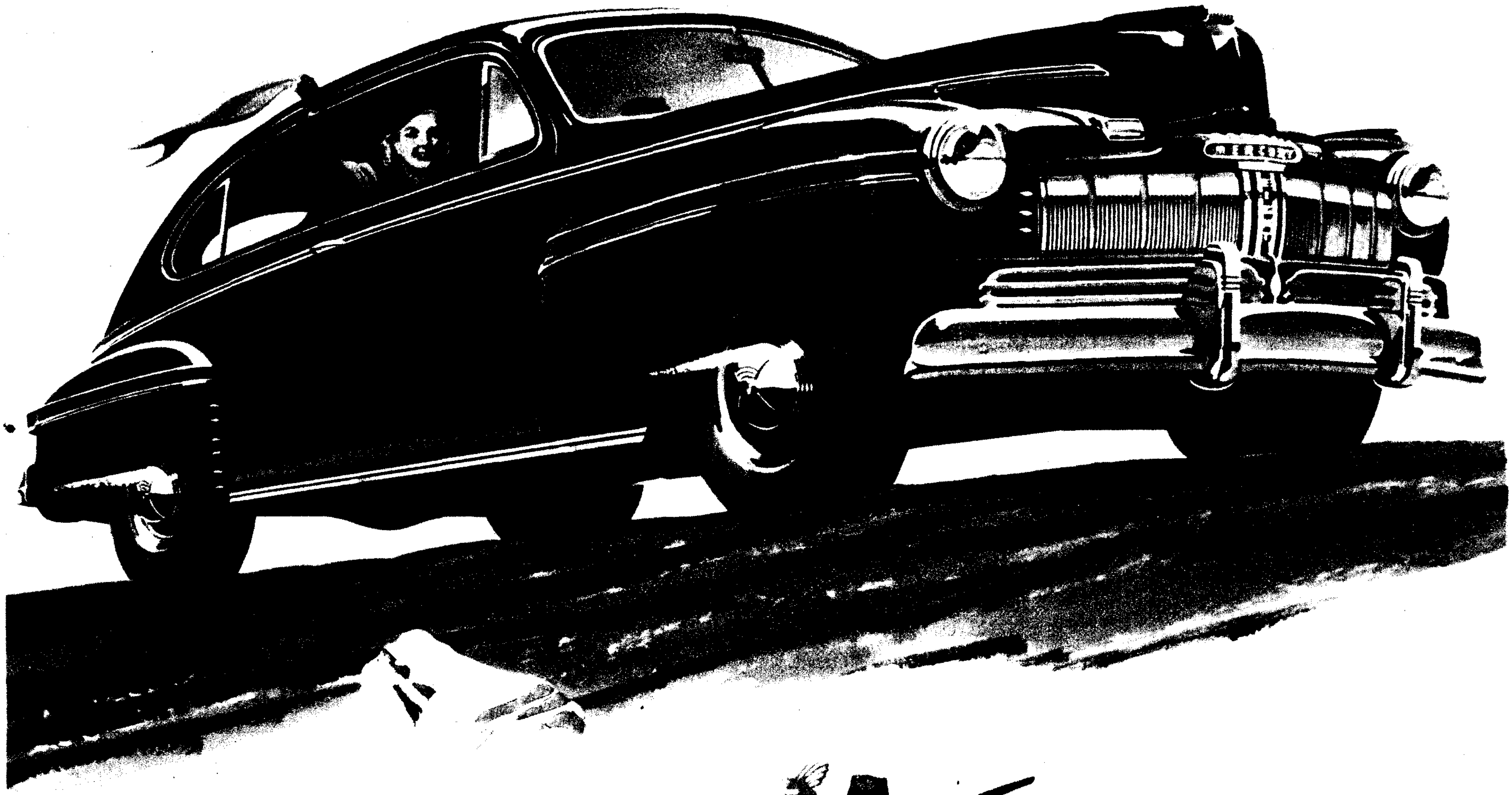

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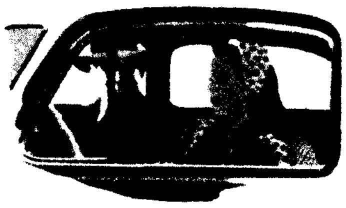

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forth in an attempt to pick up the enemy, AA bursts all over the sky making a terrific din, shrapnel from our own shells falling with the peculiar whistling noise similar to that of a bomb. The high-pitched drone of the Jap planes was occasionally heard through the gunfire, and the "whump, whump, whump" of the bombs.

By this time, Lindbergh had adopted the "It can't happen to me" philosophy which most of the more experienced persons had. We would lie in bed until the main concentration of ack-ack began bursting directly overhead, before jumping up to run outside, empty the soapy water out of a tin hat (we used them for washbasins), and then look for the nearest foxhole. If the raid occurred early in the evening, we would stand outside and watch the show.

Our missions to Halmahera through the 31st of July met with no aerial interception; so we used our ammunition strafing barges and small ships through the islands off western New Guinea. The comparative dullness of these missions was the main reason why we set out the next day on the mission which came nearest to ending Lindbergh's career.

A Jungle Airstrip on Biak

The western end of New Guinea draws itself out to resemble the curved neck and head of a prehistoric pelican. In the northern reaches of the great bay formed by the curving neck lie the Schouten Islands, of which Biak is the largest. Here the American forces had pushed back the Japs and cleared out the jungle enough so that now in the darkness the lights on the new airstrip and in the camps could be seen.

In one of the lighted shacks four of us were whiling away the early part of the night. Lindbergh and I were playing checkers. Smitty was throwing cards into a hat, and Major Sam Fernandez was boiling water for coffee.

I could never concentrate on checkers the night before a raid. Lindbergh won the first game and we started another; he had a good advantage in a short time. Then the field phone gave that protesting grunt peculiar to that damned but dependable instrument. I picked it up.

"MacDonald, here."

"This is Danny, Colonel. About the mission for tomorrow, the B-25s are to bomb and strafe shipping and shore installations on Amboina. If the weather's bad, the target will be Boela oil fields on Ceram. Our group will fly fighter cover for them. Our flight will lead the 433d Squadron, and Lindbergh, Smitty and I will fly with you. The B-25s start taking off at dawn, and we'll rendezvous with them at 0730 at Pisang Island. If I get any more on the mission I'll call you later."

"Okay, Danny, drop over. Fernandez is fixing 'smoke.'"

As I turned from the phone my eye fell on the map which hung on the wall of the shack. Ever since we had moved into Biak, a little group of islands about six hundred miles to the north of us had seemed to hang there like a ripe and tempting plum. Again I contemplated with a thrill the possibilities of a raid or fighter sweep against it. The name of the group was Palau.

I turned back to Lindbergh. "You know, Colonel, with what you've taught us about fuel economy, we could go to Palau and stay at least an hour."

Lindbergh was as eager as a second lieutenant. "I'd certainly like to go if you can arrange it."

Smitty was getting his nightly exercise chinning himself on a rafter. He grinned. "You might as well forget Palau. We've got a mission for tomorrow, remember? Besides, these bombers hitting Amboina should stir up all the Nip interceptors in this part of the Dutch East Indies."

We agreed. "The trouble is, they don't have many left. Well, the B-25 boys always put on a good show."

We forgot about Palau. By this time Sam had the water boiling on one of those one-burner gasoline stoves which were a godsend to our troops in the Pacific. We dropped powdered coffee into our cups, poured the hot water in, and had a very good brew. The practice of having coffee at odd hours of the day or night we called "smoke," a term borrowed from our hard-fighting allies, the Australians.

Danny Miller, the group operations officer, came in, slumped in a chair, and announced in further detail the general plan and arrangements for the morrow.

I stumbled to the field phone the next morning, August 1, 1944. It was the night-shift operator. "Colonel, it's 0500."

"Thanks. Is there a red alert on?"

"No, sir. I'll turn the lights on."

Later, as we bumped along the coral road in our jeep, the faint awakening of the day began to take the sharp edges off the headlight beams. In the revetment area, where the parked planes loomed like unfriendly specters on all sides, a dull roar filled the air from the planes the crews had shaken awake for their preflight inspections.

It's a special kind of thrill to be on a combat airdrome before dawn. The roar of engines, men loading bombs in the open bellies of the big bombers, the red glow of exhausts and turbosuperchargers on the P-38s, in the fighter area, charge the air with excitement. As we drove down the taxiway other jeeps were scurrying from the alert tent to the airplanes and back. The squadron pilots were taking out their parachutes and equipment, and trying to read the numbers of their particular airplanes in the dim light.

As we gathered around the map in the alert shack, the intelligence officer gave us the last-minute dope on the mission; then we waited.

To a casual observer watching these young men lying about disinterestedly thumbing through magazines or standing chatting, there would appear no evidence of tension, or even preoccupation with the events to occur within the next few hours. There were some jokes and low laughter, and many appeared just plain sleepy. Lindbergh's long, nervous frame and the quick motions he habitually made with his hands made him appear the most alert of the group, yet his ready smile and undisguised eagerness were obviously reassuring to the younger pilots, some of whom were little more than boys.

The phone gave a loud buzz. The hitherto studiously concealed nervousness was uncovered. There was a great deal of jumping up, strapping on of shoulder holsters and checking of equipment as I took the message from the operations clerk:

"The 'recco' (weather reconnaissance plane) reports bad weather over the target area, and the strike has been postponed for an hour."

There were loud groans all around. Most pilots hate to prepare for a strike and undergo the nervous tension which is part of the pretake-off period only to have it postponed. However, there was nothing that could be done but wait for a later take-off order.

It was easier to relax after the message. Checkerboards came out. Some men actually dozed off. Others went out to recheck in daylight the planes and equipment which had been set up in the dark. A half hour later we were informed that the strike was called off for the day; the weather to the southwest was extremely poor and likely to remain so for some time.

I released all the pilots, and going back to the phone called for a local weather forecast. The weather was to remain good in the local area. To the north, there was little information, but the meteorologist explained in some detail that there were normally three equatorial fronts to pass through to get to Palau. Today there appeared to be only one which had much bad weather in it. I recalled hearing a story a few days before of two "Photo Joes" being lost because of weather while returning from reconnaissance missions to the north.

Lindbergh, Smitty and Danny were waiting. As I rejoined them I knew very well their first question would be: "What are we going to do?"

Anticipating this, I said half jokingly, "Do you want to go to Palau?" They did; and all three were so eager that they easily overcame my protestations that the mission would be dangerous and that we could expect to run into some bad weather. Smitty said, "If the weather's too bad we can always turn around; and it's getting late so if we're going we'll have to take off now and not waste any more time."

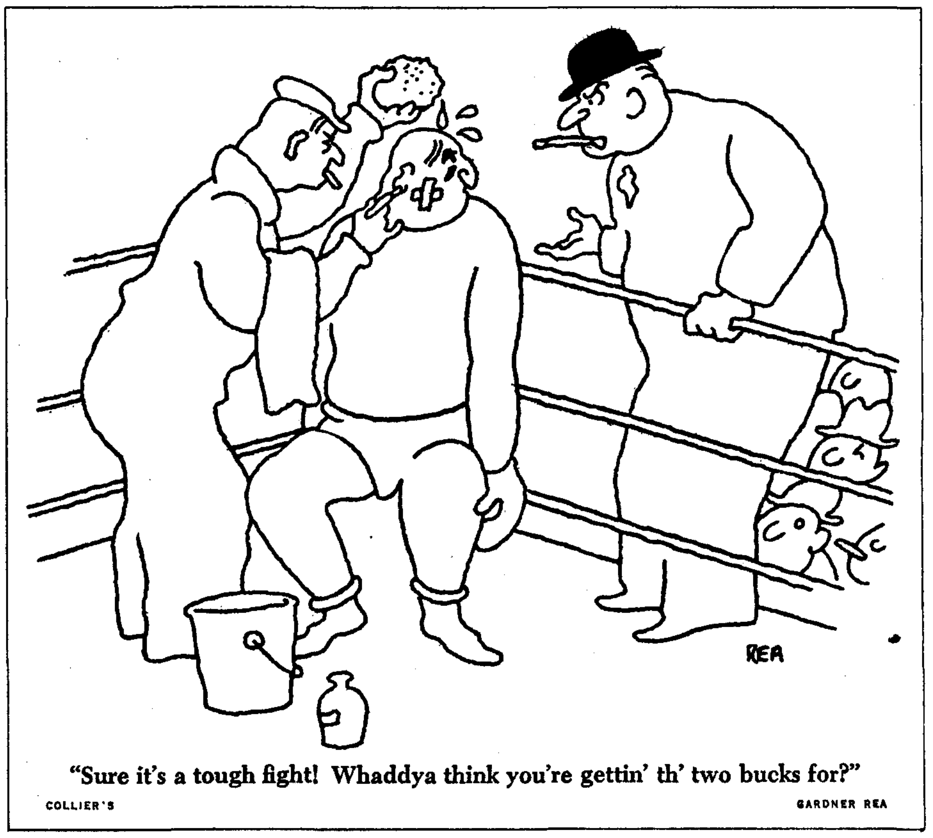
Without waiting to argue any more, I said, "Follow me off," and started toward my airplane.

I'm sure the latest Intelligence report ran through the mind of each of us: "One hundred and fifty-four Jap fighter planes defend Palau."

The Crew Chief Was Ready

As I drove up Sergeant Solly, the crew chief, grinned and said, "Where to?" He had everything ready, although he knew that the regular mission had been called off. Throughout the long, hard pull through New Guinea it had been a favorite pastime for some of us to take a four-ship flight and make a surprise attack on an unsuspecting Jap stronghold.

In a few minutes our P-38s were heading north. Through broken clouds below we could see the dark, lush jungle of the interior of Biak Island. I climbed to eight thousand feet, set the course, and opened the formation up. The four sleek fighters knifed their way through the air toward a rendezvous with the unknown. I sat back, relaxed, and lighted a cigarette, using just



"Sure it's a tough fight! Whaddya think you're gettin' th' two bucks for?"

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I checked the time and turned west. We flew along the face of this forbidding wall of weather, looking for an opening. In order to strike a target so far away, we could not afford to burn gasoline dodging weather, and I had about decided to turn back when I saw a portion of the wall not so wet and thick. We turned into it. It was not as light as I had expected, and I immediately went on instruments. Danny tucked his plane in very close to my own as we plowed through. In two minutes I was on the other side of the main wall of rain. Soon Lindbergh and Smitty popped out. We were in a big valley formed by great, gray cumulus clouds. We flew a devious course through the threatening weather until the clouds began to diminish in size, and an hour later they were just big white puffballs over the blue Pacific.

We had dodged and turned so much I was beginning to doubt that we would find the target. There was nothing but water between Biak and Palau. No check points; and all a fighter pilot navigates by is his compass and his clock. Nevertheless, I held the course I had determined upon by dead reckoning, and, sure enough, at the estimated time we saw the black shadow of the islands off ahead.

I called on the radio, "Target sighted."

We began climbing, and leveled off at fifteen thousand feet, just east of Peleliu. I could see the large Jap airdromes on the small islands of Peleliu and Ngesebus. To the north the reefs and hundreds of tiny islets gave a continuity and unity to the group, which was further enhanced by the dark masses of Eil Malk, Urukthapel, Koror, and the largest island, Babelthuap. Small boats moved in the lagoons and bays. Ships, anchored, and some moving, presented a paradoxical picture of serenity. We couldn't know that a month and a half later the bloody battle for Peleliu would begin.

Prelude to Battle Action

At such times, when one's physical perceptive faculties are working at full speed, the thinking mind seems to have time on its hands. It reminds you, "This isn't a motion picture. That's the enemy down there." And fleetingly: "What the hell am I doing, here in the middle of this?" Such thoughts run ineffectively, like a tune in the back of your head, until the action starts.

The whole eastern side of the island group was covered by a low overcast. We circled in the clear space for a few minutes, and watching the activity below decided that we were unannounced and would have to ring the doorbell. We began a long, fast glide toward Koror Town, and passed over it at an altitude of eight thousand feet. Three black puffs of ack-ack showed me that they were going to answer the ring. We continued the diving glide across the island, then swung north; about midway up we swung back east, and were now down "on the deck." We passed back over the center of Babelthuap, and there was still no sign of interception.

Beginning to feel a little disappointed, we turned down the eastern coast. As we passed Goikul Point the coast line swings more to the west, and there, looming up ahead, was a small convoy of large coastal luggers, a few miles south of Babelthuap airdrome.

We were flying so low and fast I don't believe they knew we were there until we opened fire on the leading ship. The blazing cannon and machine guns of our four P-38s set the ship on fire, and as we turned to strafe the next ship I saw two Jap planes patrolling the other end of the convoy. Almost the instant I saw them, Smitty called on the radio, "Bandits two o'clock high!"

From the dangling floats I recognized the type. They were two Jap "Rufes." I called back, "Should be easy, but heads up," as I made a fast climbing turn into the northernmost of the two planes. This fellow had seen us, and was climbing for all he was worth for the protection of the low cloud layer. The other one made a diving turn to the south, hoping, no doubt, that by splitting, one or the other of them would be saved.

COLLIER'S "I have good news for you, Blakely. Starting tomorrow you won't have to miss your breakfast" SYDNEY HOFF

Smitty went hell-bent-for-leather after the other one, which was considerably south and had dived so that he was flying just above the water. I closed on the first Nip before he could make the clouds, and a burst from my machine guns set his wing blazing. He fell, crashing into the water, and I turned back to cover Smitty and Lindbergh.

A momentary feeling of helplessness swept over me, as I saw that fate, with puckish humor, had placed not three, but four planes, there in a line low on the water. There was the "Rufe," with Smitty about to open fire; behind him, Lindbergh, and behind Lindbergh a Hamp type Zero which had appeared out of nowhere and which could at any moment make things extremely exciting for Lindbergh.

As I looked, Smitty's fire hit the float plane. It struck the water, took one long skip like a thrown stone, and plunged under the sea.

"Zero on your tail!" I shouted, and was closing on it with full power faster than it was closing on Lindbergh. The Jap pilot saw me, and, with the remarkable performance of that type aircraft, pulled up almost to the vertical, and before I could get in range disappeared in the clouds.

With Danny still in position behind me, I made a circle to assemble the flight. The appearance of the Zero had been blunt notice that interceptors were scrambled, and many of them were probably searching the higher heavens for us intruders. I had just started the turn when a Jap dive bomber came lumbering in from the southwest on a course to pass directly over the ships. I called Smitty and Lindbergh and told them to stay high under the overcast and watch for the Zeros above. As I spoke I turned on to the tail of the dive bomber. He was passing directly over one of the ships when my machine-gun fire hit him, and almost instantly his plane became a blazing torch which hovered for a moment in an attitude of flight, then plunged into the sea.

I checked my gasoline as we assembled again, and decided that we should start for home. We had been over the islands more than thirty minutes, and had been pulling a lot of power during the fighting.

There were no clouds to the south, and to have taken a direct course for home would have meant abandoning the protection of the overcast and would have put us out in the clear at a very low altitude. Realizing that now there were probably many Zeros scrambled, I decided to take an easterly course until we were well away from the islands, and then swing south.

We started east. Our nerves, tight as stretched wire, had no chance to relax. Through a break in the overcast another Zero came diving down. Through my headphones, strained and tense, came Lindbergh's voice: "Zero at six o'clock! Diving on us."

The Nip had picked Smitty for his target. Lindbergh started a protective turn. The Jap switched his attack to Lindbergh, and with his great diving speed he soon closed to within easy range and directly behind Lindbergh. "Break right; break right!" I called as I banked my P-38 to meet his attack.

The plane groaned and buffeted under me in the tight turn. Things seemed to be in slow motion. Lindbergh was too low to half-roll out; his only alternative was to turn toward me, which he was doing, and which undoubtedly saved him, for the Jap must not have been too good a shot. I could see the fire leap from the leading edge of his wings as he shot at Lindbergh from such a short distance it seemed impossible he could miss.

GLOBE TROTTER

COLLIER'S "I'm furious! I slept all through India!" MARY GIBSON

It took an age for me to pull my plane around enough to get the sight on the Jap, but this wasn't good enough. It was a full deflection shot, and I had to get my sight much farther in front of him. It seemed to move so slowly, passing the Jap and on to Lindbergh's plane; then I pressed the firing button.

At this point the Jap lost his nerve, gave up a certain kill, and pulled up. As he zoomed away, Danny Miller caught him with a burst of fire which sent him down in a dive pouring out black smoke.

Our gasoline supply was so critically low, considering the weather we could expect on the way back, that we did not attempt to give chase or confirm his destruction, but swung immediately on a course for Biak. I was so sure Lindbergh had been hit I waited only long enough for him to check his damage before I asked over the radio, "Did you pick up any of that stuff?"

"Can't see any holes." His voice sounded normal and relieved. "My instruments all read okay."

The Jap Showed Discretion

We silently watched another Jap plane at ten o'clock high. He was on a westerly course which would cause him to pass directly over us. We continued our course and our gentle climb, watching him and thinking he would be a damn' fool to come down on four P-38s. He must have thought the same thing, for he passed overhead toward Peleliu.

The day after Lindbergh's narrow escape, my orders came through for a month's leave in the States. I tried to talk him into returning with me, since now he had accomplished the purpose of his visit. He knew what the twin-engine fighters would do as well as any of us. If he stayed, there was a good chance he would stay for good.

Lindbergh replied, "No, I haven't finished yet. I was asked to visit all the fighter groups in the area to see what I could do about lengthening their combat radius." He stayed on.

It was almost a year and a half before I learned the rest of the story. From New Guinea, Lindbergh went to Kwajalein, and then to Roi Island.

The principal job of the Marine squadrons there was dive-bombing Japs on the by-passed atolls of Taroa, Maloelap and Wotje. Lindbergh's chief interest was to see how much of a bomb load an F4U could reasonably carry. He took off the first F4U on Roi Island to carry three one-thousand-pound bombs which is quite a load for a single-engine fighter. He and a young Marine lieutenant by the name of Clark developed a two-thousand-pound bomb rack.

The plane handled so well during the tests, Lindbergh decided that a maximum of four thousand pounds could be carried on the F4U.

One September afternoon on Roi Island, Lindbergh walked up to his F4U. Stooping down he examined the bomb shackles carefully. There was no more than normal nervousness apparent in his manner. The pilots and men standing about wished him "Good luck" as he climbed into the cockpit. Then they watched nervously as the throbbing roar of the little fighter's powerful engine built up in intensity and he began to roll down the runway with increasing speed. They strained their eyes watching him. One thousand feet; fifteen hundred feet. "He's not off yet." Two thousand feet. "There; he's airborne! Whew!"

The single-engine fighter plane Lindbergh had just taken off carried a two-thousand-pound bomb on the center shackle, and one one-thousand pounder hung on each wing. It was the greatest bomb load ever carried by an F4U.

"He didn't use so much runway, at that," one pilot said with relief, as he watched the little fighter climbing higher and higher.

THE END

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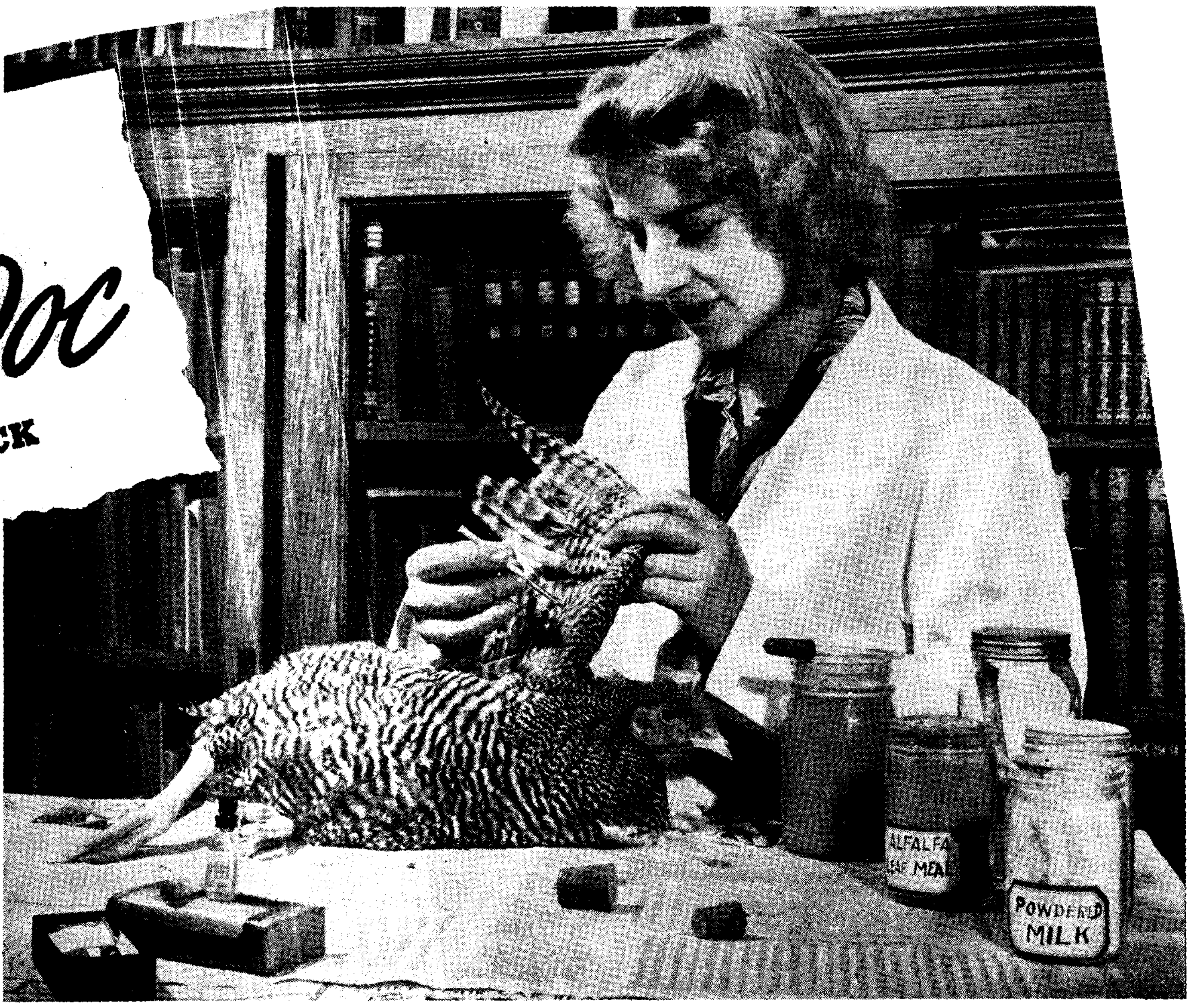
The Little Doc

BY LUBY POLLACK

At 12, she was a poultry specialist. At 18, it would surprise no one if she could answer the age-old riddle about which came first



Doris Gnauck, *the renowned chicken fancier*, is shown here fancying a chicken

GREENBUTTON, the Wisconsin farmer, leaned on his mailbox and scanned the road anxiously. All he could see was a small girl carrying a suitcase. He shook his head. If that chicken doctor from Milwaukee, that fellow Gnauck, didn't come pretty soon, it would be too late. He trudged into his chicken yard. Forty more chicks had died since yesterday. That made 190 out of an expensive flock of 300. But what was killing off those chicks he did not know.

A voice said "Hello," and the little girl he had seen was grinning at him.

"I'm Doris Gnauck from Milwaukee. I've come to look at your chickens. Any of them left?"

She was blond and frail, a child of 12. In her hand was a black suitcase. Without waiting for Greenbutton to close his mouth she rolled up her sleeves, walked into the pen and picked up a bird that had just toppled over.

Greenbutton doesn't like to talk about it today. It seems this child used a lot of big words that kind of tumbled out of her mouth with eagerness and, after she examined the chickens, she said things she seemed powerful sure of. She said his chickens were dying of coccidiosis, a disease like appendicitis in people. And he had better clean up those dirty pens and move the healthy chicks to a clean range and to stretch a wire flooring above the earth on fresh ground.

Although after six years Greenbutton is still astonished over Doris Mae Gnauck, amateur chicken doctor and chicken consultant, Milwaukee County and much of Wisconsin have long since learned that the eighteen-year-old girl doesn't need a gray beard or a professorial look to be one of the most highly nonprofessional poultry authorities in the state.

She is Wisconsin's "Wizard of Chickenology" and knows every trick in the chicken yard from making superb prize winners out of ailing chicks to separating cockerels from pullets in expert chick-sexing. She got the know-how when she was seven. Her mother lay ill with pneumonia. There were 100 baby chicks in the back yard starving and freezing. They had been intended by Mrs. Gnauck to provide sweaters and skirts for Doris and her sister.

Doris said she would take care of the chicks. They were housed in a large, empty carton with a wooden frame. It was a crude job of sheltering baby chicks in 10-below-zero cold. But whether it was her earnest determination, or just not knowing enough to know when she was licked, Doris wheedled 75 of the 100 chicks into healthy maturity and to proper fulfillment of their destinies.

That was the beginning. She joined the 4-H club and at nine years of age gave her first lecture on parasitic diseases in poultry. At ten she was making public demonstrations of the preparation of better poultry feed rations. By eleven she was walking off with a good share of Wisconsin's state-fair prizes, including those for showing poultry, judging poultry, for demonstrations in balanced rations and for agricultural projects. While other kids were reading comics she was digging up facts on poultry raising.

At the age of twelve she began to travel about the state, whenever vacations from school permitted, advising poultry breeders. Several days before starting out for a farm she would write a letter saying, "Just to make sure there is no misunderstanding, you remember I am not a professional poultry authority. If you have changed your mind about my coming . . ." No one ever did.

A few of the older farmers still resent having "this little kid tell me how to raise chickens" and when the Wisconsin Co-operative Poultry Improvement Association twice picked her "Poultryman of the Year" the Old Guard nearly burst gaskets.

A Pioneer Plane Builder

There were no Gnauck farmers on either the maternal or paternal side, no poultry breeders, no one remotely interested in working the land, or milking the cows, or gathering the eggs. Paul Gnauck, Doris' father, had interests that were far afield from the agrarian life. He was either Milwaukee's first aviator or one of her first. Whichever it was, in 1913 he blew an entire inheritance, a fortune of many thousands, into building three planes, one after the crash destruction of the other, in trying to prove that flying was feasible. In the last crash landing he suffered severe head injuries that kept him from work for thirty years.

As a result, his wife assumed the job of caring for the family. For sixteen years, Johanna Gnauck has been a teacher at the Carleton School, the grammar school from which Doris was graduated. Mrs. Gnauck traveled about Milwaukee County, from one 4-H club to another in an advisory capacity. Her two girls, Doris and Alice, trudged behind, mainly because there was no place else for them to go. That began when Doris was three and one half.

In 1932, Doris went to Madison with her mother in decrepit old "Susie," a broken-down jalopy. What she saw—devastated Wisconsin farms—in that year of drought left an indelible impression on her mind. All growing things lay scorched and seared by sun and heat. Dairy cattle, Wisconsin's finest, lay under trees, dying of hunger. Women and children dotted the roadside, cutting weeds and whatever roadside greens had a vestige of life left in them, so they could feed the cattle.

"Maybe it sounds dopey," said Doris, and her tone is apologetic. "But if a five-year-old can swear to a career, then I did it. A scientific career. I was a vain little brat, too, going about yelling the parts of a chicken's anatomy."

We came to the 60-by-70-foot Victory garden, from which the Gnaucks will obtain their year's supply of vegetables. And there were weeds. Huge, vicious-looking monster weeds. It didn't seem possible that the adjacent tomato plants could rise so tall and strong with those neighbor weeds draining nutrition from the soil.

"Wonderful feed for ducks, geese and hogs," she said. "Don't deprecate them. I've gotten 392 bushels of those weeds out of my garden already this year, and, believe it or not, they've saved me half a year's feed cost."

Doris is a gentle girl, so her way of retorting to a snort of unbelief was, "All right. Come and look for yourself. If you've ever seen fatter and healthier birds . . ."

It was true, and whether it was the weeds or not, those birds hailed Doris' arrival in their sanctum with the same tension and excitement that must be accorded a movie star in Times Square. They ran about and clucked, quacked and clamored. Doris is most assuredly the pin-up of the poultry yard, and it was all the more convincing when she picked up one fat hen called Anna Marie and bade her roll over, play dead and perch on her shoulder. That fat hen sprang to attention like a soldier, and when she played dead she really acted dead.

In the last few years Doris' father has been employed in a delicatessen and bakery shop. She explained why that was important:

"The books from the State Department of Agriculture say that scraps of food are a source of protein for poultry, so I thought we'd give it a try. Daddy brought home ham rinds, ham bones and dry rye bread. I ground and mixed them with cod-liver oil, corn, wheat, bran middlings and alfalfa-leaf meal. It worked grand and my birds got pretty fat."

But it was vitamin A that had stumped her most in the feeding of the flocks. That cherished vitamin seemed hard to capture, so one day while mowing the lawn, a brilliant idea came to her.

Solving a Grass Diet Problem

"I knew that grass was reputed rich in vitamin A, but how could I feed cut grass to chicks?" she said. "Those short cut blades of grass would have gotten stuck and soured the chickens' crops. Anyway, somewhere I'd read that dehydrating grass and chopping it made it easy to mix with mash. Gosh, you should have seen the eggs laid by the hens that ate that mixture! Beautiful golden yolks! And the chicks—you never saw such fat legs."

A neighbor boy came running up. He was from a farm a mile up the road, and he came to say that his pa wanted Doris to cull his flock of 200 chickens.

"Okay, Tommy. Be over in a little while," said Doris. "Let's see. Your dad's chickens are White Rocks and Leghorns, aren't they? Oh, yes, I think he has some Barred Rocks, too."

As we walked over, she explained that the job would probably take her about two hours.

"You know what culling is, don't you?" she asked. "Culling is to pick out those that are layers and those that aren't, so that feed isn't wasted on poor layers, or nonlayers. Those that aren't so hot on the egg production are killed for food." She walked a moment in silence, then added, "But I'll bet I'll do more than culling. So often when culling a flock I find bumblefoot that the farmer doesn't even suspect. It's a growth and it's

(Continued on page 92)

• "But, darling, I'm going away because I love you!" cried Elsie

"DON'T PULL that old one on me," roared Elmer, the bull. "That's the same line you hand me every time you want to get your own way—and I'm not having any! What I want to know, woman, is where you're headed for and *why*."

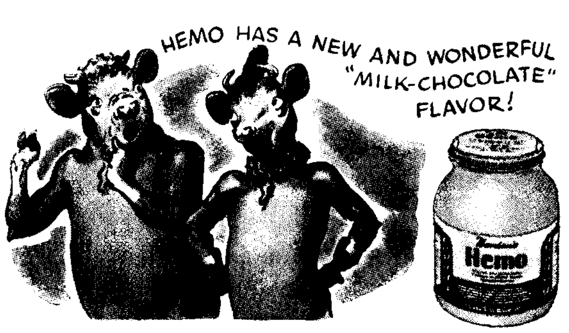
"And I'll be delighted to tell you," cheerfully chirped Elsie, the Borden Cow. "I'm off on a flying tour of Borden's plants and laboratories."

"That's a hot one," haw-hawed Elmer. "And what in Cowdom Come will *you* do in a laboratory?"

"Oh, I won't *do* anything," answered Elsie. "I'm just going to watch my friends, the Borden scientists, do things. Dear, it's better than a magic show!"

"What! No rabbits?" sneered Elmer.

"Of course they have rabbits—in the *testing* laboratories for work on vitamins," smiled Elsie. "And speaking of vitamins, you'd be entranced with the *Hemo* plant! You could see how vitamins and minerals everyone needs every day are blended into a glorious *milk-chocolate* flavored drink. You could get a first-hand idea of vitamin control, too, when the scientists assay Hemo. You—"


HEMO HAS A NEW AND WONDERFUL "MILK-CHOCOLATE" FLAVOR!
Hemo

"Assay!" exclaimed Elmer suspiciously. "What kind of foreign talk is that?"

"It's not just talk, dear," explained Elsie. "It's a very, very serious scientific procedure. A sort of check and double check on vitamin content. You know, the Borden folks are mighty particular about making everything as good as they say it is. For instance, when they say *Borden's Evaporated Milk* is rich in Vitamin D, you can bet your bottom dollar they're right—400 units per reconstituted quart! . . . Yes, dear, Borden's controls every single step in the preparation of its wonderful foods!"

MAKE GRAND SOUPS WITH BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK!
Borden's
MILK

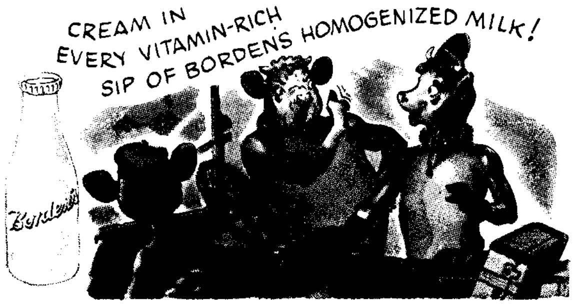
"One thing they'll never control," groaned Elmer, "and that's your tongue. Maybe *you* can control it long enough to tell me *exactly* where you're going?"

EXTRA-NOURISHING EXTRA-SAVORY BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES!

"Of course, dear," answered Elsie. "My first stop will be to see the folks who make those delightful *Borden's Fine Cheeses.*"

"Cheese!" drooled Elmer. "Why didn't you say so before? If I went along, do you suppose they'd let me do a little sampling on the side?"

"May-bee," doubtfully considered Elsie. "But, you know, Borden's has its own staff of cheese tasters and testers, men who have devoted lifetimes to creating grand cheese foods like Borden's Chateau—that's the one with the exciting, tangy Cheddar flavor. It's—"


CREAM IN EVERY VITAMIN-RICH SIP OF BORDEN'S HOMOGENIZED MILK!
Borden's

"Quit it!" begged Elmer. "You're driving me crazy."

"You're not the only one," laughed Elsie, "who goes crazy about the wonderful foods Borden's makes. Folks all over the country, and up in Canada, too, certainly love them. They buy them, and buy them, and buy them again, year after year. All of which proves, dear, that quality counts."

"Quality—my eye!" argued Elmer. "It's *taste* that counts."

"But, dear, you can *taste* quality," soothed Elsie. "You taste it in every delicious, smooth sip of glorious *Borden's Homogenized Milk.* There's Vitamin D in every drop, you know. And every little globule of cream is broken into tiny particles and spread all through the milk."

GREAT TREATS ANY TIME BORDEN'S ICE CREAM AND MILK SHERBETS!

"No matter how you spread it," sighed Elmer, "it's still Borden's. Woman, woman, can't you ever even *think* of anything but business?"

"Of course, dear," brightly twittered Elsie. "I *love* to think of fun and good times, too. And when I do, I think of *Borden's Ice Cream* and *Milk Sherbets.* They really make a party a *party.* And they're such good, nourishing treats *any* time."

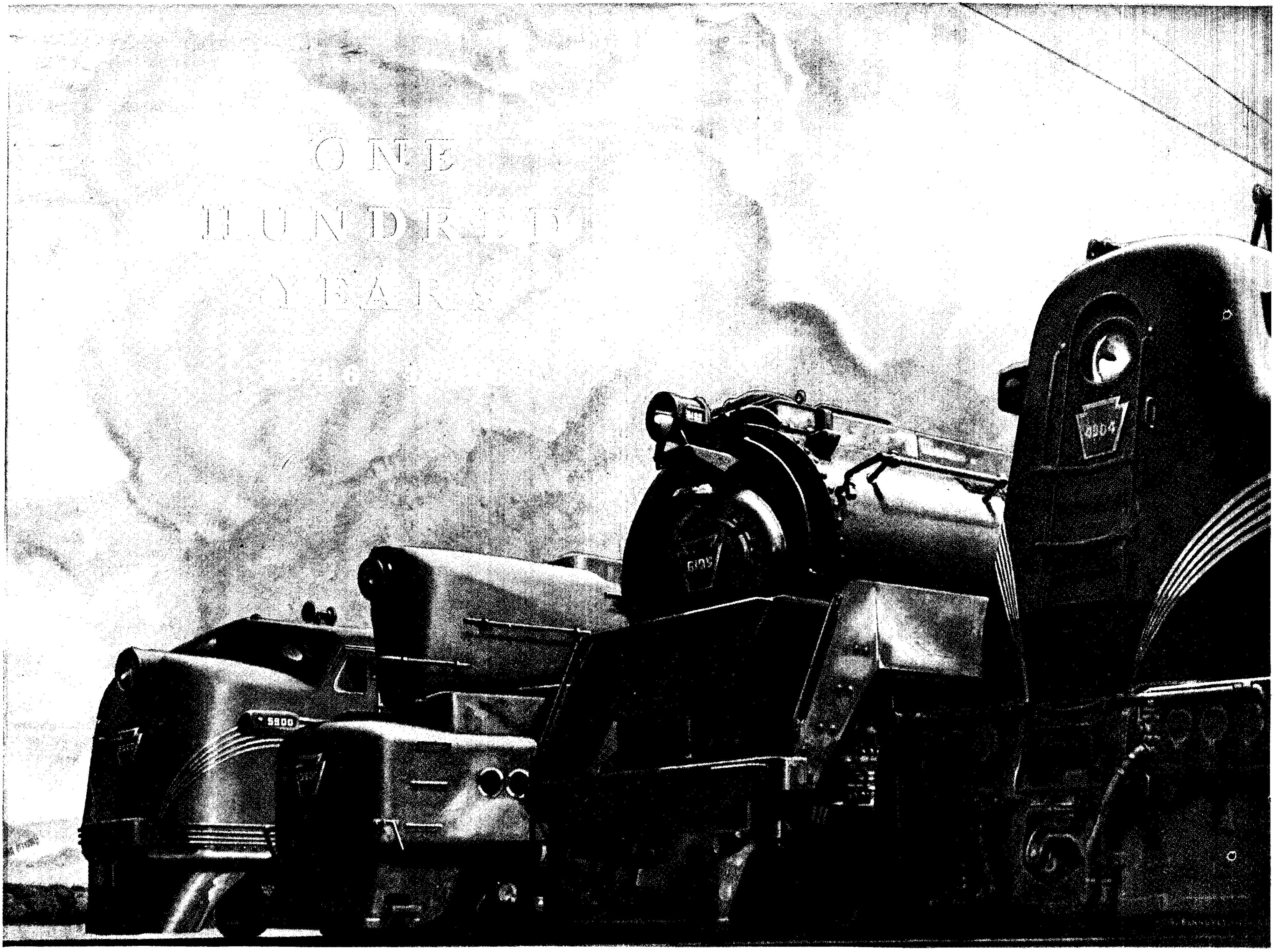
"Any time, every time, *all* the time," wearily mumbled Elmer, "it's Borden's, Borden's, Borden's."

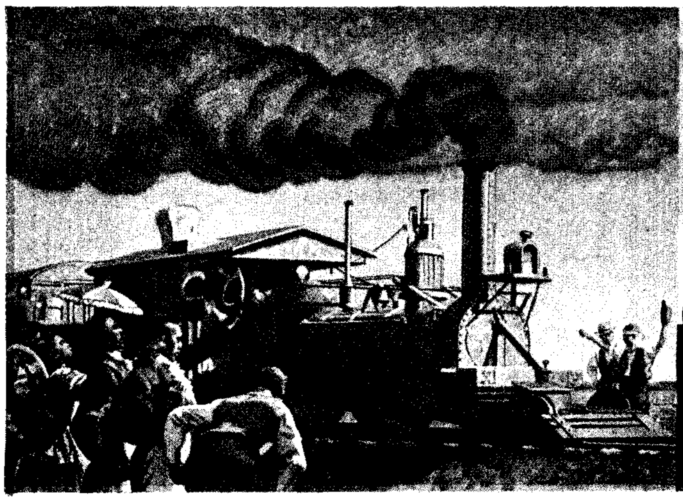
"Why, dear, you made a slogan!" enthused Elsie. "Almost as nice as our famous one—*if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"

- if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!

TUNE IN **GINNY SIMMS** IN A **GREAT RADIO SHOW** WITH **Comedy Guest Stars** FRIDAY EVENINGS - CBS

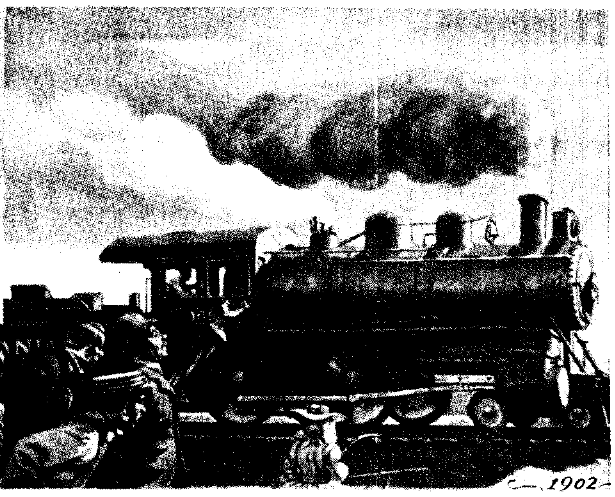
© The Borden Company





The "John Bull," built in 1831—America's oldest original locomotive

A Pennsylvania Railroad locomotive of 1865



Power in 1902 for the Pennsylvania Special, forerunner of the Broadway Limit

THIS YEAR—1946—marks a century of progress by the Pennsylvania Railroad in service to the American people. Reflecting the tremendous industrial growth of the Country itself, this service has steadily advanced from a few trains a day to 1,340 passenger trains and 3,170 freight trains daily, operating over 10,114 miles of line extending from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. Now, as we prepare to move into a second century, our combined research, engineering and shop facilities are producing new trains, new locomotives, new cars, new comforts and new technical achievements... to add still another chapter of transportation progress that has continued for one hundred years.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

PRR *Serving the Nation* PRR

A.W.O.L. De Luxe

Continued from page 21

commanding officer's name, and reached the B-25 base without any trouble.

Martin's American friend fixed him up with a bunk in the enlisted men's quarters and introduced him to the mess sergeant so he could eat in the regular chow line. Martin sat around the base for nearly two weeks, drinking gin by day and shooting craps at night. Once to relieve the monotony, he filled in for a gunner on the famous B-25 "Dammit!" and went along on two bombing missions over Anzio. None of the officers at the base exhibited the slightest curiosity at the strange Canadian soldier hanging around the field. When he showed up to go on the bombing mission, an Intelligence officer looked at Martin's battle dress and said, disinterestedly, "I suppose they'll be giving out Russian uniforms to replacements next."

All this was so easy that it spoiled Martin. As long as I'm getting away with this, he said to himself, I might as well do it in a warmer climate. He went into the orderly room and typed out another set of orders for himself. He then packed his kit bag and hitchhiked to Foggia, the huge American airfield for the entire Mediterranean.

At Foggia, the bored manifest clerk, an American corporal, glanced at Martin's phony orders and wrote his name on a manifest sheet. "Okay, Mac," he said sleepily. "You leave for Casablanca on a B-17 tomorrow morning at 9 A.M. Be here on time."

Calling on Friendly Enemies

The following afternoon Martin was in Casablanca. In Casablanca, Martin decided on the basic, bold strategy which he was to use so effectively from there on in. He checked in at a hotel, washed and shaved, and then went down to pay a social call on—of all people—the local American M.P.s. He walked into the M.P. station. A sergeant was on duty at the desk. "How are you, Mac?" Martin said.

"Hiya," said the sergeant.

"Gee, it's good to hear North American again," Martin said. "I'm down here on duty with the Limeys."

The sergeant began to show a little interest. "Them Limeys," he snorted.

"Yeah," said Martin. "It sure is good to hear North American again. How about a drink after you go off duty?"

"Don't mind if I do," said the sergeant.

Before he left Casablanca, the glib, likable Martin was living with his archenemies, the M.P.s, eating in their mess hall and even assisting them in the guarding of captured A.W.O.L.s. Not only that, but when he decided to take off for a little vacation in Rabat, Morocco, they gave him a letter of introduction to the M.P.s there. "Take care of our pal, Johnny Martin," the letter said. "He's a right guy."

The M.P.s in Rabat not only took care of Martin, but they fixed him up with all sorts of extra pleasures, based no doubt on the nearness of the Sultan's palace. Martin reciprocated by buying the M.P.s Scotch and gin. When he ran out of money for Scotch and gin, he swiped white mattress covers from the M.P. supply room, and sold them to the natives for Sunday suits at 700 francs apiece. He was thereby able to buy more Scotch and gin, and cement the M.P.s' friendship. This also left him enough money to sip drinks with R.A.F. and American pilots every afternoon on the veranda of Rabat's leading hotel, and enabled him to become a frequent guest at the homes of Rabat's wealthiest families.

A Good Place to Keep Away From

It was the pilots who offered to help Martin when he indicated one day that he might like to take a little trip to Algiers. They got him a Class 2 priority, which ranked just behind general officers and the wounded. Everything seemed perfect. But just after his plane took off, the pilot came out and announced that the first stop would be Gibraltar. When he heard this, Martin almost fainted. Gibraltar was the most closely guarded, most security-minded strip of terrain on earth. Every plane and person landing there was examined with a fine-tooth comb.

The plane landed at Gibraltar and a security detail swarmed aboard. They looked through the luggage and under the bucket seats. Then, everyone in the plane was ordered to line up outside. "Give me all your official papers and records," a British major said to Martin. Martin handed over his papers. He tried to be calm. The major started to hand back the papers. Suddenly he looked at them again. "Just a minute," he said. "What's this?"

"You see, sir—," Martin began weakly.

"There's no excuse for this," boomed the major. "There's no record of it, and you will have to be vaccinated before you leave!"

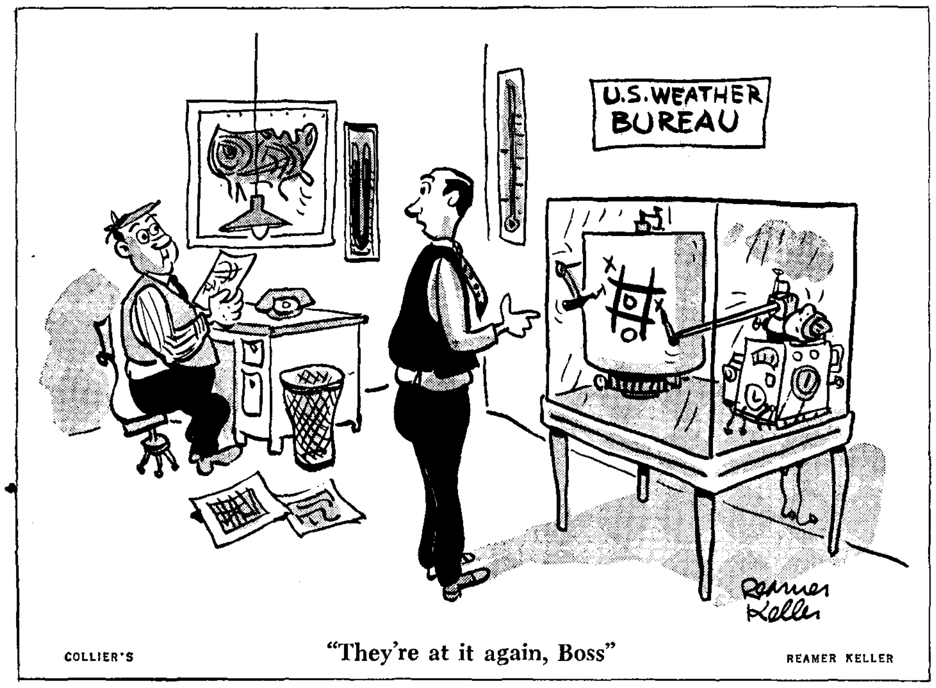
"Yes, sir," whispered Martin.

Martin reached Algiers and checked in. No one bothered to ask him any questions. He noticed a sign, "U.S. Armed Forces Radio Station." Just as a matter of professional etiquette, he dropped in to say hello. The commanding officer, Lt. Stanley Miller, seemed glad to see someone who knew something about radio broadcasting. "If we could only get the Canadians to assign you here on temporary duty, or something," the lieutenant said wistfully.

"That, sir," said Martin cheerfully, "is something that I think can be arranged."

The next day, Lt. Miller received a memorandum from the Canadian army placing Martin "on command" to the Armed Forces Radio Station. Lt. Miller didn't notice that the memorandum had been turned out on a typewriter in the next office.

For four months, Martin did well. He wrote script, edited news copy and filled in



COLLIER'S "They're at it again, Boss" REAMER KELLER

Now that **Kodak Film** is back... **Snapshots at Night**, with Photo Lamps, in thousands of homes. For rare picture-taking fun, for pictures that are as good as your outdoor ones, start snapping tonight.

A good Photoflash subject
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See your **Kodak Dealer** today ...for Kodak Film (Kodak Super-XX for Photoflood pictures, Kodak Verichrome for Photoflash)...for lamps...for Kodak's new Folder that gets you off to a flying start ... it's **Free!**

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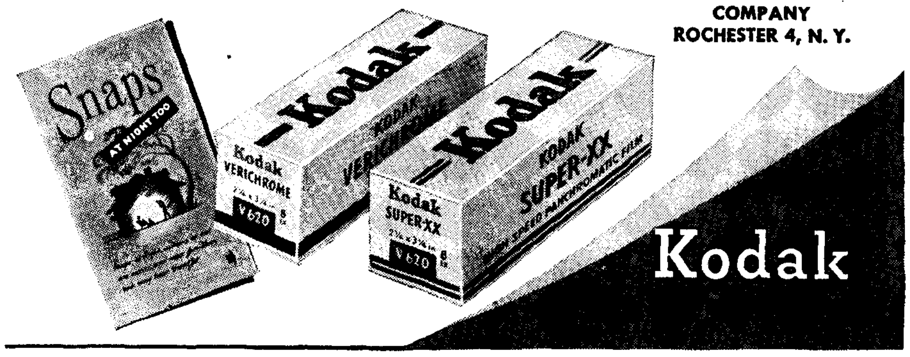


Longines, the World's Most Honored Watch is famed in 77 countries.
Longines honors include 10 world's fair grand prizes and 28 gold
medal awards for excellence, elegance and thorough competence
Product of Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., New York, Montreal, Geneva

as a full-time announcer. He did so well, in fact, that the British army newspaper, "Union Jack," did a full-length feature story on Martin in their radio column. Of all the hundreds of M.P.s and Criminal Investigation Division men who read the story, not one recognized him.

Four months later the radio station got ready to pull out of Algiers, along with Allied Force Headquarters. Martin was smart enough not to attempt to make the move with them. On an organized jump like this, he knew his orders would be checked. One night he disappeared.

Martin had noticed how freely war correspondents moved about the theater. That, he decided, was for him. Three days later, a new war correspondent, representing the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, showed up at the public relations press hotel in Naples.

"Glad to have you with us, Mr. Martin," said the colonel in charge. He assigned Martin one of the finest rooms in the hotel. No one bothered to check further than that.

High Finance in Ladies' Gloves

The correspondent's life was expensive, but Martin found a way to finance the deal. Every few days he would announce loudly to all that he was going up to the front, and that he would file his deathless prose from there. Actually, he went shopping for dozens of pairs of ladies' gloves in Naples. Then he would hop a plane for North Africa—where ladies' gloves hadn't been since before the war—and sell them for a neat profit of $2,000 per trip.

At this point, Martin made one of his few mistakes. He got too cocky with one of the correspondents in Rome. The correspondent decided to look into the background of the fresh kid from the C.B.C. He found, of course, that the C.B.C. had no one on its pay roll named John D. Martin. And within three hours, Martin was in a prison in Naples, being held by the British military police for the Canadian authorities.

About a week after he was arrested, a truck showed up at the prison. A driver wearing the insignia of the Royal Canadian Service Corps stepped out and presented an order to take Martin back to his outfit for trial. The British M.P.s returned to Martin the thousands of lire he had in his pockets when he was arrested, and turned him over to the Canadian driver. The truck was filled with Canadian soldiers.

"Who are they?" asked Martin.

"Oh," said the driver, "they're just a lot of guys I'm taking back to the front."

"But where do *I* sit?" asked Martin.

"What do you want—your grandmother's rocking chair?" said the driver. "Get in the back of the truck like everyone else."

"Sure, sure," said Martin. And he climbed into the back of the truck. He had to pinch himself to make sure that there were no handcuffs and no guards. The moment the truck slowed down in the Naples traffic, Martin was gone. He ran to the nearest airfield. He scrambled aboard a C-47 troop carrier plane with a squad of American infantry, and a few hours later, he was in Lyons in southern France.

The moment Martin arrived, he held a conference with himself and decided two things: (a) to stay away from war correspondents, and (b) to disassociate himself immediately from the Canadian army, since there were no Canadian troops in this part of Europe. He walked into the 514th Clearing Station, a U.S. Army hospital, stripped down to his shirt and told the supply sergeant that he had lost all his clothes at the front. The supply sergeant obliged with a complete U.S. Army enlisted man's uniform.

"What's your rank?" the supply sergeant asked.

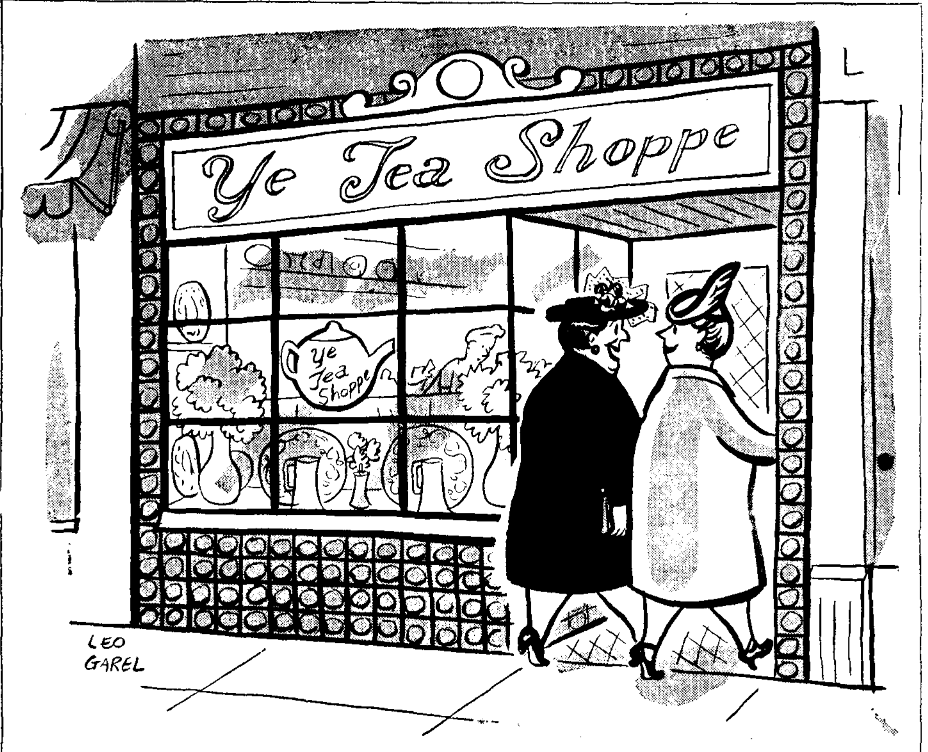
"Staff sergeant," said Private Martin. He got the chevrons, too.

Next he walked directly into the headquarters of the Southern Line of Communications. It was lunchtime, and several of the offices had been left unoccupied. Martin nonchalantly stepped into these offices and helped himself to a thousand or so mimeographed letterheads. These letterheads caused considerable embarrassment to certain parties. He had swiped them from the office of the OSS—our superspy-detective organization.

Thus equipped, Martin wrote himself a set of orders on the OSS stationery, signed it with the name of the local OSS commanding officer (supposedly a top secret), and hitchhiked southward for a bit of a vacation at Nice. He did well. It was the middle of September, the weather was beautiful, and Americans were still a novelty on the Riviera. Martin became a social lion—drinking, disporting himself on the beach, running around with beautiful young women, and getting invited to the finest homes.

At a party one day, a dowager named Faurraut took Martin aside. "You look like a smart young man," she whispered. "I have certain business affiliations which require the presence of my car in Paris. Would you consider driving it there for me—for a price?" This was strictly forbidden by Allied directive. Martin accepted—for a higher price. He slapped a ten-cent American flag on the Faurraut car, a beautiful sports model Delage. Then he wrote himself another set of orders on OSS stationery and set out for Paris. He arrived in the capital without a hitch, even though every foot of the highway was supposed to be under surveillance. This was October, 1944, seven months after he had gone A.W.O.L.

Martin delivered the car, collected his money and checked in at the swank Claridge Hotel on the Champs Elysées. He took one look at the American colonels and majors infesting the hotel and it didn't take him long to realize that he wouldn't last long as an enlisted man. So he took a walk and discovered that all U.S. officers' uniforms were sold in the Quartermaster Sales Store on the Avenue de Friedland, a few blocks away. Martin struck up a conversation with a young second lieutenant coming out of the store and learned the procedure. Then he made his plans.



"This is really a lovely place to eat, if you can stand the food!"

COLLIER'S LEO GAREL

Pink Pants an' Everything

Back in the hotel, he wrote a letter on OSS stationery. It read: "The bearer, Captain John D. Martin, lost his uniforms as the result of enemy action in the front lines. He is authorized to purchase new clothing at any U.S. Army Quartermaster Sales Store or depot." He signed this letter with the name of the colonel commanding the OSS in the south. The British girl at the reception desk in the sales store scarcely looked at him or at the letter. She issued a mimeographed clothing slip and Martin emerged from the store resplendent in officer's blouse, overcoat and pink pants.

There was one difficulty. The store was all out of insignia of rank, which left Martin without captain's bars on his uniform. He went back to the Claridge bar, picked out a stupid-looking captain wearing the Services of Supply patch of the Paris headquarters, and offered the officer a drink. The captain bought Martin a drink, and then, the ever-gracious Martin bought the captain another drink. Finally the captain said, "I don't mean to get personal, old man, but how come you haven't any insignia of rank on your uniform?"

"Yes," said Martin indignantly, "how do you like that? A man comes back from the front on leave after three months in the line, and he tries to buy a little thing like bars at the Sales Store, and what happens? They're all out of them."

The captain's eyes grew wide. "Are you just back from the front?" he asked. At that time Paris had not yet become a leave center.

"Yep," said Martin, tossing off another drink. And he went into a lengthy description of how he got trapped in a cellar behind the German lines in Aachen and then fought his way out, leaving most of his clothes behind.

The captain, by this time, was breathless. *He* had been transferred directly from the Finance Office in London to the Finance Office in Paris. "If it's just bars you need," he said, "I'm sure one of the fellows here can fix you up. What did you say your rank is?"

"Captain," said Martin.

The Paris captain slapped Martin on the back. "In *that* case," he said, "it's easy. I've got a dozen extra pairs of captain's bars upstairs in my room."

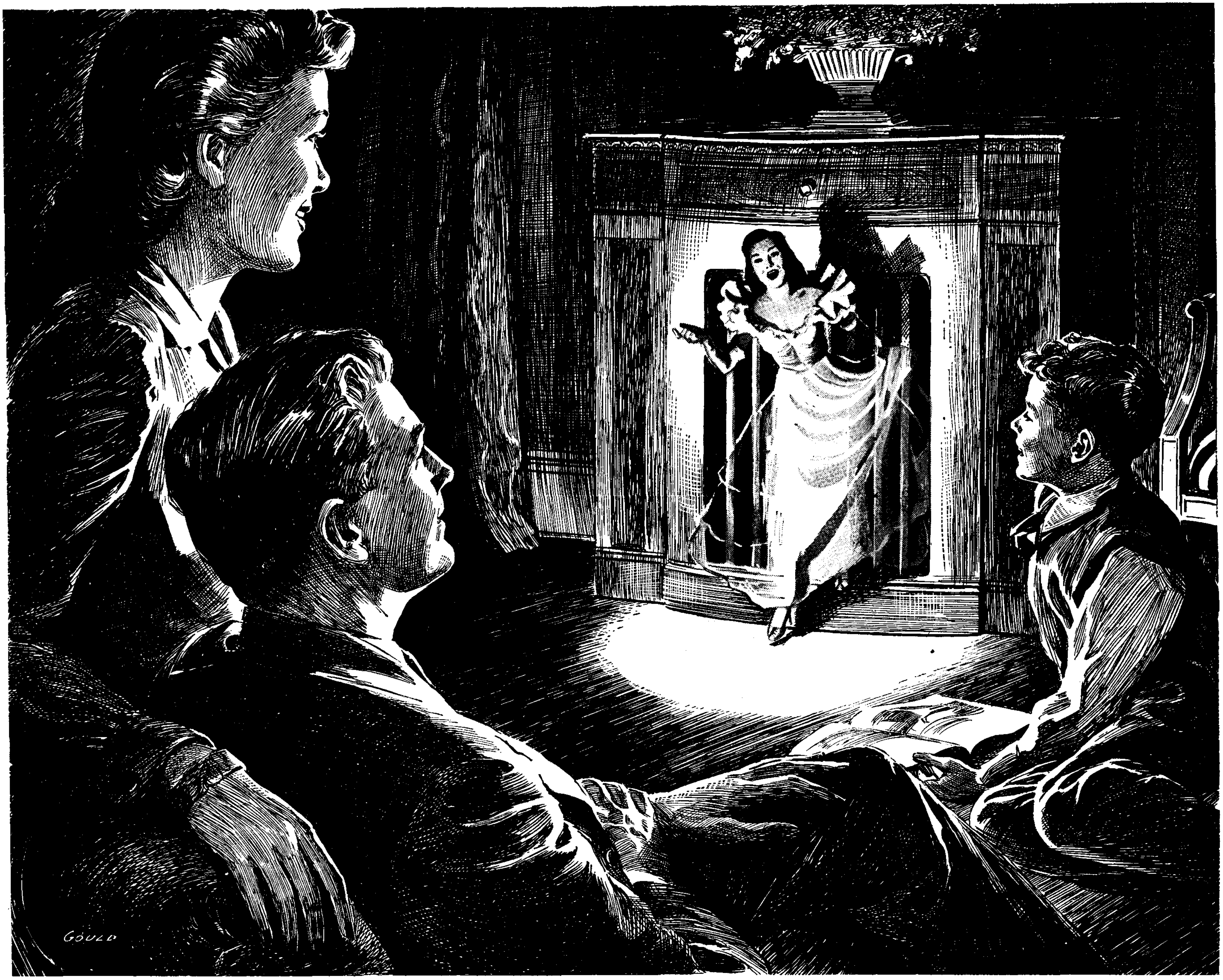
From that point on, Martin lived like a king. He made the Claridge his personal headquarters, ate in the finest black-market restaurants, and ordered champagne and cognac by the case. He became bosom friends with some high-ranking U.S. Army officers in Paris and was accepted as a member in all the exclusive officers' clubs. Martin became popular and sought after by the younger American officers of Paris because of the beautiful women he always managed to have around.

Martin went to so many parties and spent so many hours at night clubs, that he nearly collapsed around Christmastime, 1944. When this happened, he simply checked in at the 217th U.S. Army General Hospital for a few days rest.

By this time, he had promoted himself to major, and the hospital's officers treated him to the comforts and privileges commensurate with his rank.

Only twice during this period was he asked to show his AGO card, the War Department identification complete with photograph and fingerprints, which officers must carry at all times.

On both occasions he broke into a cold



How *Nickel* is Helping to Bring Stars to Your Living Room

You'll think your favorite artist is stepping right out of the cabinet and into your living room . . . when you hear the lifelike tones of your new radio.

And helping capture all the thrill of their voices is your *Unseen Friend* – NICKEL.

For the heart of the sound reproducer is the magnet in the speaker—a permanent magnet usually made of a special alloy containing NICKEL, having three times the strength of earlier varieties.

Nickel also contributes to improved performance all along the line – in tubes, transformer cores and loading coils. Thus Nickel is indeed your *Unseen Friend,* because you are so seldom aware of its presence.

Hand-in-hand with other metals, Nickel goes into stainless steels and other Nickel alloys . . . where it adds strength, toughness, magnetic and other special properties.

In these, and countless other ways . . . from the Nickel under the bright chromium plating of your automobile to the Nickel in the heating unit of your toaster . . . this versatile metal is your *Unseen Friend* . . . as much a part of your daily life as the shoes you wear.

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EXIT
colean

Is it hard to get you excited?

IT'S EASY TO FIND OUT. Just walk to your nearest men's clothing store and purchase a pair of shorts with Gripper fasteners. Put on the shorts. Notice how much easier it is to open and close these trim snap fasteners.

BEND OVER. There are no buttons to pop off. There are no buttonholes to tear. At this time it is also well to remember that Gripper fasteners are laundry-proof, actually outlast the shorts themselves.

THAT'S THE TEST. If all you do is to dash out into the street yelling at the top of your voice . . . mister, it's hard to get you excited.

P.S. Don't forget to look for the trademark "*Gripper*" stamped in every fastener.

GRIPPER* FASTENERS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

**the laundry-proof snap fastener that ends "button-bother"*

Made by Scovill Manufacturing Company, Waterbury 91, Conn. • America's Leading Manufacturer of Snap Fasteners

sweat, but he talked himself out of arrest by claiming he had left his card at home, and by showing his phony OSS orders. In Europe, you never touched an OSS officer, no matter how strange he appeared.

There was a problem, of course, financing these ventures. But Martin solved that. Every Frenchman requiring U.S. Army sanction to legalize some illegal enterprise got to know he could obtain an official set of orders by looking up Martin in the Claridge bar and offering him 25,000 francs ($500).

One day a young Belgian millionaire named Guy de Clercq approached Martin in the Claridge. De Clercq's racket consisted of buying silk and cotton goods in Paris and then smuggling them over the border to Belgium, where he sold them at a tremendous profit.

"My proposition," he said to Martin, "is simple. I transport this material in civilian automobiles. I can only get past the American Military Police and the Belgian border guards if I have an American officer with me, as if it were a trip on official Army business. If you come with me, I can guarantee you 50,000 francs ($1,000) a trip."

Martin was cagey. "Before I agree," he said, "you must furnish proof of your identity, and character references." De Clercq obliged with references from French personages so well known that their names shocked even Martin. "Okay," he said.

Martin wrote a tricky set of OSS orders, covering him, the civilians and the automobiles. Then he painted white stars on the cars (to indicate that they were requisitioned Army vehicles) and stenciled fictitious War Department serial numbers on the bumpers. The Battle of the Bulge was on at that time, and with German paratroopers and spies turning up all over the place, the most intensive security precautions of the war were in effect.

Martin's route led right through all eight of the supposedly airtight road blocks set up to screen everything that moved through France and Belgium. Yet, from December 15, 1944, to March 1, 1945, Martin completed twelve trips without a single untoward incident. Once, at a road block, an M.P. walked over, looked Martin up and down and said, "What's the capital of California?"

"Sacramento," said Martin.

"Okay," said the M.P. "Move on."

All in all, Martin cleared 600,000 francs ($12,000) on this deal alone. This enabled him to keep on living in the style to which he had become accustomed.

Then the percentages caught up with him. He had written a set of phony orders for a young marquis who wanted to drive his car down to Nice for the winter. In the 13th Airborne Division area in southern France, a Counterintelligence Corps sergeant happened to be lounging around the road-check point when the marquis passed through. The wording of the authorizations had been changed since Martin went north, and it happened that this CIC man noticed it. He didn't suspect anything was wrong. He was curious as to why this Major Martin used the old wording. He had been looking for an excuse to get to Paris anyway, so he drove up to find out.

The CIC man checked in with Paris CIC headquarters. Then he dropped over to the Claridge to speak with Martin. He politely apologized for disturbing the major. Then he asked to see the major's AGO card. Martin protested that he didn't have it with him. Two American colonels rushed over. "I forgot my AGO card," Martin explained to them. "Would you vouch for me, please?" Both colonels enthusiastically identified Martin as a fine officer and a personal friend.

The Question He Forgot to Ask

An American lieutenant then came over and swore that he had served under Martin in the U.S. 103d Infantry Division. The CIC man apologized again and walked out. But almost immediately he remembered he had forgotten to ask Martin about the wording of the marquis' orders. He went back. Martin, panic-stricken, had rushed out.

Even then the CIC man wasn't suspicious. His curiosity was aroused, however, and he reported the incident to Paris CIC. Just as a routine measure, Paris CIC contacted all the Allied army commands in Paris to see if a John D. Martin were wanted by any of them. An answer came back from the Canadians. It might be a coincidence, of course, but a Pvt. John D. Martin was on the A.W.O.L. list from Italy.

Still not certain, Paris CIC put Alfred Grey and Joseph Crotty, two of their best men, to work on the case, along with Sgt. J. E. Broughton, of the Canadian Military Police. Broughton, a huge 250-pounder and one of the most brilliant criminal investigators, was given strict instructions not to cause Major Martin any embarrassment.

Broughton trailed Martin for two days. He wasn't sure. The second night, March 19, 1945, Martin went out on a wild tour of the night clubs with his girl friends and a U.S. Army lieutenant colonel. Broughton followed them from café to café. Finally, at the Lido, the psychological moment arrived for Broughton.

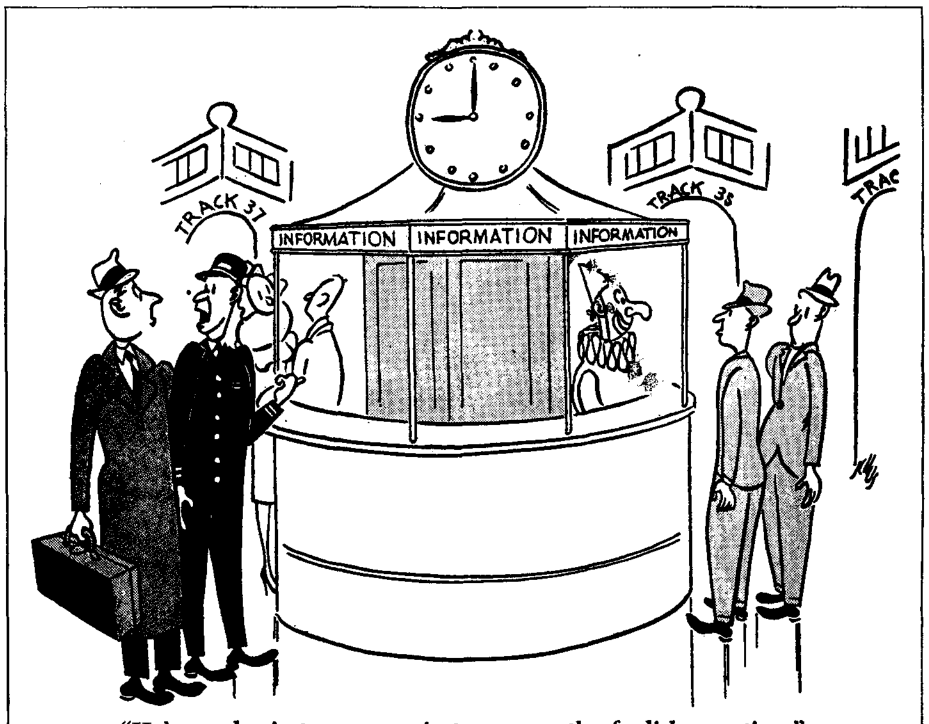
Martin was engaged in conversation. Broughton walked up behind him. He tapped the major on the shoulder and asked, "Private Martin?"

Martin swung around and answered, almost subconsciously, "Yes, sir."

Broughton looked down at the major. He smiled.

"Okay, Martin," he said. "Let's go."

THE END



"He's our busiest man . . . just answers the foolish questions"

COLLIER'S ADOLPH SCHUS

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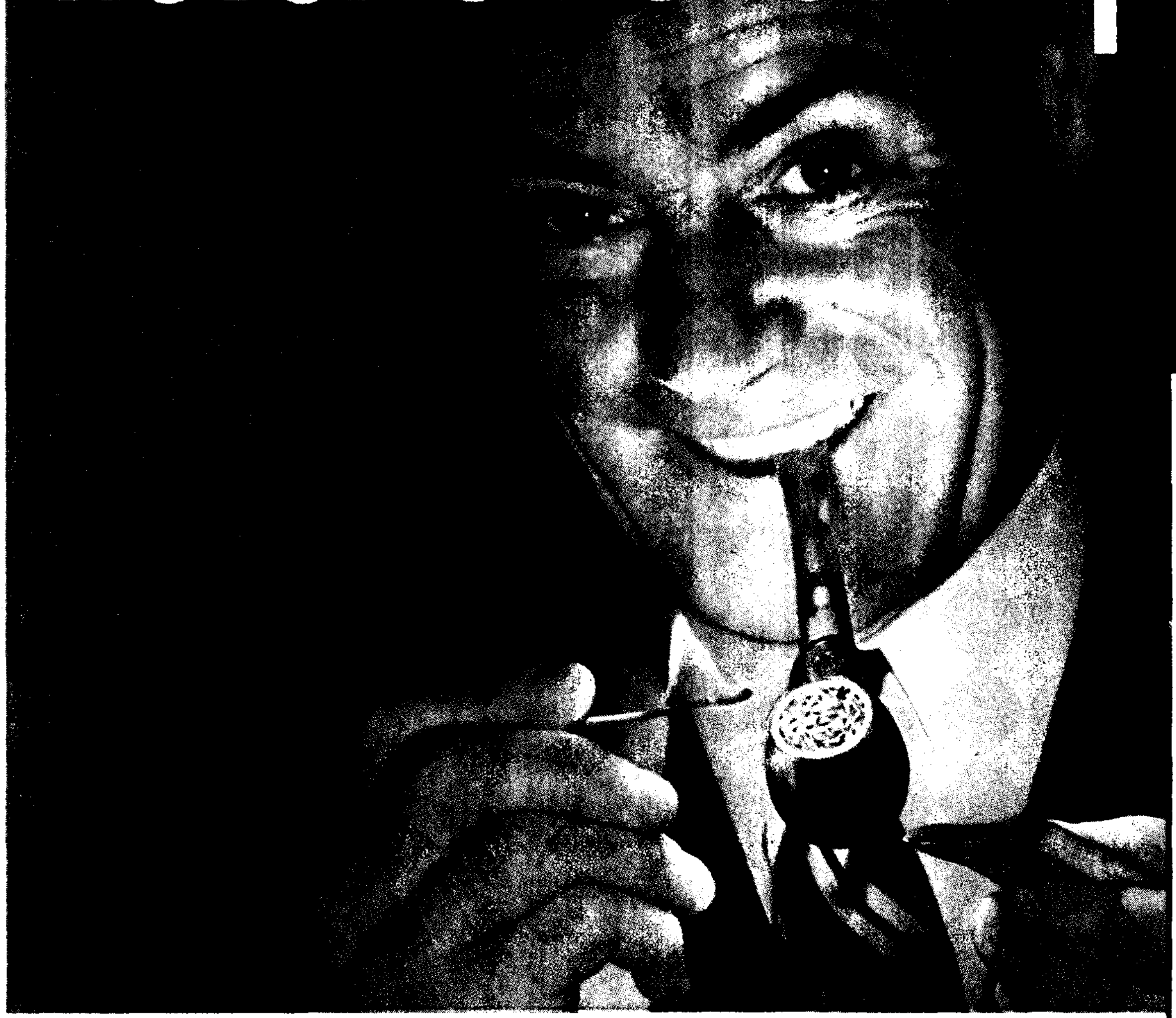
Never Smoked Pipes Before



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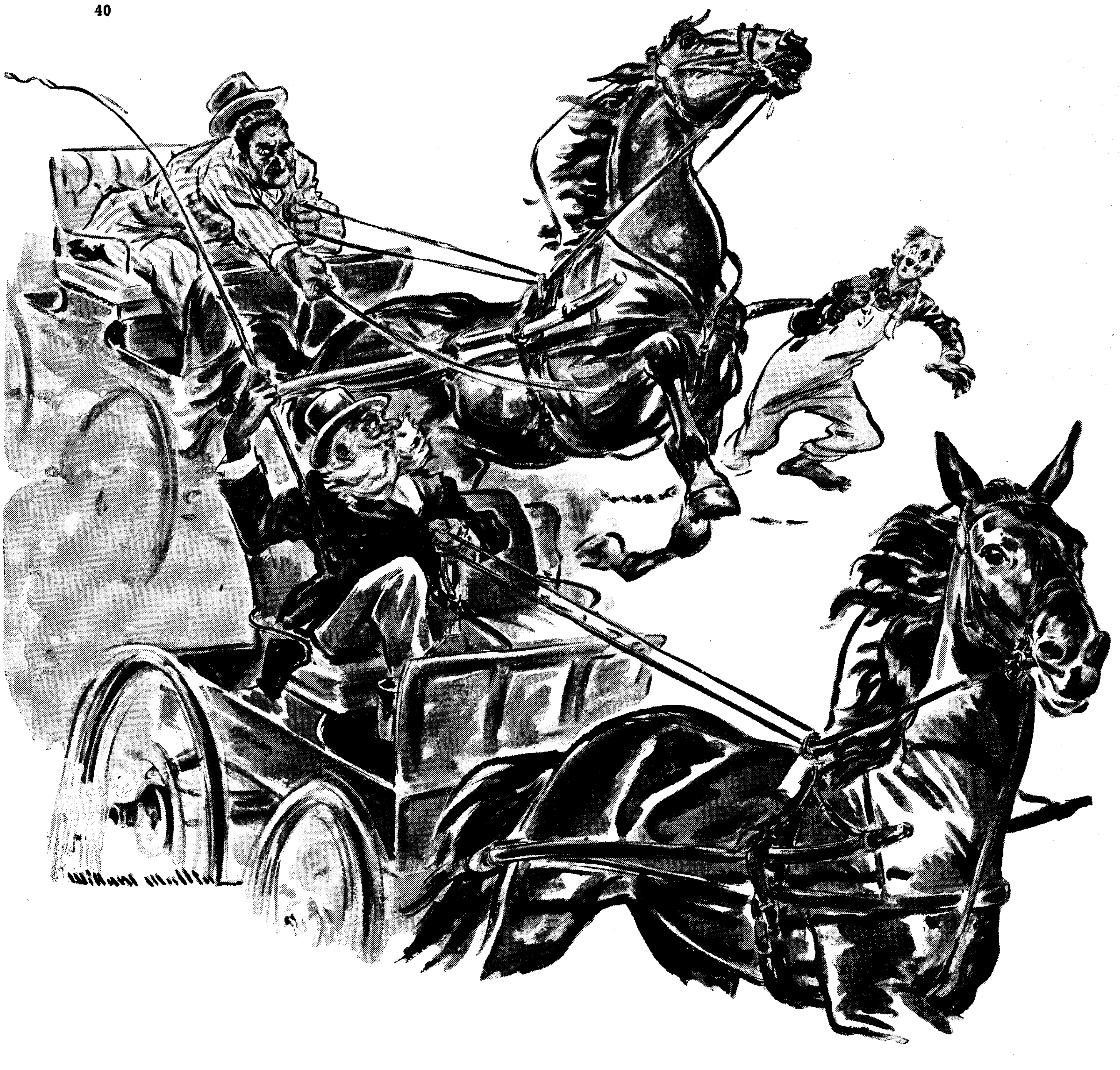


Father had to cover greater distance rounding into the straightaway. "Hold back there, Van Norman!" he bawled out

A Man Needs A Horse

BY HYATT DOWNING

Mother was no gambler, but the stakes were high—and she had a very special reason for showing Father he couldn't expect to win every time

I THINK Mother knew something was wrong that night when Father came home to supper. He was too bland, too casual. I remember he seemed particularly gracious, even to me, asking if I liked my new rifle as well as the old one. Mother kept glancing at him inquiringly. But she waited. After fifteen years of being married to Father she had learned to wait.

We were half through the meal when he said abruptly: "Well, I got rid of old Belle today."

Mother laid down her fork, and her mouth fell open a little. She stared at him a long moment and then said slowly, spacing her words: "You—sold—Belle?"

A flush ran up Father's cheeks but he replied calmly enough: "Yes. As a matter of fact, I traded her off for a fine gelding. A beauty. Of course," he added with a slight wave of his hand, "I had to give a little extra."

Mother's voice was like a cry: "But why, John? Why?"

"Because I decided it was time I had a decent horse to drive."

Mother kept staring at him and her face had gone a little pale. At last she said: "John, my Aunt Marge gave me that mare ten years ago. She was mine—not yours. You had no more right to get rid of her than you'd have to get rid of—of me."

I was sure that Father was a little frightened, but he said, trying to make his voice sound stern the way a man's voice should sound who was the head of his family: "Now, Lou, I don't think there's any call for you to take that attitude. I'm the one who must decide what's best to do, and I refuse to drive behind that old relic any longer. A man in my position—"

Words burst out of Mother. "Your position my foot!" she snapped. "Your position has nothing whatever to do with it. You simply can't stand to see Mr Van Norman go past you every night when you drive home from the elevator. It's just your overdeveloped ego, John, and that's all it is."

I was astonished at Father's mildness. "Lou, you are being very unfair. I had no idea that you were so attached to old Belle, but I can hardly do anything about it now."

"No," Mother said. "But I wish you joy with your 'beauty.' One thing is certain—you'll have it alone."

"I'm sorry, Lucy," Father said with dignity. "I think you're being very unreasonable."

We finished the meal in silence, and afterward in the living room Father picked up the Clarendon Independent and read it through carefully, the pages making a sharp crackling in the room's stillness. After a while I went out and sat on the front steps and listened to the bull-bats zooming out of the night's velvety dark and watched the fireflies making their brief, glowing patterns above the grass.

The street on which we lived had always seemed to me to be the most satisfying place in the world. It was broad and level, running for a half-mile from the Baker corner past our house, past Mr. Van Norman's and out into the country where it ended abruptly against a pasture fence. Yet, I reflected, it was this street and the opportunities it gave Mr. Van Norman to exhibit the racing qualities of his black trotting mare which had caused all the trouble. Father was a large man with a hooked beak of a nose and a straight, determined mouth; opposition of any kind tried him beyond endurance. Thus when Mr. Van Norman, his magnificent white whiskers streaming back over his shoulders, came thudding up behind him, Father would always grip the reins, touch old Belle sharply with the whip and cry out: "Get up, there." Belle would swing her head around then, a look of utter astonishment on her benign face, only to receive another smart clip with the whip. This time she would throw up her tail in terror and actually break into a confused, wobbling sort of trot. Then Mr. Van Norman would sweep by, his whiskers waving like a banner in the wind. He always saluted Father with his whip as he passed, like an elderly knight raising his sword, and it drove Father almost crazy.

Either by design or coincidence Mr. Van Norman generally managed to overhaul Father soon after he had turned the Baker corner. The rest of the way home Father drove in a fog of rage and dust. Arrived at our stable, he would toss the reins to old Sully, our man-of-all-work, and stalk wrathfully into the house.

I WAS in the yard on the following afternoon when the new horse arrived and old Belle was taken away. The gelding was a rangy sorrel, with a slender barrel of a body and long delicate legs. He moved mincingly, as if he were treading on eggs, and snorted when Sully led him into the stall.

That night when Father came home he went directly to the stable where Sully was puttering about with a currycomb and brush. "What's his name, Mr. Watkins?" Sully asked.

"His name is Sir Richard. We'll call him Dick," Father said.

He started into the box stall, and Sully said nervously: "I'd take it easy at first, Mr. Watkins. Him bein' so strange and all."

This was in the nature of a challenge so Father glared at Sully and barged in toward the manger where Sir Richard was delicately nibbling at the oats in his feedbox. The horse threw his head up, whirled and blasted shrilly through his flaring red nostrils. Father leaped backward and his smile when he glanced at me seemed a trifle forced. "He's—he's high-strung and excitable," he explained. "All thoroughbreds are. But the thing to do is to be firm. Go in there, Sully. He mustn't get the idea he's driven us out."

"No, sir."

"All right. Walk right up to him," Father said. But for the rest of the half-hour while he remained at the stable he contented himself with complimentary remarks—made from the safety of the door.

When we went back into the house Father said in a conciliatory tone: "Lou, I'm going to take Dick out for a spin after supper. You'll go, of course?"

Mother gave him a level look. "No, John," she said quietly. "I don't care to take a ride behind your horse—now or any other time."

Father made a helpless gesture with his hands. "Sometimes, Lucy, I don't quite understand you."

"You understand me well enough, John." Then she turned to me: "Jeff, go wash your face and get ready for supper."

Later when Enga, our hired girl, was taking the dishes away, Father said: "Jeff, if you've got your kindling in for morning you can come along with me if you like."

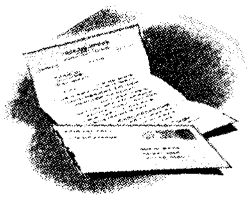
Sully had Dick hitched to the buggy when we went out. The horse was dancing nervously about as Father approached and he snorted and rolled his eyes so that the whites showed. We got into the buggy and Sully stood at Dick's head until Father had grasped

(Continued on page 56)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLARD MULLIN

SO INCONSPICUOUS

The Man Who Wouldn't Stay Licked



. . . and so, Bill, I'm back on top again. Yet, only a year ago, I thought I was licked because my hearing had gone bad.

It must have been failing for years but I didn't realize it. When I did, I wouldn't admit it—not even to myself. Instead, I fought it. Pretty soon I was feeling sorry for myself. I'd avoid people and places because I felt "out of it." Fact is, Bill, I just wasn't good company.

Then came the day my bad hearing really threw me for a loss. I said "no" on a big deal when I should have said "yes."

After that, I got hold of myself and went to an ear specialist. He recommended a hearing aid. Right then, I had another battle with myself. Could I make myself wear one? Fortunately, I tried a new Zenith. It was a revelation to me, and besides, it had an ear piece and cord that were barely noticeable.

So, now I'm sitting pretty, hitting on all eight cylinders. Business is swell, I'm having fun, and I'm happy way down deep inside. Yep, Bill, I can hear again, and the world's my oyster . . .

* * *

If you want to start friends or relatives who are hard of hearing back on the road to happiness, do this—tactfully suggest that they visit a Zenith dispenser and try a new Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid. You owe it to them. They want to hear you as much as you want to hear them and it's embarrassing when you shout.

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Model A-3-A. The popular Air Conduction Zenith—a *super-power* instrument. Tremendous reserve volume to assure maximum clarity and tone quality even under the most difficult conditions! Complete, ready-to-wear, with Neutral-Color Earphone and Cord, only **$50.**

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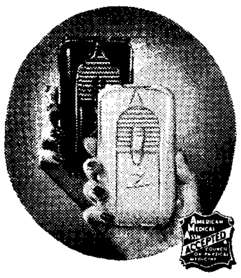
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The Lustrous Ebony Amplifier harmonizes with dark clothing. The new Pastel Amplifier harmonizes with light color and sheer apparel. Both colors available at your nearest Zenith dispenser.

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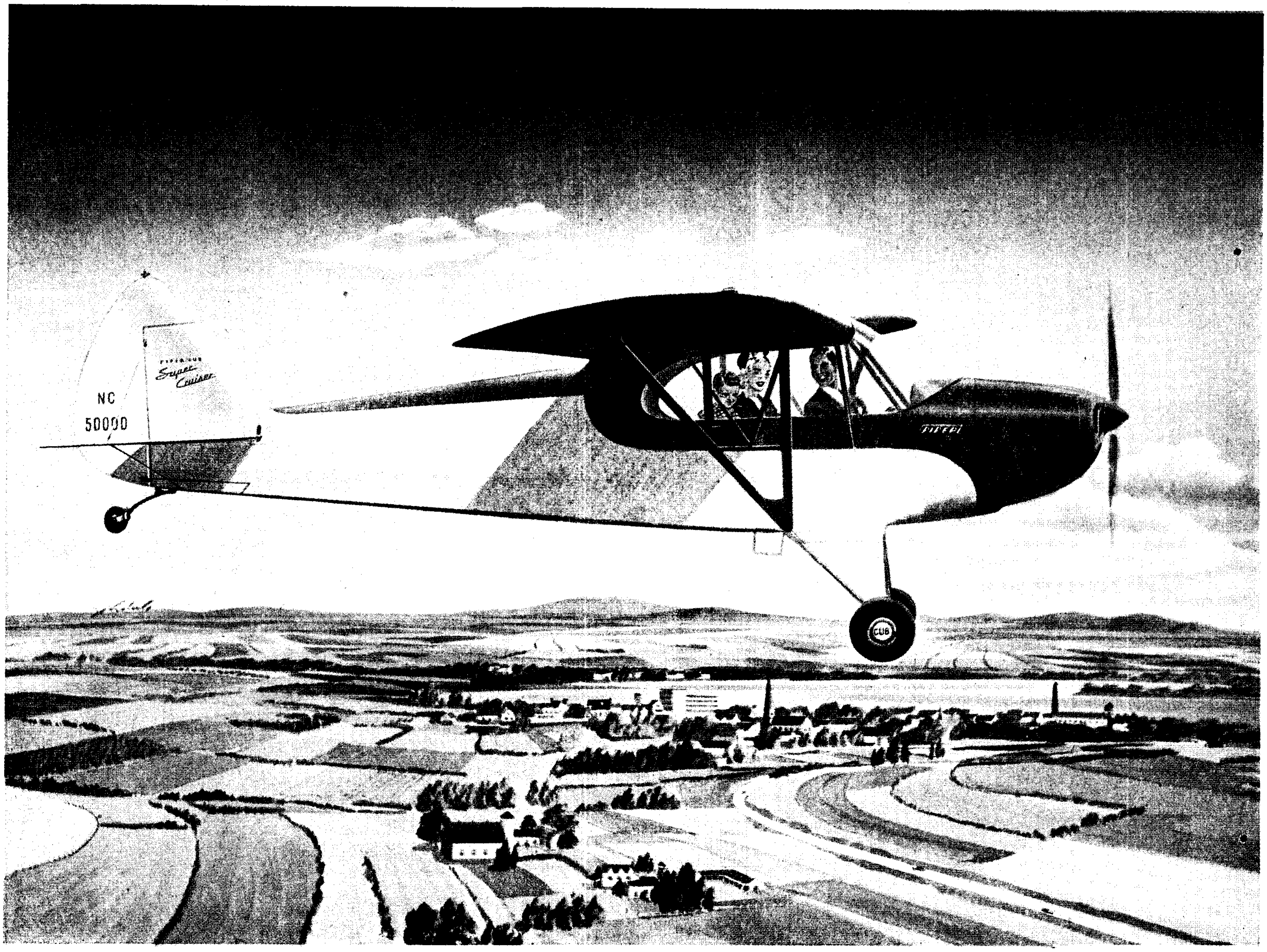

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PIPER

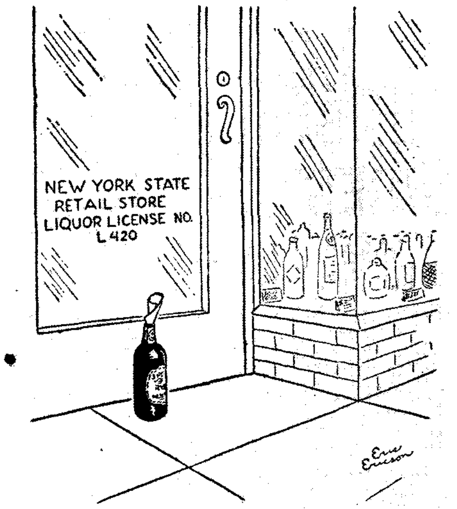
America in Germany

Continued from page 18

behind the chair in which Captain Rutherford sat down. Wicker chairs, capable of seating 150 spectators, were arranged in neat rows, but the only onlookers were two German girls, an older man and woman and four German court attendants, wearing the gray-green uniform of the local police. In the first row of chairs half a dozen Seventh Army M.P.s, who were to be witnesses, fidgeted with their shiny helmet liners.

The captain took his place at the judge's table beneath the flag. A few feet in front of him was another table at which the accused would stand, European fashion. Military government court procedure is a mixture of Continental and American methods. Following European custom, a more liberal admission of evidence is permitted and the accused is questioned directly by the judge at the outset of the trial. Some people have suggested that by mixing European procedure with our own, we are depriving the accused of essential rights, and they have asked why military government, which is trying to show the Germans what democracy and justice mean, should deprive Germans of the rights we enjoy as Americans in our own courts.

It is not, however, a case of denying them the rights we enjoy, but rather a case of not conferring those rights on people who have never enjoyed them. The interrogation of the accused by the court and the liberal admission of evidence have long been known in European law, and military government feels that it would not be understood if these procedures were changed. The position that our system of court procedure is in all respects superior to the system of civil law used by most of the other civilized nations of the world is at least debatable. What has been done, therefore, is to establish a system of courts which contains elements of both common and civil law procedure, a system which has the added advantage of being understood, both by the American officers serving as judges and by the German defendants.



COLLIER'S ERIC ERICSON

Summary courts handle the bulk of the business, passing many cases on to the intermediate courts which are empowered to give sentences up to 10 years. General courts can impose the death penalty or life imprisonment. Any defendant in any court may employ a defense counsel. In cases where the penalty may be death, a U.S. officer is assigned as defense counsel, as well. These three types of courts try all cases which involve a brush between German civilians and military government. The most frequent cases are those arising out of curfew and travel violations, theft of Army property, stealing gasoline, and the illegal possession of firearms.

In a typical week the summary court at Regensburg tried 105 cases, the majority of which were curfew violations, drawing sentences ranging from 5 to 90 days in jail, plus fines. Illegal possession of a pack of American cigarettes has landed at least one German in prison for four months. Illegal possession of weapons and an attempt to bribe members of the Allied military forces brought Ernst Geissendorfer, who once operated an art shop in Manhattan, 15 years. Falsifying a questionnaire generally brings a three-year sentence; unauthorized travel, 14 days with a fine.

A large number of fraternization and black-market cases are also heard by the courts of the military government. A great deal of misinterpretation has been written about "frattin'," as the soldiers call it. Actually, it is strictly a matter of sex. An American with a German woman is with her because she is a woman, not because she is German. It is possible, as the years pass and as troops who never saw the war are sent overseas, that German women may influence the attitudes of our men.

But anyone who has seen American soldiers overseas on "dates" will doubt it. There is certainly no evidence that the deep, instinctive nationalism of the American soldier has been whittled down an inch, or that his social and political beliefs have moved a notch since he started going out with the "furlines." If and when a "furline" shoots off a conversational barrage against "the dirty Poles, barbaric Russians and the Versailles *Diktat*," the American can be counted on, not to argue (which perhaps he should) but to grab his cap and take off in the direction of a sexier miss.

To have enforced nonfraternization a considerable percentage of soldiers would have had to have been locked up, not at night, but by early afternoon. In some units the prohibition was rigidly enforced. In others it was enforced for a time. In others it was winked at from the start. It is difficult to generalize about huge armies. As some officers themselves had girls, they were not anxious to enforce a policy which most of them also believed ill-advised and unenforceable.

A Parallel with Prohibition

Officers were like the cops during Prohibition, some of whom drank, some of whom turned their backs, while others made arrests. Men who felt like fraternizing simply wandered down the roads to the parks or fields where German girls waited for them in the tall grass.

Where nonfraternization wasn't violated out of existence it was spoofed to death. Like Prohibition, it became an immense and sordid joke. The most damaging aspect of the whole mess (I cannot think of a more accurate word) was that the Germans were presented with the spectacle of an army unwilling or unable to enforce its own rules. This was not, however, a purely American fault. I was in the British and French zones a good deal during this period, and, as most British and French soldiers will, I think, agree, fraternization went on between them and the *Fräuleins* to an observable extent, although not so much as with our men. The Russians, never having tried to defy the gravity of sex in the first place, circulated with the girls in their zone at will.

Fraternization is now legal, but let no optimist suspect that it presents no further problems. The entire question is now more complicated than ever. This complication is due to the appearance on the scene of the German male. Last summer the German male animal did not appear. Most young German men were at that time locked up in POW cages or too dazed by the sudden shock of defeat to have strong feelings about anything. But over a million former POWs have now been returned to civilian life in America's Germany, and they do not like to see their girls consorting with their conquerors.

There have been an increasing number of disturbances, not serious, but not unmarked. The resentment is felt chiefly by younger men, since the older ones remember that as German soldiers they themselves were going around with certain types of French and Belgian and Dutch and Danish girls not very long ago. This resentment is taken out chiefly against the girls, some of whom have been beaten up by their countrymen, or have received threats, or have had their hair clipped.

The most common form that these protests against fraternization take are surreptitious posters, sometimes obscene, that have been stuck to doors and windows and walls

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AT ANY DRUG COUNTER

at night. They have been found in a wide variety of places. No sooner have some been torn down, than others have gone up. One was posted on the regimental crest at the headquarters of the 30th Infantry Regiment of the famous Third Division. In crude wording it urged Germans to get scissors and cut off the hair of German women "day and night until every girl comes to her senses," because "German girls like Americans only." It was signed: "Iron Front."

About 40 arrests were made in connection with one poster, 200 mimeographed copies of which had been put up in one night by boys as young as twelve. The ringleader, a seventeen-year-old former member of the Hitler Youth, had this to say when arrested: "We were angry about the fact that the girls of fourteen or so, who always used to talk to us, refuse to have anything to do with us now." Other posters in several towns have listed girls by name.

In the opinion of many Germans, these posters are "Nazi-inspired." They claim that former Nazis are trying to split the population into pro- and antifraternization groups and to inflame the resentment which young Germans, in particular, feel as a result of their defeat. As almost all Germans so far arrested in connection with posters and hair-clipping incidents have been young men, and since the youth represent the most Nazified segment of the population, antifraternization has become the rallying point of those youngsters who cling most stubbornly to Nazi views.

It must be stressed again, however, that while German reactions against fraternization have increased, with the release of former Wehrmacht men, this does not mean the people as a whole resent American-German relationships. The majority accept it as a matter of course.

They also look upon the black market in the same way. It is difficult to imagine anything that hasn't been offered for sale in the black market, at one time or another. And whatever it is, it usually brings a good price. A pack of American cigarettes brings $10 always, and has brought as high as twenty. A nickel candy bar is worth $5. A cake of soap, $3. Any watch is good for $200, and a small bottle of perfume $150. Cameras, captured from the Germans or "liberated" from factories and homes, are worth $1,000 apiece. A bottle of cognac, whisky or gin sells for $75, sometimes $100.

These transactions are naturally illegal. It is illegal for Allied soldiers to sell PX or NAAFI rations and their own personal possessions, like watches, as well, and it is equally illegal for Germans to buy or sell their spare possessions, ranging from ice skates to silk slips. But the law has run a dismal second to golden opportunity. Until mid-November when the Army cracked down hard in its third and most successful attempt to put a break on black-market shenanigans, Americans stationed in Berlin could make such killings that many in a few weeks made fortunes that can last for years.

The two great black-market centers in Berlin are the Tiergarten, in the shadow of the burned-out Reichstag, and Alexanderplatz, near the former headquarters of the Gestapo. The Alexanderplatz is the newest and largest, but the Tiergarten, getting old in its black-market ways, is still the more colorful. Like New York's Central and London's Hyde, the Tiergarten is Berlin's great park; only it is in a somewhat different condition.

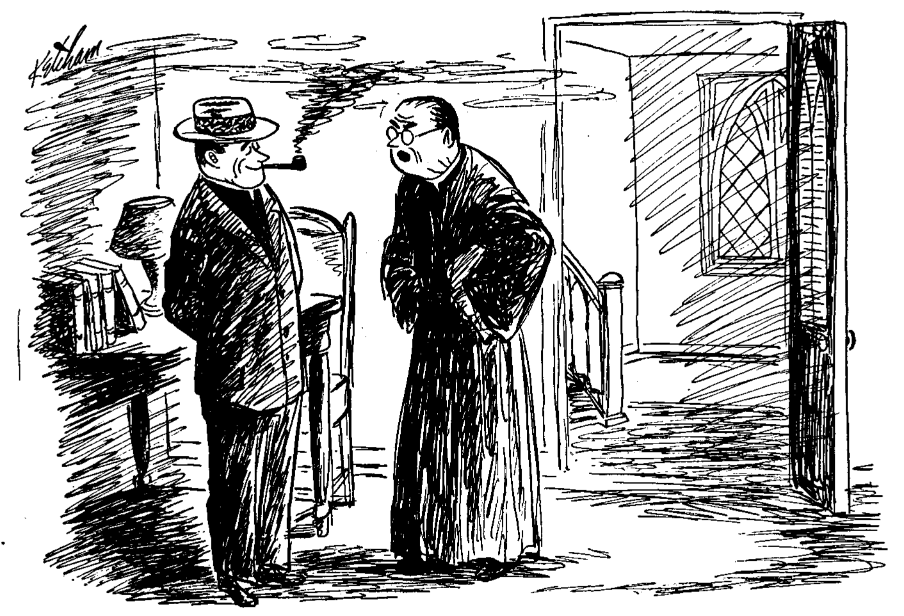
It is enclosed by the most devastated part of the city—including Hitler's former Chancellery—and the Tiergarten itself was the scene of some of the bitterest fighting since Stalingrad. It was here, in the final inning of Nazism, that the Russians crossed home plate. The trees are dead, and the ground is pitted. In all directions, charred tanks and guns and little German ammunition carts lie capsized and rusting among headless statues and armless nymphs. It is a scene, not out of Dante, but out of Hitler.

The Chorus in the Tiergarten

As you approach the Tiergarten, there is a growing cry of *"Zigaretten"* from people walking through the remnants of the streets. Anyone voicing this whoop will on the spot gladly give you $10 in occupation marks for each pack. The nearer the Tiergarten you get, the more frequent these enticements become, until finally it is a chorus of *"Zigaretten"* with a minor theme, rising and falling every so often in the background, for *"Schokoladen."* Between these two cries, you have a melody, worth $10 the pack, $5 the bar.

The greatest number of people in these battalions of black marketeers now milling on the Tiergarten battlefield are civilians, with Soviet soldiers, discharged Wehrmacht soldiers and sometimes a Pole coming next. A civilian with a suitcase comes up and asks whether you want to buy ice skates. You say "No." That does not impress him in the least, and he immediately opens the suitcase at your feet and extricates two ancient pairs. The fact that they are ladies' skates in no way stops him from trying to sell them to you. Meanwhile, a woman has come up, and, smiling warmly, holds a baby's shirt in front of her and waves it within a foot of your face. *"Zwei hundert Mark, Zwei hundert Mark,"* she keeps repeating.

Besides stockings, silk by the bolt, ice skates, fountain pens, cuff links, bracelets, rings, baby clothes and watches, a brisk trade goes on in wearing apparel. A Polish soldier, in a ginger-brown overcoat, runs his hand up and down a pair of socks that a German is dangling before him. A Russian "Wave," with a trim little lambskin hat cocked at a jaunty angle, slips her fingers anxiously up and down a bolt of blue silk that four German women are now trying to sell her in Berlin, and with which she may



"I'm sure Mr. Crosby would be flattered at the resemblance. Now will you please get started on tomorrow's sermon?"

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Don't expect to get real relief from headache, sour stomach, gas and bad breath by taking soda and other alkalizers if the true cause of your trouble is constipation.

In this case, your real trouble is not in the stomach at all. But in the intestinal tract where 80% of your food is digested. And when it gets blocked it fails to digest properly.

What you want for real relief is not soda or an alkalizer—but something to "unblock" your intestinal tract. Something to clean it out effectively—help Nature get back on her feet.

Get Carter's Pills right now. Take them as directed. They gently and effectively "unblock" your digestive tract. This permits your food to move along normally. Nature's own digestive juices can then reach it. You get genuine relief that makes you feel *really* good again.

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soon enchant her lover in Leningrad. Near by, a Soviet captain stuffs rayon hose into a satchel. His wife or sweetheart will be glad to wear them. Bulkier clothes, like coats, sweaters, shirts and women's blouses, are naturally difficult to cart around.

This problem has been solved by black marketeers who have simply transformed themselves into clotheshorses. Under a regular overcoat, some of them wear two jackets, two sweaters, three shirts. As they parade through the crowd, they open the top coat and point to whichever stratum of clothing they are trying hardest to sell. After a customer has felt the proper layer of wool, or cotton or cloth, and satisfied himself with the quality, the owner removes his overcoat and sheds down to the jacket, sweater or shirt which he has just sold. Removing it, he hands it to the new owner. Then he re-dresses, stratum by stratum, and moves on, offering the remaining layers of his clothes for sale.

A wrist watch on the right side of the Rhine is worth ten times more than on the left, or wrong, side of the Rhine. This is because the Russians will buy any and all watches on the Berlin side of the river. Watches are the single greatest commodity of exchange between Soviet and other Allied troops in Berlin.

A run-of-the-factory watch brings between $200 and $600. A watch with several dials, a black face and a red second hand, brings $1,300. It makes no difference what any of these watches originally cost. All the Russians care about, besides getting a watch, is whether or not it has a big face, and several colors, and whether the back can be unscrewed and the works examined. If the back can be unscrewed, the price automatically goes up $50 to $100, although it is debatable whether the Russians can tell anything from the inner springs. Just so long as the little wheels turn, that's what counts. The Russians also feel the same way about big watches. The bigger the face, the more they pay.

The authorities are unhappy because the black market is inflationary, is bad for the morality of everyone, and because the American taxpayer has been paying through the nose for much of it. The connection between taxes in America and cigarettes in Berlin is closer than you might suspect in view of the 7,000 miles that separate them. The connection is this: The only legal tender that troops of all nations in Germany may use is occupation marks. These are printed by all four occupying powers. However, almost all the occupation marks used by the Germans buying American cigarettes, candy and food are Russian, and naturally the marks with which Soviet soldiers pay Americans for watches and cameras are also printed by the Soviets.

Assume that an American sells a German a pack of cigarettes for $10 and gets paid with 100 marks, printed by the Russians. Before mid-November he could take these marks and send home a money order for ten dollars to his wife. When the money order was cashed in the U.S., the soldier's wife received ten dollars in American money. But in Berlin, the U.S. Army Finance Officer still has the 100 Russian-printed occupation marks. When these were exchanged for American-printed occupation marks in Russian hands, the U.S. only received a book value of $1. In other words, every money order sent from Germany by U.S. troops, turning in Russian-printed marks, was backed to only ten per cent of its value, while it was paid off in the U.S. at one hundred per cent.

The Army Gets Tough About It

Black-market operations having reached such extremes, the Army clamped down—but hard. After November 10th—a date more memorable in some minds than December 7th or June 6th—every American under Army authority in the ETO received a little card, promptly dubbed "The Doomsday Book," on which all data with regard to pay, cash on hand and transfer of funds is listed. Since November 10th, no one is supposed to be allowed to transfer marks into other European currencies or send home money orders, etc., in amounts greater than the pay he receives from official Army sources.

It should not be assumed, however difficult the transmission of illegally acquired funds has now become, that the more determined operators are stopped. Shortly after "Doomsday" was announced, a soldier asked me whether I knew how much stamp-collecting firms in New York paid for sheets of unused American stamps. He explained that he was planning to buy several thousand dollars worth of American stamps at the Berlin APOs and send them home with orders to his family to sell them. "If I buy $1,000 worth of American stamps here with my marks," he said, "they should sell for at least $600 in New York."

When I left Berlin, some of the black marketeers were banking on a cold winter. They figured that between the cold and hunger of a severe winter Berliners' jewels would come out of hiding in exchange for PX chocolate bars and tuna fish. Unless the Army strips every returning soldier this spring, a lot of diamonds, rubies and sapphires are going to be "returning" to the U.S. also.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

and admirals." He shudders to think, too, "what would have happened to dime-a-dozen looies like me if we'd pulled the same slumber-bones in action."

AND here's an invitation from Democrats Anonymous of Jackson, Mississippi, bidding us to attend "the mass conversion and baptismal sprinkling of the Mississippi Legislature." It is to be held under the auspices of the FEPC—"Federated Ecclesiastic Preachers Committee." Sorry. Too busy. But we'd enjoy being there. "Statesmen," the invitation says, "will crawl down a sawdust trail in the new Capitol and be bathed en masse with black-market bootleg."

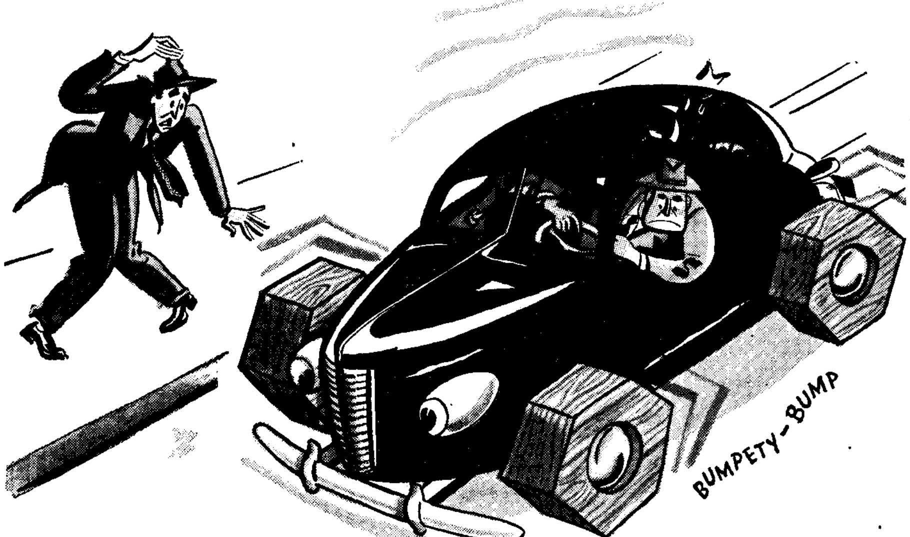
"THIS is to let you know that I'm going to write you a letter next week," says Mrs. Marian G. Zeder of Birmingham, Alabama. In the succeeding four pages of her communication, Mrs. Zeder tells us why she's about to write to us.

WE ALMOST forgot to tell you that the Honorable William J. Gallagher, Democrat, member of Congress from Minneapolis, Minnesota, was leaving his apartment in Washington for the Capitol on a nasty morning. The streets were ice-coated. Citizens were breaking legs and arms at a horrifying rate. But Mr. Gallagher paid no heed, even when a young policeman said: "Please be careful, sir. The streets are in a nasty condition." Mr. Gallagher is seventy-one years old. "Thank you," said Mr. Gallagher, "but I have yet to meet a street that could throw me." For many years Mr. Gallagher was one of Minneapolis' best street cleaners.

IN COLVILLE, WASHINGTON, Mr. John L. Metcalf, advertises: "I was past seventy before I realized that I was born brainless—much earlier than the average politician. I have had lots of experience in how not to accomplish anything and lay the blame on the other fellow. I am now eighty-four, well advanced in senility and hard of hearing. . . ." Mr. Metcalf is a candidate for the state senate.

JUST opened a letter with another baffler. It's from Pfc. Joseph A. McLaurie of Brockton, Massachusetts: "I know the law says that my old boss has to give me back the job they drafted me out of. But is there any law saying I got to take it? I wouldn't work for that . . ." Fine! Just caught ourself in time.

AND from a Massachusetts paper we quote: "Your Fluroscope cast for a year and no questions asked for a dollar.". . . W. D.



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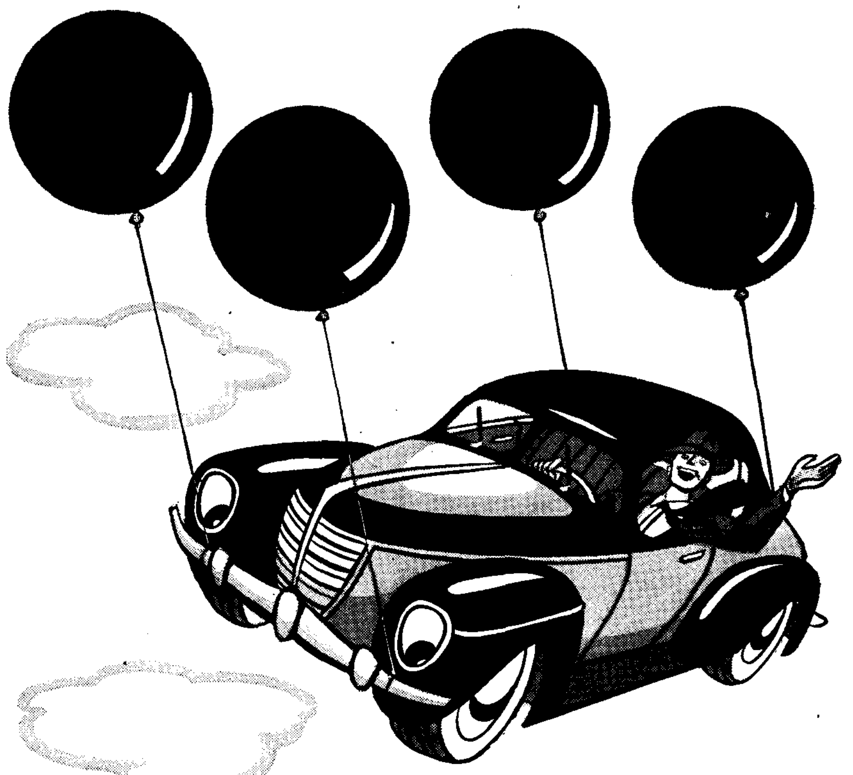

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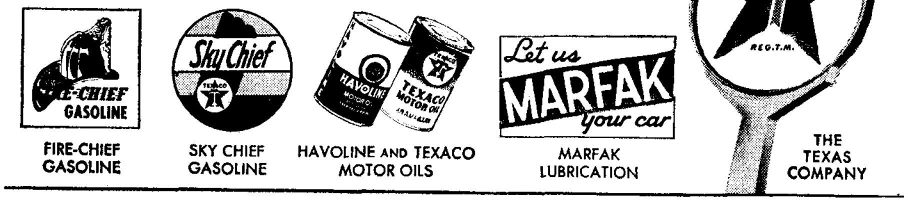

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Tune in the TEXACO STAR THEATRE with JAMES MELTON Sunday nights ★ METROPOLITAN OPERA BROADCASTS Saturday afternoons

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You'll sleep tight in these fine pajamas because they're loose in the right places . . . extra full cut at crotch and armholes. The same superb sewmanship that goes into the world's smartest shirts, makes them a dream for fit and comfort!

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Underwater Wealth

Continued from page 20

The exploration and exploitation of this great area will probably require governmental as well as large private expenditures.

But it does mean that the Continental Shelf of the United States and Alaska may well be—and probably will be—the locale of our last totally unexplored great domestic source of petroleum. Already some experts are willing to hazard a guess that in the Gulf of Mexico alone this country's legitimate portion of the Continental Shelf may hold as much as 22,000,000,000 barrels of petroleum—more than our total proved oil reserves today. One of the leading oilmen of the country recently expressed to me his belief that we would find more oil under the waters of the Pacific Ocean than had ever been discovered within the area of the United States.

Control over the fishery resources of the high seas contiguous to the territory of the United States is quite as important as the title to the mineral resources of the Continental Shelf.

More water than has flowed over all the dams that were ever built is covered by the phrase "high seas contiguous to the territory of the United States." There are high seas contiguous to the Hawaiian Islands, to Guam, to Wake, to Midway, and to those former Japanese islands which we may use for bases.

How valuable this assertion of jurisdiction over fisheries in the high seas may become can be gathered from the fact that in all of the waters of the Pacific from the Tropic of Cancer to the Tropic of Capricorn, from the coast of Washington to Hokkaido on the Asiatic coast, tuna occur in heavy commercial abundance.

The salmon that constitute one of our great recurrent natural resources spawn in the rivers that empty into the Pacific from Alaska to California. But these same salmon mature on the feeding grounds of the Continental Shelf, and marine biologists suspect that they may travel hundreds of miles in the high seas beyond the Continental Shelf.

An abundance of halibut, herring, flounder, and cod is also found in the waters above our Continental Shelf. Some experts estimate that the cod in the Bering Sea are as numerous as those in the great cod fisheries of the North Atlantic. It is probable that, as a result of this proclamation, we have ensured for the nation food resources nearly as great as those made possible by the opening of the Middle West to agriculture.

The leading role played by the Japanese Empire in convincing us of the necessity of taking over these mineral and fishery resources is found in the record of Japanese depredations long before Pearl Harbor.

The idea of conserving the fishery resources of the high seas against foreign exploitation began when Japan first sent fishing trawlers into the waters bordering Alaska. The idea was conceived, not out of pique at the Japanese for taking these fish under our very noses, but because of the knowledge that the Japanese were exploitation-minded rather than conservation-minded, regardless of whether their own or other people's resources were involved. In fact, I suspect that their incursion into the waters off the Alaskan coast came about because they had made too heavy inroads into the fish in and near the coastal waters of Japan to permit the large export program that they favored.

Substance was given to the fear of ruinous exploitation when, in the thirties, the Japanese began to send over ships which were so large and so well equipped as to constitute fish canneries, capable of handling a million pounds of fish in a season, not only catching them, but cleaning and packing them in cans, ready for sale to us and to others. With many of these ships operating no more than 15 or 20 miles from the shore, Alaskans demanded protection from these Japanese "marauders." The Department of the Interior, which has jurisdiction over the Territory of Alaska, sat up and took notice.

At Cabinet meetings, I found that I was not the only one who was troubled by the piscatorial depredations of the sons of the Rising Sun. The late Daniel C. Roper, then Secretary of Commerce, was concerned over the way that the Japanese were making large catches of king crabs within sight of our Alaskan coast. These were so surprisingly huge—a large one would fill a bushel basket—that when the skeletal remains of one was brought to my office one day, I took it over to show it to President Roosevelt.

When Secretary Roper first tried to interest the Cabinet in this particular activity by the Japanese, we all were inclined at first to be amused by his serious attitude. President Roosevelt used to refer to these huge creatures as "the Dan Roper Crab," but when we found that, despite their astonishing size, the meat of these crabs was tender and delicate, we realized the importance of this fishery resource, especially since the Japanese were taking the crabs without any regard to conservation.

The problem of what to do with the Japanese fishing ships became a recurrent and standard topic of discussion at Cabinet meetings. We began to consider seriously what we could do to expand and protect our fishing rights in the aqueous hinterland that extended far beyond the shores of Alaska.

President Roosevelt took more than a passing interest in the problem. He advanced the theory that the three-mile limit had become obsolete since it had no more scientific or judicial basis than the fact that it had been fixed at the time when the effective range of a coastal gun was three miles. The President came to believe that we ought to raise the issue with Japan and perhaps take the position that, so far as the Alaskan coast line was concerned, even 20 miles might be within the limit. To him the question was one of preserving our own food supply, and not primarily one of international law which had no support in existing facts.

It was suggested that the President ought not to issue a proclamation claiming jurisdiction beyond the twelve-mile or even farther than the three-mile limitation, but should ask Congress for legislation protecting the fishery resources off our shores. So slowly did the wheels of the government move that this proposal, first made in 1938, had not even taken its preliminary physical examination by the time that war broke out in Europe in 1939. Eventually, it was buried under the more urgent problems of the European war.

Japs Save Face—But Not Fish

The mere possibility of such action, however, plus diplomatic protests, caused the Japanese government to order its ships to desist from fishing within sight of American territory. All that this amounted to, from our point of view, was a face-saving scheme, not a fish-saving device. The depredations of the Japanese fishing fleet, conducted with thoroughness and offshore discreetness, continued right up to the summer before Pearl Harbor.

The war also contributed to our concern over our fishery resources by making great inroads among our Alaskan salmon. These were badly needed in England, where salmon, readily obtainable from Norway before the war, had become a staple food for many of the British. Salmon was also much in demand to feed the armed forces of the Allies.

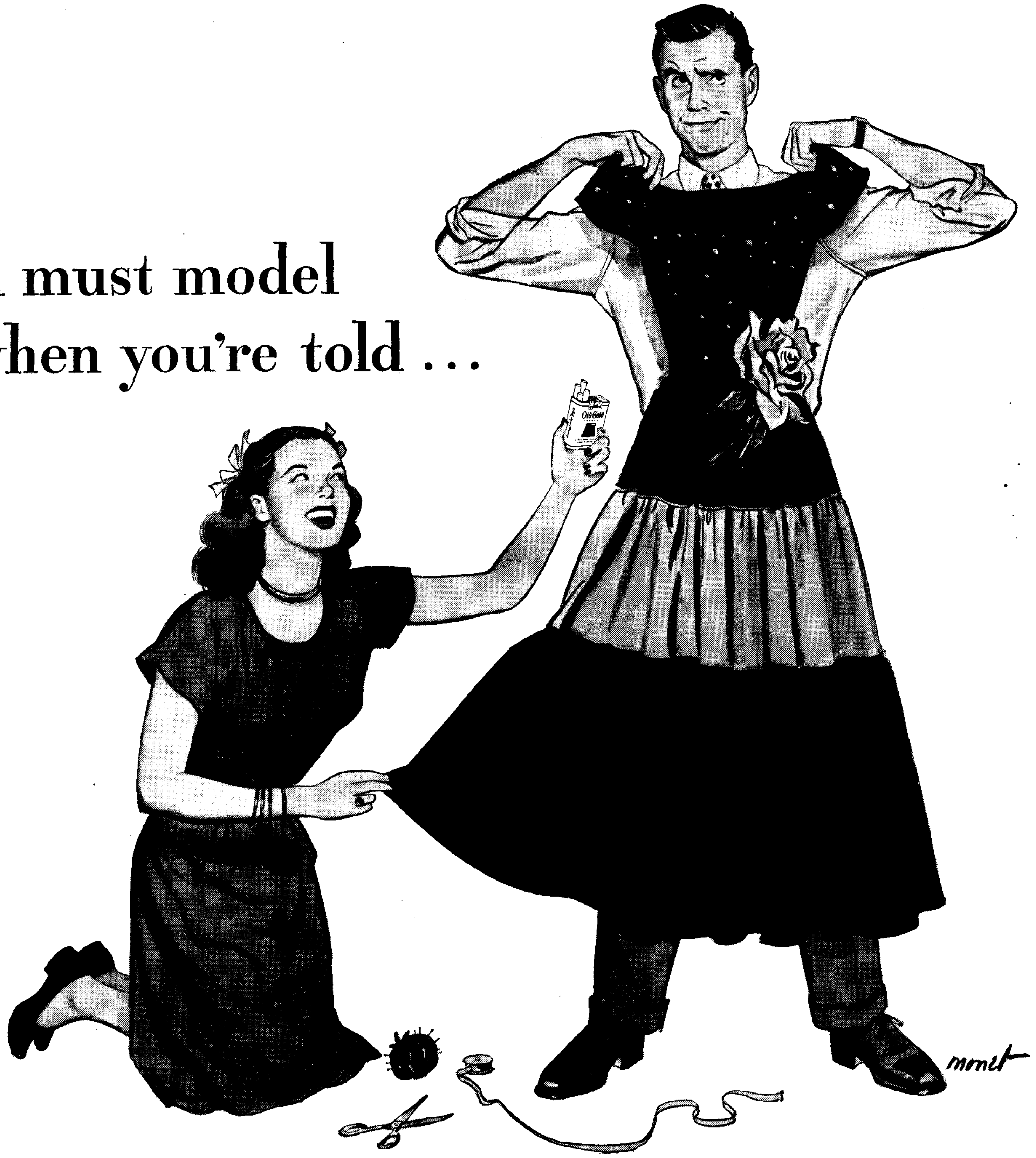
The idea that this country should take over the mineral resources of the Continental Shelf contiguous to its territory, if not traceable directly to Japanese action, was certainly spurred by the Japanese assault on Pearl Harbor. Compelled to spend its resources with a prodigal hand to ensure victory, the United States ended the war almost bankrupt so far as some mineral resources were concerned.

We had, for instance, spent 6,000,000,000 barrels of oil—almost a third of our total known oil reserves. Our supplies of copper, zinc, and other metals were so low as to cause us in some respects to be classed with the "Have-Nots" instead of with the "Haves" nations of the world.

Many of our experts worried that, in future wars, so far as oil was concerned, we would have to depend upon foreign countries or else turn to the submerged lands of the Continental Shelf.

Out of this concern in the Department

If you must model when you're told . . .



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For new and real smoking relaxation . . . change to the cigarette with definite extra friendly qualities. Try a pack of extra friendly Old Golds today.

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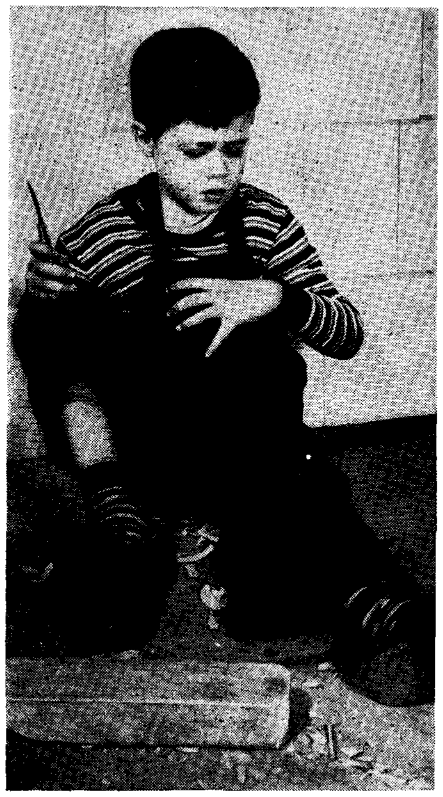
Never neglect a finger cut



Any finger cut can become infected. Never take a chance!

Treat the cut properly. Then put on a BAND-AID* — the Johnson & Johnson adhesive bandage. It comes to you sterile; keeps out dirt, helps prevent infection.

Four times as many doctors recommend BAND-AID as any other ready-made adhesive bandage. Keep one box at home — one where you work.

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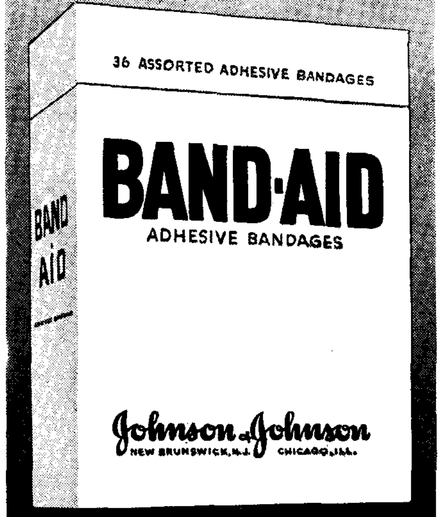

*BAND-AID is the Reg. Trade mark of the adhesive bandage made exclusively by Johnson & Johnson.

of the Interior over the depletion of our resources by the war, plus the memory of Japanese depredations upon our fishery resources off the coast of Alaska, was generated the concept of extending the territorial limits of the United States to the edge of the Continental Shelf.

In this way, argued such experts as the geophysicist, Dr. F. W. Lee, we could reserve for all time not only the mineral resources of the Continental Shelf to this country, but we could also protect the great fisheries off our coast, and we needed both.

The original proposal that I discussed with President Roosevelt as early as June, 1943, was that the United States claim sovereignty over the entire Continental Shelf and the waters above it. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, this proposal had to be passed upon by numerous international lawyers, with the result that the original scope of our proposal was somewhat whittled down.

Properly so, I am now convinced (although I took some convincing), because unless we limited the jurisdictional claims of the United States, many treaties based upon the three-mile limit would have had to be renegotiated.

The war so delayed the issuance of the proclamations that by the time that they were promulgated they had been approved not only by President Roosevelt but also by President Truman, and by three Secretaries of State—Cordell Hull, Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., and James F. Byrnes.

Technical and Legal Questions

Two different kinds of difficult problems are raised by the proclamations, and these must be solved to make the most of the treasure which we have acquired. One group consists of the technical problems of discovery and extraction—the finding of the answers to the question: Where precisely is this wealth and how can it best be gathered? These are the concern of the geologist, the geophysicist, the marine biologist, and the engineer—petroleum, mining or marine. The second set of problems are legal ones.

The most pressing legal problems revolve about the question: Who owns the oil lands which may be found in the Continental Shelf? So far as I know, President Roosevelt was one of the first to raise the question as to the ownership—state or federal—of oil found under the ocean but within the three-mile limit. He did this when I lunched with him in April, 1937, and, as a result of his interest, a bill was introduced in Congress about a year later affirming title in the United States to the oil lands under the Pacific off the California coast and setting these lands aside as a naval oil reserve.

Congressman Hatton Sumners, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House, was of the opinion that no bill was necessary and suggested that the easiest way for the federal government to determine who held title was for the Attorney General to bring suit. The Secretary of the Navy joined with me in asking that such a suit be brought. This suit was finally started last year.

Even before the suit was brought, the opposition to the determination of the question whether the states or the federal government held title was loud and vehement. An attempt was made to have Congress quitclaim the rights of the federal government to such oil lands. A resolution to this end was introduced, and powerful lobbyists beat the drums for its passage.

This movement, which might deprive the federal government of the control over what may be its last source of oil on this continent, is being pushed by certain oil companies under the wing of California, to which they are paying royalties. The California oil companies' offshore oil-drilling activities in the past have been subject to little or no supervision by the state. Understandably, they wish to continue this situation.

What complicates the question is the fact that oil deposits know no boundaries such as a three-mile limit, hence wells may tap pools which extend well beyond not only the low-tide mark, but even the three-mile limit.

Probably the state's solution to this complicated question would be to claim jurisdiction over all of the mineral oils of the Continental Shelf adjacent to the land territory of the state.

Another potential source of business for the legal profession lies in the fact that the proclamations extending the jurisdiction of the United States, coupled with the yet dimly preconceived facts of an atomic age, may presage considerable qualification or even the end of the three-mile limit. Even now this limit is but little more useful than a vermiform appendix. We have guns which will shoot not 3 but 30 miles and more, rockets that will go hundreds of miles, and bombs which can be carried thousands of miles by airplane.

Nor is armament the only advancing field. Science has produced ways to explore and to use the bed of the ocean, even though it may lie beneath hundreds of feet of water. In the face of this mechanical progress, it may become necessary to find a new basis for defining the geographic reach of the governmental interests of a country which borders on an ocean.

How best to explore, exploit, and conserve the tremendous resources which we have just claimed are problems to which science has already supplied many of the answers. For instance, geologists are willing to stake their reputations on the proposition that much of the Continental Shelf of the United States contains oil.

The reason for this belief is that the Shelf has been the site of the same kind of natural oil-building processes which created oil fields in the land areas of the United States. In actuality, the present coast line of the country is fortuitous. In the ice age, for instance, the coast line of North America corresponded fairly closely to the boundaries of its Continental Shelf. As the ice melted, the seas rose and covered the Shelf.

Most of our petroleum was created from marine life, both plant and animal. The oil now being pumped in Oklahoma, Texas, Pennsylvania, and Illinois all had its origin in the days, some hundreds of millions of years ago, when the seas covered these areas. Down the ages, rivers flowed to these seas and then, as now, carried with them great volumes of mud and sand to be spread out over the sea bottom. Every day of every year, new layers of sediment were deposited over the sea floor. Thus were built the great strata of compacted muds and sands which characterize the formation penetrated in driving our oil wells. These sea-bottom muds and sands, compressed during thousands of geological yesterdays by the weight of thousands of feet of overlying muds and sands, eventually became the shales and limestones and sandstones of today.

The Sources of Petroleum

The mass of microscopic plant and animal life which came into the sea with the river silts, together with the much greater volume of similar tiny marine plants and animals, comprised the stuff whence comes petroleum. These organisms, dead and settled to the bottom, and buried by layers of muds, slowly decomposed to yield, among other products, gas and oil.

Our knowledge of the habitat of petroleum is now so precise that geologists can generally estimate where it will occur by the nature of what they call the crystalline basement. This is the rock structure upon which during the years the waters have deposited the countless layers of sedimentary rock.

Where the contour of the crystalline basement and the rock strata composed of successive layers of ancient sediments are generally rolling, oil is likely to be found near the top of the slopes.

Technology has now advanced to the point where geological structures, even though underwater, may be located with accuracy, and drilling methods may be successfully adapted to tapping underwater oil. One private company has already made a survey to a distance of 26 miles off the Louisiana coast.

Tangible evidence of the value of these methods is found in the discovery in 1938 of the Creole Field beneath the waters of the Gulf of Mexico about a mile offshore from Cameron Parish, Louisiana. A second offshore oil field was flushed in the Gulf in

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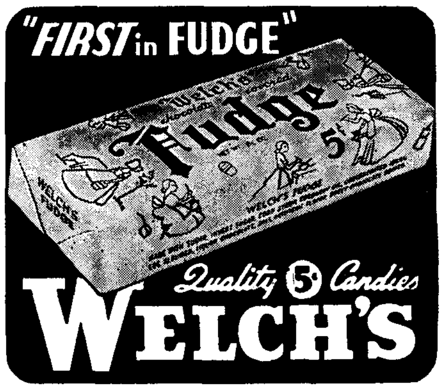

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Methods which have been developed for locating oil-bearing structures on the Continental Shelf include magnetic, gravimetric, and seismic surveys. These could be made rapidly from airplanes, submarines, and surface ships.

I can just hear mining engineers and prospectors saying, "Well, just how does the Department of the Interior propose to mark the boundaries of an oil lease on the Continental Shelf under 600 feet of water." I haven't got a precise answer to that one yet but we have several promising suggestions. I can assure these skeptical mining engineers that they will not be troubled by claim jumpers on the Continental Shelf.

The fisheries over which we have just claimed jurisdiction are vast, and, as in the mineral field, much work is needed to explore and locate these finny resources.

The value of these fisheries is probably better known to the Japanese than to us. Operating from auxiliary island bases at Saipan, North Borneo and Truk, the Japanese fished the South Pacific thoroughly, and the tuna that they caught was beginning to destroy the market for the tuna caught by American fishermen operating out of San Diego and San Pedro.

Before the war, the Japanese had at least five completely equipped ocean-going research vessels working on the problems of expanding their tuna fisheries in the Carolines alone. This was in addition to the ships that they sent to Alaskan waters. By contrast, the United States kept a single tiny fishery "research vessel" in the Pacific and it was confined to the inshore waters of Alaska.

The degree to which we will be able to exploit these vast fishery resources depends upon the bases in the Pacific which are made available to our fishing fleet for refueling and for getting bait for its fishery operations. This is true because even mother ships for tuna fishing must have a ready source of live bait, and the few small and scattered islands we possess in the South Pacific do not offer the best fish for live bait.

Without the right kind of conservation, it is possible that the salmon and tuna of the Pacific and the cod of the Bering Sea might go the way of the sea otter. This creature, because its fur was so highly valued by the court at St. Petersburg, was the victim of a relentless hunt that went on even after the United States gained possession of Alaska. Finally, when the sea otter had almost disappeared, laws were passed making it illegal to own the fur. Although this law is 50 years old, the number of sea otter is still minute. In fact, Dr. Ira N. Gabrielson, the director of the Fish and Wildlife Service, refuses to tell even his best friends the location of those few islands in the Aleutian Chain which are now inhabited by this rare animal.

We must have not only a program to exploit these fishery resources but a program to conserve them so that they may be always available. Conservation in this sense does not mean prohibiting fishing in the area. It means permitting fishing to the extent that the taking of the fish does not impair the continuance of the fish population.

The United States paid $7,200,000 for Alaska. The Danish West Indies cost us $25,000,000. All told, the Louisiana Purchase reached a total of $27,000,000. The minerals of the Continental Shelf and the fishery resources of the high seas contiguous to our shores have fallen into our hands at the cost of embossing two proclamations.

The expenditure of $25,000,000 or more for developing these resources would be a cheap price to pay. Further, at this moment in our history, there are great quantities of surplus material which could be used to develop them and which, if they are not so used, will be scrapped.

A Program of Development

President Truman has given the Department of the Interior the job of planning for the development of these great mineral and fishery resources, and present plans call for:

Ten research vessels to explore the fishery resources of the high seas. Surplus Victory ships could be converted to factory ships. So could some types of naval vessels.

Four smaller vessels to explore the mineral resources of the Continental Shelf. The Navy has hundreds of such surplus ships.

Dozens of planes to conduct magnetic surveys of the Continental Shelf. Pilots who learned their trade patrolling our coasts during the war would fit into these jobs.

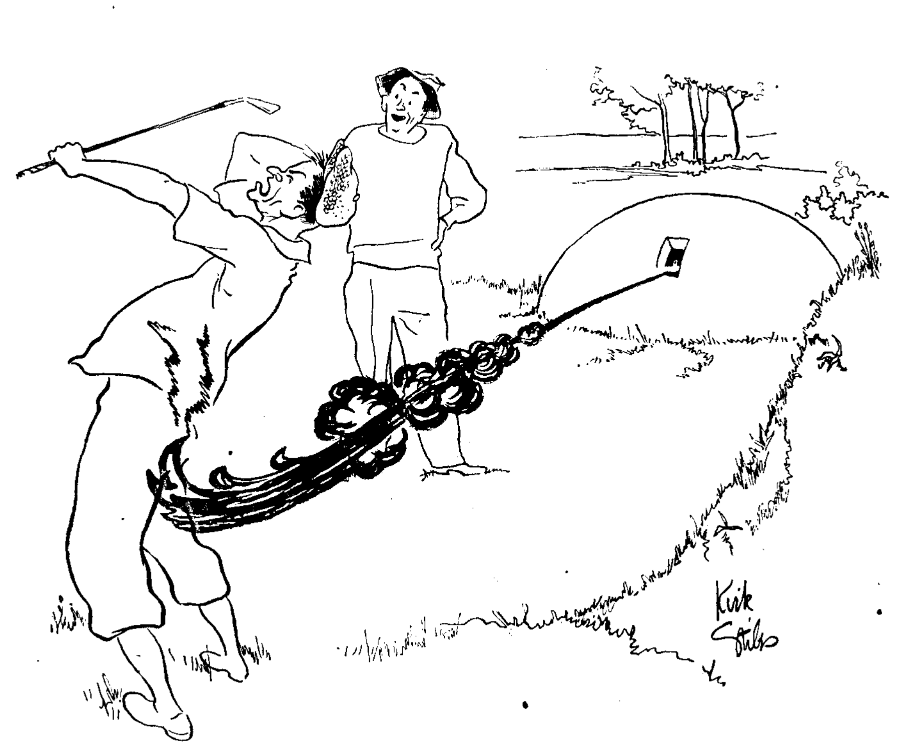
Bases in the South Pacific to supply our fishing fleet.

To operate such a program, bases in the United States would be needed. These could be supplied by the surplus port facilities which are now controlled by the Army and the Navy.

In this way and at comparatively little cost to the United States, we could inventory the riches that we have acquired.

I am convinced that the cost of such a program would more than be repaid by the resources which would be located and exploited. The discovery of just one first-rate oil field would balance the account, for many Gulf Coast oil fields contain 50,000,000 barrels or more, and oil is selling at more than $1 a barrel.

THE END



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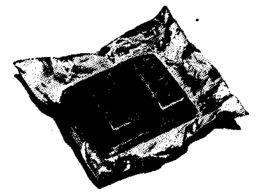

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Park River, North Dakota	State Senator	He admitted nobody had asked him to be a candidate—"It was my own idea."
Denver, Colorado	State Auditor	He declared he wanted the job because the $4,000 salary appealed to him.
Orangeburg, South Carolina	State Legislator	He stated, "I am lazy, have a very limited education and a bad disposition."
Fraser, Michigan	Drain Commissioner	He publicly expressed the opinion that, in the *best interests of the community, the office for* which he was running should be abolished.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

The Terrible Morning

Continued from page 13

"I couldn't hold it, Mize. My belly's dancing."

"Then I'll take it for you."

"What's he saying?" Jane demanded.

"Nothing," I lied.

"Suppose I get that drink for *you*. You're jittering."

"Suppose you do. A double."

She went out of the lab with Lorna trotting after her. I took another recording. Cosmic ray frequency was up to ninety-eight. I reported it to Donner. Gelhaus made a report—up to ninety-one there. His being at sea level made the difference, we figured—that plus the difference in temperatures. Jane came back with the drink. While I was downing it, Jane went to the mirror window.

"Come here, Frank," she called.

I looked at Kiesel's supernova. It had got bigger but seemed less intense. It wasn't sharply defined any more, rather like a circular cloud mass.

I took one look, then went back to the phone. "Chief, what's your sky up there at Wilson?"

"Yellow," said Donner. "Like sodium lights."

"Exactly like that here," I said.

"Here, too," said Gelhaus. "Earthquake weather—"

Jane called, "Frank—quick—"

The mirror window showed what shocked that out of her. A Mexican, extremely old, wrinkled the way they get, was walking stiffly through the tangle of the First Street traffic, not noticing the crowds or streetcars or the automobiles. Straight up the middle of the street he came, his eyes staring in front of him.

I said, "Dead drunk. Loco or drunk—"

The buzzer rasped. Gelhaus was talking rapidly.

"—he's going out into the water now. Not stopping—now he's wading out, just like the woman did, exactly like the woman, Chief. I'm going after him!"

"Gelhaus! *Don't leave that lab.* Your duty is to stay inside your lab."

"The hell with that. I'm going—God!"

And then his tongue seemed thick.

"A wave went over him, like happened with the woman who went wading out. I've sat here like a log and watched two people drown, both of them walking into it like sleepwalkers. Chief, I—I'm sick again. You can't just sit and watch—"

"Frank!" Jane screamed. "Frank!"

I ran to her.

"That Mexican," she cried. "I saw it, Frank. I saw him walk straight into it—"

He lay there twisted in the street. A car had skidded past him to the curb.

"They jammed the brakes," Jane whispered, shivering. "He didn't try. He never seemed to see—"

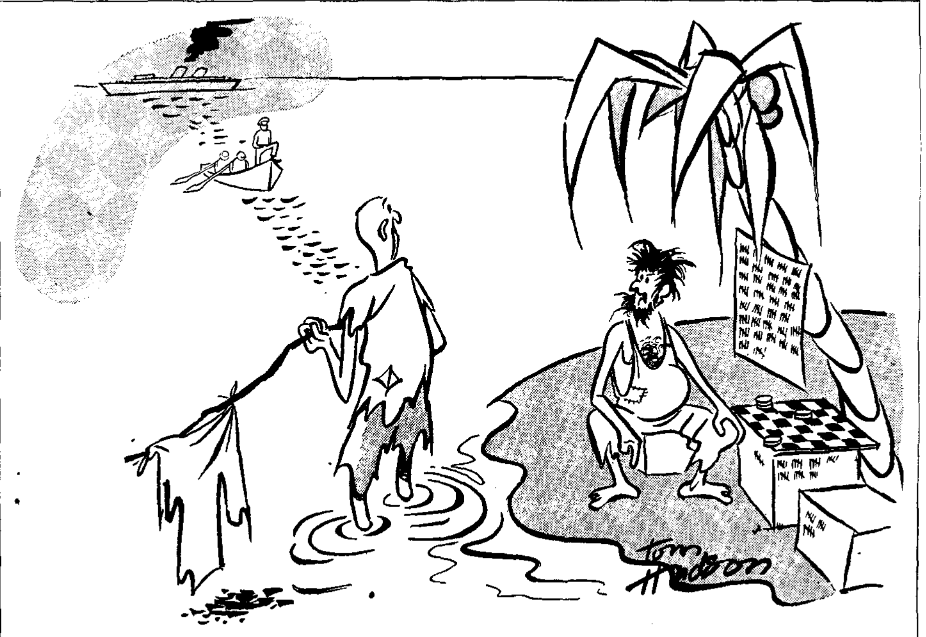
"Will you shut up?" I snapped. She stared incredulously at me. Her eyes got wet. I took her to the couch and knelt beside her. "Sorry I spoke like that, but I had to do it, Jane. I had to break your tension. This—well, just forget it. Can you take a drink?"

She shivered uncontrollably, shaking her head at me. I guess she thought I was pretty terrible. I went back to the phone and told the chief about the Mexican.

"It can't be coincidence," he said.

"Meaning what, Chief?"

"I know," said Gelhaus. "What's your recording, Mize?"



"Don't forget now—you owe me eight hundred thousand dollars!"

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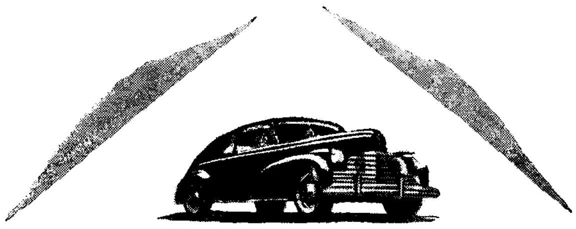

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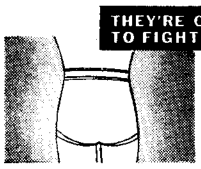
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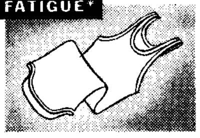
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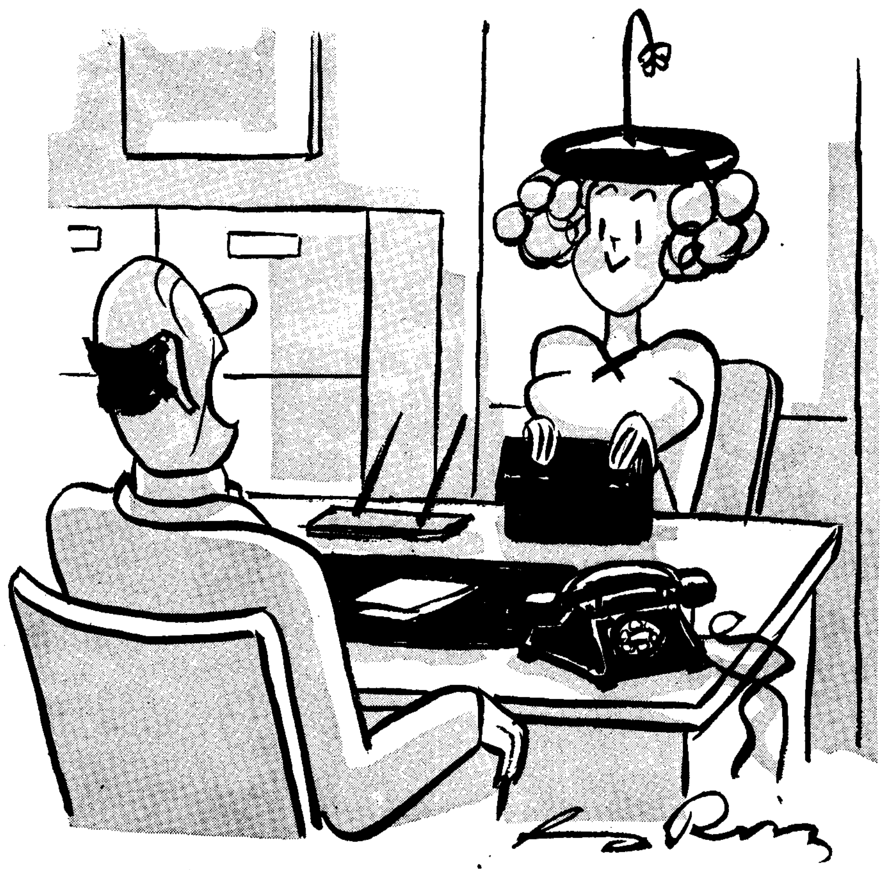

COLLIER'S

"Any other secretarial experience besides writing letters to fellows all over the world?"

IRVING ROIR

"One hundred and nine. Eleven more points and the recorder's through."

Then Donner's voice: "Mine is through now. It's one-twenty above normal at Mount Wilson."

"Where's Kiesel?" I demanded. "What's he say?"

"I've shut my lab door. Haven't heard from him."

I looked across at Jane. She was quiet now, lying there with her hands squeezed into fists. I tried to smile at her. It didn't work. I got a feeling then that nothing now was going to work. I didn't bother with the ray recorder any more. I sat watching Jane.

GELHAUS' voice snapped me out of it. "Listen, Donner, and you, Mize. I want you to hear every word of this. I want you to check back with me. I've got to know that I'm not crazy now. Listen—a woman's coming past the Speedway now. Three kids with her. She's got that dead look on her face. One of the kids is bawling, hanging back. The others don't look at the bawling kid. They're walking down across the beach. Just straight ahead. They walk stiff-legged. The kid that's bawling stops, the other three go on. They're walking down into the surf, out to their knees. The other kid stops bawling. Now he's walking forward, too, not looking anywhere at all. They're going out—way out—the other kid, too—only their heads above the water now. A wave! They're—gone! All four are gone! All four—have drowned!"

"Gelhaus!" It was the chief, his voice like clanging iron. "Get away from that window and sit down and get control of yourself. When you're sure, go back and watch. You, too, Mize. Tell me everything. It's going in the wax. Take your phones with you and stay at the windows. Understand?"

"Yes, Chief," said Gelhaus.

"Understand me, Mize?"

I said, "Yes, Chief."

"All right—now everything. As if your eyes were cameras. It's for the wax. The whole of it! Now, go!"

I took my chair and phone to the mirror window, then went across to Jane. I bent, quickly, and kissed her. Jane said, "I'm sorry, Frank."

"Sorry for what?"

"That we turned out the way we did. But you'll be happier."

"Will I?"

"Yes, you'll—"

The buzzer jerked at me. This time it hurt. But I went back. Gelhaus was talking fast.

"Yellow haze deepening at Redondo Beach. Sun's halfway to its zenith. Supernova like a vast luminous cloud. Sea a deep purple. Temperature, one-ten. I think—man coming from the Speedway, walking stiffly. Heading for the surf. Behind him a woman—no, it's two women. There are four of them, Chief. All past middle age. There's another kid—another man, quite old. It seems that all of them are very old or very young—the weak, the sick. Susceptible. And they—they don't see anything. It's like they're stunned. Just walking—through the sand—some more of them. A steady stream of them. The Speedway's getting thick with them. Coming from every—Chief! Good God Almighty, Chief!"

"Gelhaus! Gelhaus!"

"The children, Chief! Faces are dead. A woman's going in the water now. And more—more of them walking in. Stolid. A wave—"

"Thick sodium haze at Broadway and First," I started hastily. "The intersection's jammed with cars, many of them empty now. A streetcar's running wild. It plows into a truck. The passengers are getting out. A girl, hysterical, starts running this way, screaming. Passengers mill stupidly on First Street. And this is west—they're walking west. The supernova's mass apparently is westward from me now. Sidewalks are jammed. A mob, it's like. Shoving this way, sluggishly, toward the west. Two young policemen trying to break it up. It's nearly half and half, those trudging west, those fighting to escape the tide of it. There's a policeman walking with that stiff tread now. The traffic tie-up is incredible. And rioting—at least a hundred of them fighting against being sucked into the mob."

NOW Gelhaus resumed: "Street leading inland from the speedway swarming. Side streets—they're coming out of the side streets, and they're all going west. It's like—like a migration of the lemmings—"

"Column of smoke rising on East First in Little Tokyo," I said. "East First solid with people swarming up toward Bunker Hill. No police now—they've run away or joined the mob. Look out—too sudden for me—it's a plane, a crash. Crowd wiped out at the intersection. Flames all over the place. Gasoline, I guess. But they—keep—marching—straight into it—"

I felt Jane's fingers dig into my shoulder muscles. Frantically. I couldn't turn around. I felt it again, but I couldn't look at her. My voice, droning, kept on in spite of me.

"Crowds milling around the fire—continu-

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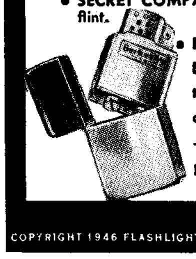
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ing west. Broadway in both directions choked with wrecked or abandoned cars. Marchers are pressing hard against these buildings' walls. They're being crushed, Chief—"

"Like lemmings," Gelhaus interrupted, "in migration. Haze is deepening. It's like a fog, a yellow fog. Redondo pier is rocking back and forth with people—it's black with them—crawling all over it. Crawling and spilling off the end until— Like Japs committing suicide at Okinawa. This is atomic fission, Chief—a vaster bomb, a star exploding and the world goes crazy. Chief, we're watching that! Chief, Chief, the pier! It's sagging—the pilings— There it goes!"

"Fire sweeping out of Little Tokyo up First Street," I droned on. "Billowing smoke all over the sky. Walls of the shops of First Street crack under the pressure of the mob. Bricks and plaster are falling from everywhere. Entire wall falling outward into the street burying them. And they're still coming. Flames running fast up East First now. Fires on Bunker Hill. A tinder box up there. It's almost an explosion. And they're rushing right into it. They're trapped—they don't realize it but they're trapped!"

Donner cried sharply, "My ray recorder! It's working again. Cosmic ray frequency is *down!* It's going *down!* It's down to one-nineteen. It's falling fast—"

"The supernova's vanished," Gelhaus cried. "Lost in the haze. It's burned out, or it blew up. What happened? How did it happen? Get hold of Kiesel—"

"Kiesel has gone. I'm alone up here. They wouldn't get into the lab. The lead would have saved them, but they wouldn't come in. I saw them go—Kiesel and his assistants, walking like those you saw, staring and stiff and straight ahead, due west. There was no way for them. They went over the mountain's side. It drops a thousand feet. Kiesel's gone. They're all gone."

"The beach here. It's awful, Chief. You don't know— The rays are falling. Down to one-seventeen—"

"A wall's collapsing here at First—"

SUDDENLY my voice went dead. I saw the two of them outside. I hadn't heard her leaving me. I hadn't heard the closing of the lab door while I talked. But it was Jane. Moving with Hobey close against the wall outside. Jane, terrified by what she saw for the first time. Jane, turning suddenly backward to the door. Then Hobey stumbled. Jane tried to catch his hand. But as she did it, I saw the stiffening of her arm.

I ran. The lab door, opening, let in a wall of heat. I plunged ahead. I tripped and fell. My head struck on the sidewalk and I felt the blood. And then, in front of me, I saw them—Jane and Hobey, dazed, unhurried, wide-eyed, stiff. My legs wouldn't do what I wanted them to do. And now my mind itself was getting fuzzy. Heat and that haze, the yellow haze. Time died. My hand reached Jane's. I knew somehow that I was lifting her. I started back. It was the way that walking in a dream is, slow and retarded by a force you cannot understand. And then at last indifference.

"I've got," the thought came, "to go back—that other way."

I'd reached our door. Something was tugging at my leg. That moment, while I was numb with indecision, with Jane rigid in my arms, that tug, that small and ineffectual pulling guided me. I reached the living room, the lab. I stumbled through into it, under the lead roof. Again I fell. And it was Lorna that I saw, licking my face. And then the lights went out.

WHEN I came to, Jane was sitting up. She sobbed, shaking her head at me. "And I thought that you meant to let me go!"

I said, "I never meant to let you go."

"I never meant to go. That's why I stayed at first. Until, there at the end, you wouldn't even speak to me—"

"Jane," I said, "I had to keep on talking in that—Jane! The phone!"

When I got there I heard Bob Gelhaus' voice, strident with jubilance.

"They're waking up! They're getting up and walking, all the ones that are still alive. They're crazy now, sick with a panic they don't understand. But they're coming out of it. It's over! It's over, Chief!"

"Recording down to fifty-four," came Donner's voice. "And dropping fast."

"Donner! Gelhaus!" I shouted.

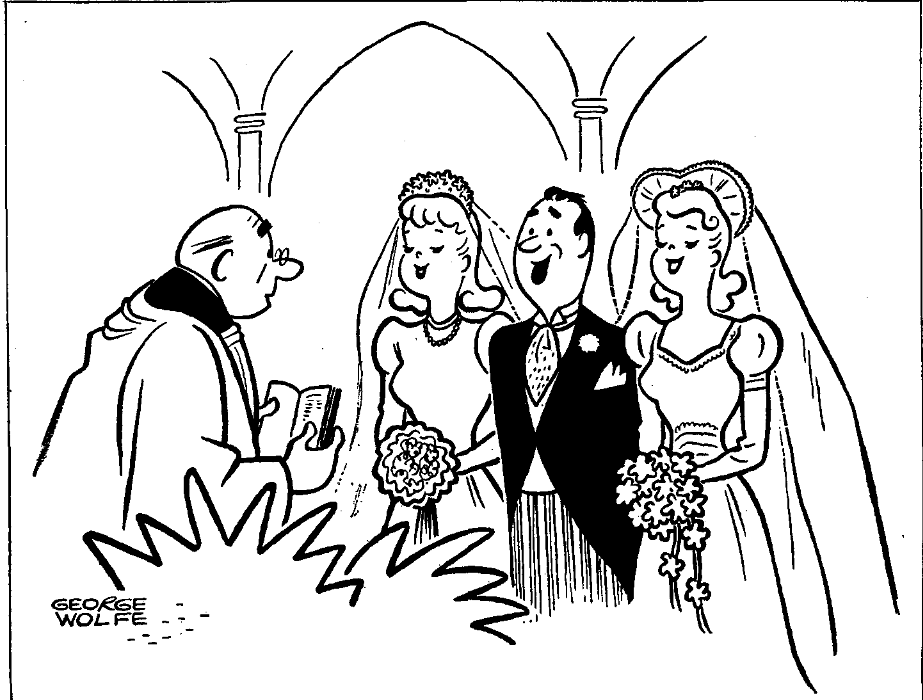
"Mize!" Gelhaus yelled. "We thought we'd lost you—"

"It's over, Mize," the chief was droning on the wire. "The earth has gotten by with it. A tragedy, the worst of time—but still the earth has gotten by with it. It's luck—luck, and time. Sometimes they burn out quickly like this. We may never know why. Go to your window now. And tell me everything. Get it on the wax. We're the only people who can do it. Mize—"

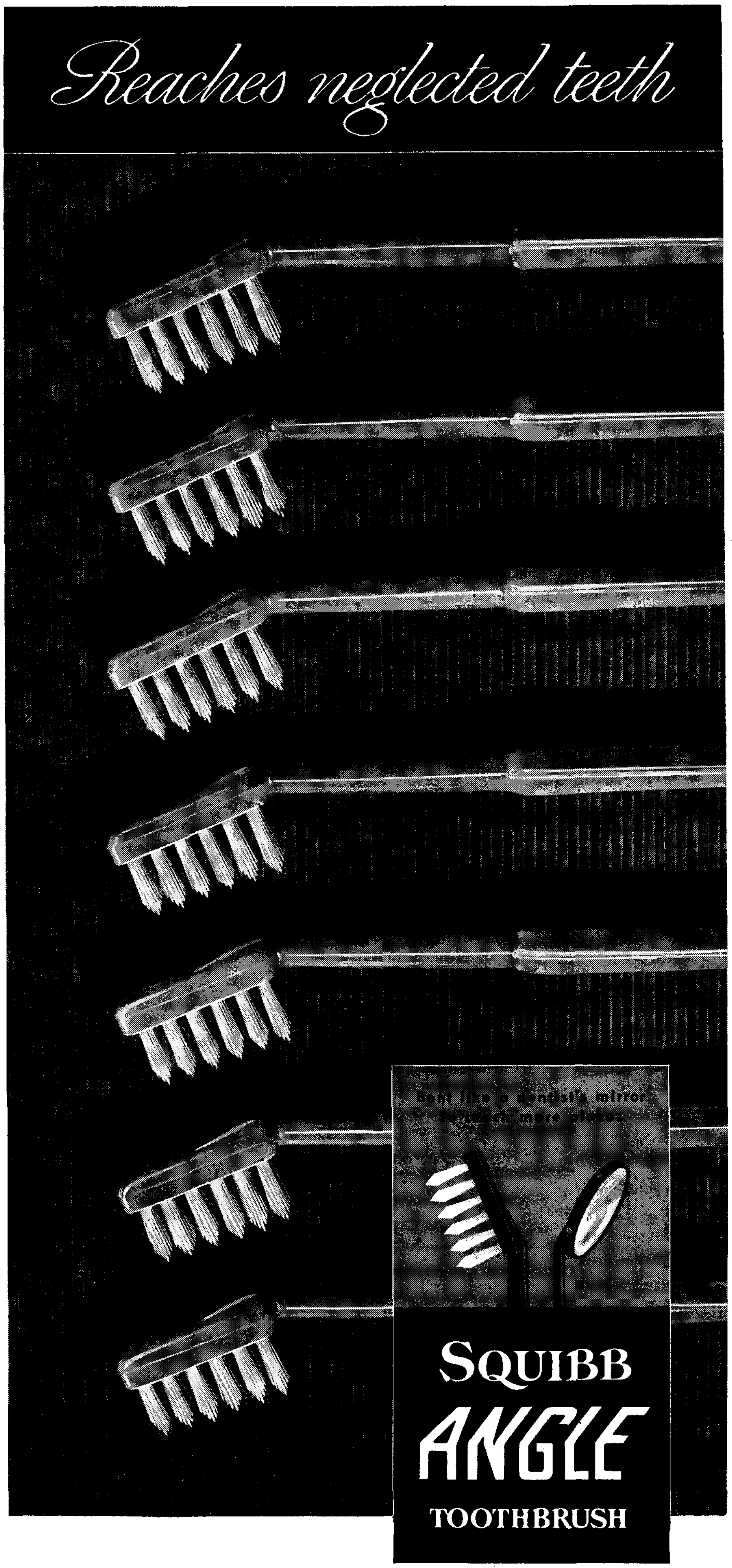
So I went to the mirror window. I watched the stunned city awakening. I saw the two fires burn themselves out when they reached the Civic Center. I saw the last, most poignant hour of it. The heaps of dead, the terrible hysteria. Jane watched with me and I held her arm tightly to keep her close. And Lorna, who had pulled us back—Lorna stood faithfully at our feet.

I was limp and shaky—I couldn't hold a match and I didn't trust my knees—and I still couldn't think straight; but a lot of things began to make sense all of a sudden. I knew Jane and I were all right together and always would be. And I knew I'd never have the urge to kick Lorna in the teeth again. I reached down to pat her, and before I knew what was going on, I was kneeling down and hugging her as hard as I could.

THE END



COLLIER'S "What! You never heard of a double wedding?" GEORGE WOLFE



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BAD NEIGHBOR POLICY

BY EDWARD TOMLINSON

VICTOR DE PALMA–PIX

Former Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., (above) led the American delegation into another compromise with Axis-minded Argentina at the Pan-American Conference at Mexico City, thereby veering a bit from the long-term policy which Cordell Hull (below) laid down at another conference in Montevideo in 1933

INTERNATIONAL

In 1942 the first of a series of compromises in our Latin-American relations was a triumph for a Nazi Secret Service agent. Later ones have badly damaged our prestige south of the Rio Grande

ANYONE who spends a little time south of the Rio Grande today will discover that the Good Neighbor Policy is but a shadow of its former self. That happy phrase of the late Franklin D. Roosevelt no longer serves as the magic password it once did almost everywhere in that part of the world. For that matter, it is fast becoming an anachronism even in Washington.

The most competent among the men in the U.S. State Department generally agree that the deterioration of our inter-American relations is due in great measure to the long-drawn-out controversy over the Argentine question. And to the efforts of Johann Siegfried Becker.

Herr Becker was only a *Hauptsturmfuehrer* in the Nazi Secret Service, but at one time he was the most powerful German in South America. For more than five years he directed and masterminded all Nazi subversive activities on the southern continent, and a goodly portion of those in our own country and Canada, using Argentina as a base.

Part of Becker's job was to create dissension among the Americas. In this task, by his own admission, he helped to engineer the first of a series of diplomatic compromises with the pro-Axis Argentine government.

In January of 1942, in the darkest days of the war, Hitler's trusted agent was conveniently in Rio de Janeiro to keep watch on the secretaries of state and ministers of foreign affairs from the twenty-one American Republics, who had gathered in the Brazilian capital for consultation. Previously in an agreement signed at Havana in July of 1940, all these countries had pledged themselves to make common cause in the event any one of them should be attacked by any aggressor power. Some of them, especially Argentina, had failed to respond to the pledge.

The Argentine delegation, headed by Foreign Minister Dr. Enrique Ruiz Guiñazú, an old friend of Generalissimo Franco of Spain and former emissary to the government of Mussolini, held out against any definite break with Rome, Berlin and Tokyo. We now know that Ruiz Guiñazú was under the influence of several advisers in the Buenos Aires Foreign Office who were ardently pro-Nazi, the most important among whom was Mario Amadeo, a confidant of Becker's.

A subcommittee made up of Dr. Oswaldo Aranha, then Brazil's Foreign Minister, Sumner Welles, head of the United States delegation, the Secretary of State of Mexico, Dr. Ezequiel Padilla, and others was appointed to put the Argentine minister through the diplomatic third degree. "If the Argentines," Mr. Welles told one correspondent, "do not live up to their pledge for common action they will be left completely outside the fold."

While the group was still conferring behind closed doors, Senator Tom Connally, in a righteous but extremely ill-timed statement in Washington, declared that if the Argentine government didn't go along, the people of Argentina ought to get a new government.

At almost that very hour, and without knowledge of the North American outburst, the head of the Argentine delegation, tired out and at the end of his wits for arguments, had apparently given in. No official announcement was made because any agreement reached by the subcommittee would of course have to be presented to the full committee for its okay.

Mr. Welles hurriedly called United States correspondents to his suite in the Copacabana Palace Hotel and told them, off the record, of the great victory. When someone expressed fear that Buenos Aires might not confirm its Foreign Minister's action, Mr. Welles promptly reassured them. He had seen the minister's credentials, he said, which gave Ruiz Guiñazú complete authority to make decisions on his own.

Overconfidence Loses Agreement

Everyone went to bed that night confident. But they had reckoned without Becker and the nineteen clandestine short-wave radio stations he had set up in Brazil. Becker himself was eventually to reveal that during the night messages flashed back and forth between Rio and the headquarters stations in Berlin. At any rate, next morning, acting President Ramón Castillo condemned the Connally statement as interference in the affairs of the Argentine government. He used it as an excuse to reject the agreement of the afternoon before.

Meantime fear of the Axis was beginning to haunt such men as democratic-minded Padilla and others to such an extent that they immediately resumed the campaign for united action. Some made direct appeals to Buenos Aires. For days the Aranha subcommittee continued the argument. Oh, yes, Dr. Ruiz Guiñazú wanted to go along. He agreed that the unity of the Americas must be preserved. There was the Havana pledge all right enough. But what could he do? The Argentine president himself had already rejected the previous resolution which called for immediate and positive action. If only a formula for unity could be found.

Eventually "a formula for unity" was found. Instead of calling for an outright severance with the Axis the document only "recommended the breaking of diplomatic relations with Japan, Germany and Italy." Curiously enough even today no record has been found in this country as to who offered it.

But we now have Becker's own version of what happened. At the moment the once powerful Nazi is under "protective" arrest in Buenos Aires. Becker and his associates had kept in constant radio touch with Berlin. He admits that at one time he was afraid "we had lost the battle, but Senator Connally's statement at the crucial moment enabled us to save the day."

"In order to cloud the issue and gain time," Becker is reported as saying, "we began pumping the old poison of Yankee intervention and imperialism into fanatical Argentine nationalists, as well as our own sympathizers. Friends of the government, and especially those on the delegation, began calling for reprisals, the defense of Argentine sovereignty, self-respect and so on."

Becker reveals how German pressure on Castillo officials delayed action in the Rio Conference until a complete deadlock developed. At this point Nazi propaganda began spouting hypocritical appeals about the importance of unity and a fitting formula, one that would preserve the solidarity of the Americas. Eventually, presto, there it was. "The German Embassy in Buenos Aires," Becker declares, "was the author of the word 'recommend' which went into the final resolution."

And that, many diplomatic experts agree, was the first tragic step in the frustration of the Good Neighbor Policy. The importance of keeping agreements, they point out, was one of its principal cornerstones. It was on this basis that former Secretary of State Cordell Hull and his associates applied the policy with such striking success for a period of more than ten years.

But with the retirement of Hull, new men came in—described by some as "the junior good neighbors." Aside from the new Secretary, Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., others appointed to tussle with hemisphere problems were the youthful and ebullient Nelson Rockefeller, Assistant Secretary in Charge of Inter-American Relations, and Avra Warren, career man about Latin America. Mr. Warren's chief claim to fame up to that moment was his much-criticized mission to Bolivia which resulted in a recommendation that the Nazi-Argentine instigated revolutionary government of President Major Gualberto Villarroel be accorded our diplomatic blessing.

The new team set forth with frequent assurances that there would be no veering from the course Cordell Hull had set. But before long they were careening with every breeze. Mr. Hull's critics attacked his policies as wanton and imperialistic interference in the internal affairs of our "good neighbors." Washington emissaries of the Latin-American dictator countries whispered that the campaign against the Argentines, their "blood brothers," was destroying inter-American solidarity.

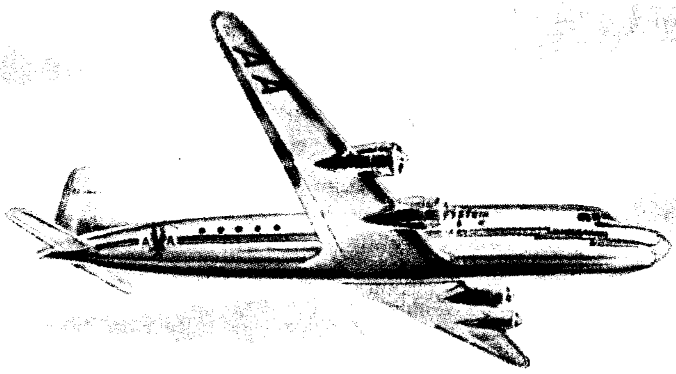
Professional Yankee-baiters below the border also got out their almost rusty tin horns and proceeded to puff away against the old colossus, at so much a puff. "Reunite the Americas" became the watchword even around the State Department. Soon plans were under way for a conference on Chapultepec (Grasshopper) Hill in Mexico City, a conference which was to result in another compromise.

Argentina Absent from Meeting

The Mexican meeting was called without the Argentines and immediately the complaints started. How could the Americas be unified without the presence of one of the most important of them, whose acts and policies had been the subject of particular concern? There were predictions that the absence of Argentina would cause an explosion.

The explosion materialized in the very first meeting of the steering committee, called to examine the credentials of those who would participate. But it was a pop gun. The delegate from Paraguay, spokesman for dictator President Higinio Morinigo, a creature of Col. Juan Perón the Argentine *Fuehrer*, dutifully deplored the absence of representatives from Paraguay's great and noble neighbor. This brought Mexico's blunt Castillo Nájera, then Mexican ambassador in Washington and now Minister of Foreign Affairs, charging in from the sidelines. Shaking a

(*Continued on page* 73)



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• • •

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N. W. AYER & SON

A Man Needs a Horse

Continued from page 40

the reins firmly. "Get up, there," Father said.

Before I could draw a long breath we were out of the driveway and into the road. Dick had started so suddenly that Father's hat fell off into the buggy seat. "Whoa there, you damned fool," Father exclaimed. But we were three blocks down the street before Father finally got his hat back on his head. When he pulled Dick to a slower pace, at last, the horse kept throwing his head back against the checkrein, and dark streaks of sweat began showing on his sorrel hide wherever the harness touched him. "He's like all thoroughbreds," Father said to me. "Full of fire and spirit."

The fire and spirit came out with a vengeance a few moments later when there was a rushing rumble of sound and Mr. Van Norman drew up beside us. "Well, John," he shouted, "see you've got yourself a stepper."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before Dick started stepping. He had the bit in his teeth and he pulled Father halfway out of the seat. "Whoa there, boy, easy now," Father kept saying.

We had reached the Baker corner before Father was able to pull the horse down to a slower pace. When Mr. Van Norman caught up with us again his beard was powdered gray with the dust he had taken. "How do you like it?" Father shouted.

"He looks all right," Mr. Van Norman admitted.

"I don't mean the horse," Father called back loudly. "I mean the dust."

THE next day was Saturday, and Saturday was always a slow, quiet day on our street. People mowed their lawns and watered their gardens, and the warm air was drowsy with the hum of insects and the soft sound of women's voices coming from the awninged porches.

Thus it was that along toward five o'clock when the setting sun sent its low, flat light down from the hills along the Sioux, Father and Mr. Van Norman had a good audience for their first real contest. I knew, almost to the second, when Father was supposed to turn into the straightaway at Baker's corner and I was there in time to see Mr. Van Norman pull his black mare into a walk. He kept glancing back over his shoulder and when Father came thudding up to make the turn, Mr. Van Norman was ready for him. He leaned forward, slacked up on the reins, and the little mare began to reach out. It wasn't quite fair to Father because he was about twenty feet behind when she hit her stride. But the gelding, nostrils flaring, was throwing his feet, too, and through the dust that boiled up from beneath flying hoofs, I heard Father yell: "Pull up, dammit, and make it even."

But Mr. Van Norman had no intention of relinquishing his advantage. He made Father eat his dust and when they reached our driveway, he gave a scornful gesture with his whip.

Walking home a little later I heard people on their porches discussing the race. Mr. Cathcart, our town's most important banker, was saying testily to his wife: "I declare, I don't know what Watkins and Van Norman are thinking of. This street won't be safe for life or limb the way they are carrying on."

When I came into our house Father's face was still gray with anger—and dust. "The blasted fool," he stormed at Mother, "he wouldn't give me a fair chance. Just wait till next time."

"John," Mother said, "I think you're being ridiculous. A businessman and the father of a growing boy. I'm sure I don't know what you can expect of Jeff when he grows up."

Father scowled and stomped off upstairs to his room where I heard him banging dresser drawers. . . .

Sunday was usually a long, dull day in our neighborhood but this time I managed to liven things up considerably by calling on Mr. Van Norman. I wanted to talk to him about horses.

I found him stretched out in an old Morris chair on the screened front porch eating a dish of ice cream. "Hello, Jeff," he called cheerily. "is your dad mad at me?"

"Well," I said, "he doesn't think you raced fair."

Mr. Van Norman threw his head back and laughed until his beard shook. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes. "Thinks that, does he? Well, Jeff, you tell him that tomorrow night we'll start even at Baker's corner. I don't want to take advantage of him and his hornless elk, but I'll beat him just the same. You tell him that." Then he lifted his voice and called out: "Martha, bring Jeff some ice cream."

WHEN I got home Father was asleep in the living room with a newspaper spread over his face. Mother was reading the Sunday Minneapolis Journal and when I came in she looked up and asked: "Where have you been, Jeff?"

I told her and when I mentioned what Mr. Van Norman had said, Father leaped from his chair as if he'd been stung by a bee. "Called Dick a hornless elk, did he? Why, that old blatherskite, I'll—"

"John," Mother said sharply, "sit down. I suppose you know you're acting like a child."

"Lou," Father shouted, "I'll not let that senile old jackass make a fool out of me."

"Mr. Van Norman doesn't need to make a fool of you," Mother said with some bitterness. "You're attending to that yourself."

"Very well, Lucy," Father said, breathing hard through his nose, "we'll not discuss the matter further."

Word gets about with astonishing speed in a small town. The next afternoon at about five-thirty every porch on our street was occupied and quite a group of people had collected at Baker's corner. Dave Sutton, the hardware man, was trying to bet anybody five dollars that, given an even start, Father's gelding could beat the mare in a half-mile race and come in with his head swinging. Mr. Greiner, our Sunday-school superintendent, kept saying that the whole affair was disgraceful, but I noticed him edging through the crowd in order to have a better view of the street up which Father and Mr. Van Norman would presently come.

At last they appeared, driving abreast at a spanking trot. Mr. Van Norman, looking almost Biblical with his long beard parted exactly in the middle and flowing back over his shoulders, was on the inside. As they reached the corner he cut in sharply, his light buggy taking the turn on two wheels. Father had to cover greater distance, rounding into the straightaway, and I heard him bawl out: "Hold back there, Van Norman, dammit all, hold back."

But Mr. Van Norman didn't believe in holding back. I had never heard a Rebel yell but his reply sounded like one. Father cut Dick across the rump with his whip and the sorrel leaped into the air wildly and broke into a plunging gallop. By the time Father had him pulled back to trotting again Mr. Van Norman was half a block away and going stronger every second. A titter ran through the crowd changing in an instant to loud laughter. I sneaked away and started legging it for home. I didn't want to hear any more. I just wanted to crawl off somewhere and hide.

When I came into the living room Father was waving his arms and shouting. Mother laid aside a bit of tatting on which she was working. "John," she said, "I'd be ashamed. Mr. Van Norman is an old man."

"He's an old scoundrel," Father yelled. "He never heard of sportsmanship. I'm going to—"

"You're going to do nothing," Mother said quietly. "You just can't stand being beaten. If you hadn't traded off Belle—"

It seemed that the veins on Father's forehead would burst. His voice dropped to a low, bitter whisper: "I might have known it. Even my own wife—" Then he saw me. "Go get in your kindling," he shouted.

Supper that night was terrifying to me.

Father did not utter a word and Mother just sat, hardly touching her food, with that still, closed look on her face.

Later, on the porch, the silence between them seemed as deep as the breathless night. As darkness fell and the familiar lights began springing up on our street, I thought that things would never be the same between my parents again. Then suddenly in the stillness I heard Father mutter: "There's the old goat now."

I looked up and saw Mr. Van Norman coming through our gate. He was smoking a cigar and its glow made a bright red pinpoint in the darkness. He came up on the porch and doffed his hat in a sweeping gesture to Mother. "Mrs. Watkins, it's a lovely evening."

Mother asked him to sit down and Father grunted. At last Mr. Van Norman said mildly: "John, I felt a little sorry for you this afternoon. But it's hopeless, of course. You couldn't beat my mare in a million years."

"Ah ha!" Father said almost softly. "How much money have you got that says I can't?"

"Just what I was coming to, John," Mr. Van Norman said. "We'll never get anywhere this way. Suppose we fix up a race, a real one, on the county track. If you can beat me I'll promise to stay out of your way from now on. This street will be yours and I'll take another road home."

"How free is your cash?"

"Oh," Mr. Van Norman said carelessly, "say two hundred dollars. Just enough to make it interesting."

Father's hand came down lightly on the arm of his chair. "It's a deal. Who do you want to hold stakes?"

Mr. Van Norman bowed gallantly to Mother. "I can think of no one I'd rather have than Mrs. Watkins."

MOTHER said at once that she would have nothing to do with the ridiculous affair, but Mr. Van Norman said reasonably: "We'll have to get someone else to do it then, Mrs. Watkins. But John would feel much better if you held the stakes and so would I."

They argued back and forth for a long time and at last Mother gave in on condition that there would be no more exhibitions on the street and that the matter would be kept a secret. Both men agreed. It was stipulated that the race would be held in exactly ten days and in the event either party failed to appear, his wager was to be forfeited. Then Mr. Van Norman gave Father a cigar and they shook hands.

When Mr. Van Norman had left, Mother said bitterly: "Well, you've done it now. Your money must grow on bushes."

Father's voice was very gay and lighthearted: "Lou, it's as good as in the bank, that check of his. The mare is a quarter horse. Everyone knows that. But the mile track at the fairgrounds is just Dick's meat. That's what he was trained for. Oh, this is going to be rich."

On the following day Father started training. Every afternoon, thereafter, he came home early from the elevator and disappeared with Dick for two hours. He was cheerful and happy but he didn't talk to Mother about the coming race.

The day before the contest was to take place he came into the house smiling and very pleased with himself. "Get your bonnet on, Lou," he said. "It's time you saw what a wonderful horse we've got."

Mother protested but Father pointed out that she couldn't be indifferent any longer. that she had a real stake in the race because he intended giving her the money he was certain to win. I clamored to be taken along, too, and with both of us urging her she reluctantly consented.

FATHER headed out toward the river road, and we drove through the outskirts of town with Father doing all the talking, and Mother sitting rigidly beside me in the buggy. It was quite plain that if Dick should suddenly fall down and break his elegant, proud neck she would have been pleased. I knew she was thinking about old Belle and how pleasant it used to be to jog along behind her, for once she said: "This crazy thing acts just like he wants to run away and kill somebody. There's no rest in driving with a half-wild beast like that."

Father laughed and laid his free hand over hers. "Nonsense, Lou. Dick's as gentle as a lamb. There's no meanness in him—he's just sensitive. See, he's looking back at you right now."

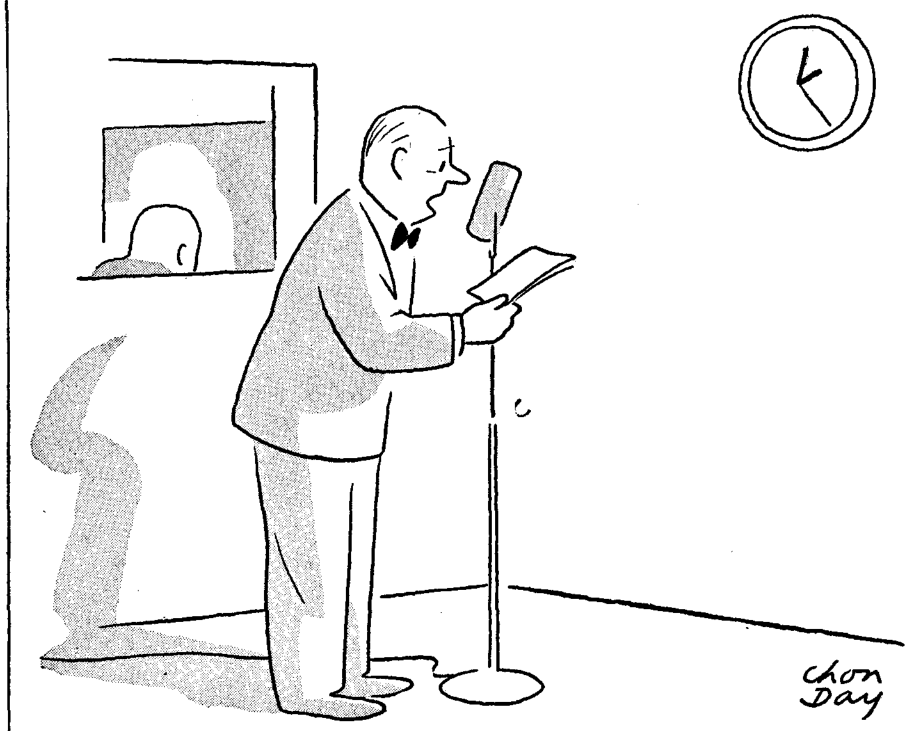
"Probably figuring out how he can murder me," Mother said. "Oh, I wish you hadn't traded off old Belle."

"Now, Lou," Father said soothingly, "you couldn't expect me to go plodding around behind that old beetle. A man in my position needs a horse."

But Mother's lips thinned down again when the subject of the departed Belle came up and I knew that the unseen wall still existed between them. It made me feel lonely and suddenly I didn't like Dick any better than Mother. I wished we were driving along with old Belle, just the three of us, a united family.

The first part of the river road wound along the stream's curving course. On one side was a cornfield, the rich, luxuriant leaves brightly green in the afternoon sun. On the other side and below us the Sioux flowed sleepily beneath its high-cut banks. Across the river some cows were standing knee-deep in the water and two or three calves were frisking about on its edge.

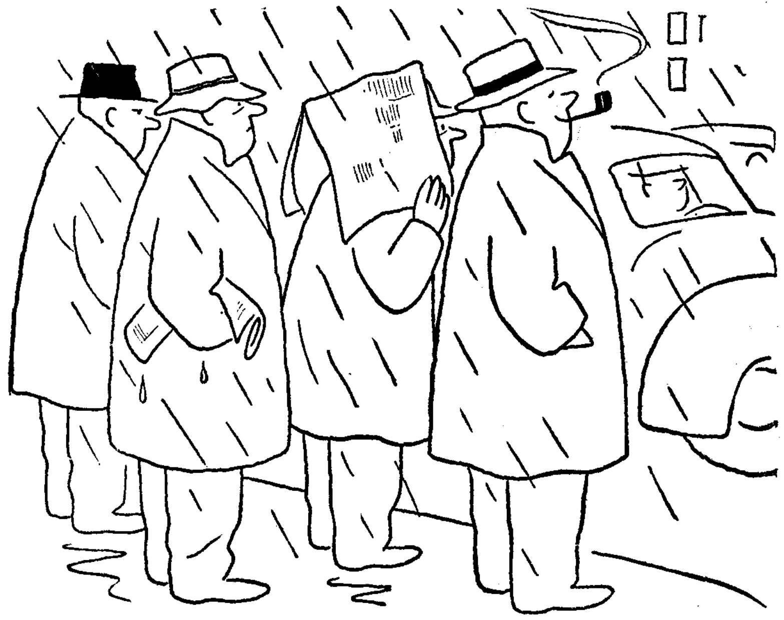
Suddenly as I idly watched the calves I



COLLIER'S "Ask for D-R-A-W-R-O-F. That's 'Forward' spelled backward" CHON DAY

PIPE TYPES . . . . by Chon Day

THE FORGETTER. Whenever he wants to smoke a pipe most, he discovers he has left it behind! What makes it *especially* annoying is that he's a Briggs fan . . . which means he has to miss that wonderfully mellow fragrance, that rich, he-man flavor . . . that out-of-this-world *goodness!*



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JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

No harsh bitterness

Schlitz
The Beer that Made Milwaukee Famous

Schlitz

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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

saw a tawny shape emerging from the underbrush to creep slowly forward on its belly. "Look, Father," I screamed, "it's a coyote and it's going to kill one of those calves."

Father leaped to his feet and stared about wildly. "Where?" he shouted.

At that instant Dick swung his head around and saw Father excitedly waving the whip—and went into action. It must have been a tremendous leap, inspired as it was by pure terror, for Father hardly touched the let-down top of the buggy when he sailed over it. I heard the solid thump of his body when it hit the road and, looking back over my shoulder as we rocketed forward, I saw him rise and take three staggering steps backward. The next instant he disappeared over the river's high bank.

"Father fell in the river!" I howled.

But Mother had other things on her mind. Dick was flattened out in a tearing gallop that threatened to hurl us into the cornfield at every turn, and she was trying to reach the reins which had fallen across the whiffletree.

"Help me, Jeff," she gasped. "Take hold of my hand." She rose and, throwing her leg over the dashboard, leaned far out while I pulled back with all my strength. At last she crawled into the seat again. Her face was pale but grim and she held the reins in her hands. She took a tight grip on them and braced her feet against the footrail. "Now, darn you," she gritted between set lips, "run your head off."

REALIZATION

Now that I've gum and cigarettes
And gasoline—ah, me!
I'm not as happy as I thought,
Once on a time, I'd be.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

Dick needed no encouragement. He was doing a thorough job of it and the fence posts went by like fine teeth in a comb. It was not until the road swerved away from the river and cut across the flood plane toward the hills that the idea that he was not being hindered but actually driven seemed to enter Dick's mind. As the gradient approaching the hills increased he seemed to lose his wild abandon and began to slow down. But Mother slapped the lines across his rump. "Get up, there," she cried.

When we hit the first fairly steep pitch Dick's enthusiasm quite ran out. His sorrel hide was almost black with sweat and he was blowing like a whale. At the top of the hill Mother stopped him and then pulled around in a slow turn. "There, you crazy thing," she said grimly, "I hope you've had enough."

We were nearly back to the starting point of our wild ride before we met Father. He was hobbling along using a stick for support. His hat was gone and his face was gray with fright and pain. "Are you hurt, John?" Mother cried.

"I sprained my ankle," he said. "Jeff, help me get in the buggy."

All the way home Father was silent. He kept glancing at Mother and his face wore a look of helpless bewilderment.

THE next day Father's ankle was swelled so badly that he couldn't get out of bed. The doctor said that it would be a week or so before he could walk on it and Father groaned: "There goes the race. There goes my two hundred dollars."

Right after lunch Mother said to me: "Jeff, go out and tell Sully to hitch up."

"What are you going to do?" I demanded.

"Never mind," Mother said. "You do as I tell you."

We drove through town southward in the direction of the fairgrounds. Mother sat very straight in the seat and there were two bright spots of color in her cheeks.

Mr. Van Norman was awaiting us when we arrived at the track. He took off his hat and bowed.

"Where's John?" he asked.

"He's sick," Mother said.

Mr. Van Norman grinned broadly. "Well, it's certainly too bad we can't have the race." I knew he was thinking about that two hundred.

"Oh, we'll have it," Mother said. "I'm taking his place."

Mr. Van Norman's jaw dropped. "Why, I couldn't let you do that," he demurred. "I wouldn't want an unfair advantage."

"Don't worry about that," Mother said. "Are you ready to start?"

Mr. Van Norman glanced at the trackman who had agreed to act as starter. "That's right, Van," the man said. "The horse is here ready to race."

Mother told me to get out of the buggy. Then she turned Dick around toward the starting line. Dick was prancing and lifting his feet very high and Mother kept talking to him in a soothing voice. I stood near the rail with my eyes popping out of my head unable to believe what I was seeing.

THEY got away without a single false start. As they passed me I saw that Mr. Van Norman was paying more attention to Mother than he was to the race. He still looked bewildered.

A pall of dust hid them from view until they had made the first turn. Then my heart sank. Mr. Van Norman's black mare had the lead and was steadily widening the distance between them. I rushed across the track to the tower where the starter was watching the race through field glasses. "Your mother's driving a smart race, Bub," he said. "She's coasting."

"Oh, please, please," I almost sobbed, "can I look?"

He grinned and handed me the glasses. I clapped them to my eyes and the strong lenses brought the horses startlingly close. They were at the halfway post. Mother was sitting erect, the reins held tightly in her gloved hands. Then suddenly I saw her lean forward and Dick's long neck seemed to stretch out. I let out a yell and the trackman snatched the glasses from my hand. "Ah," he whispered, "that's the girl. Easy, now. Not too fast. Easy, now. That's it! That's it!"

I couldn't stand any more. I deliberately shifted my gaze to the finish line. I couldn't bear to watch Mother's defeat. "Here they come, Bub," the trackman shouted, his voice seeming to come from a long way off. "Now, my girl, let him out! Let him go!"

I swung my stricken eyes around. They had turned into the homestretch and the dust behind them was a tall gray pillar that reached to the sky. Slowly, slowly, that long sorrel body was creeping up on the mare and the beat of their hoofs was like thunder. Mother was crouched over the dashboard, the white sleeves of her blouse fluttering in the wind. Then, miraculously, the straining horses were neck and neck, and I heard Mother cry: "Go, Dick, go!"

The sorrel seemed to flatten out, his neck to become a little longer. Then, slowly, he drew ahead. It was too much for the little mare. She threw up her head and began to gallop wildly. The race was over. . . .

It was past suppertime when Mother and I drove up to our stable. The race-track man had volunteered to cool Dick out before we started home and that delayed us for a time. Father was in the back yard hobbling about on a crutch that Sully had found somewhere. He took one look at Mother and began shouting: "Look at that horse. Look at your face. Lou, where the devil have you been? Did you—?"

Mother laughed. "Yes, John, I did. And what's more, I won. You didn't think I'd deliberately let two hundred dollars get away from me, did you?"

Father did not reply because he could not. He could only stand still staring at her and swallowing. Mother tossed the reins to Sully and sprang out of the buggy. She went up to Father and took his hand. "Do you know what I'm going to do with that money, John? I'm going to buy Belle back, though I don't suppose I shall drive her very much, the nice old thing. You see, I'm beginning to like fast horses."

She put her arms about him and kissed him on the lips. "Fast horses and slow men," she added.

THE END

Do this FOR COLDS

Here are 5 basic steps doctor's say to take, in addition to temporary relief measures, to help your system *throw off a cold.* See how lemons help:

	5 BASIC STEPS ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1	**Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.**	Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue* and *fights infection.*
2	**Alkalinize your system.**	Lemon juice with water and baking soda forms *sodium citrate,* an excellent alkalinizer.
3	**Insure regular elimination.**	Lemon juice and water, with or without soda, is mildly laxative for most people.
4	**Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.**	Fresh lemon drinks are favorites.
5	**Keep warm; avoid further chill. If cold persists, see your doctor.**	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

TO GAIN FULL BENEFITS FROM LEMONS — FOLLOW THIS ROUTINE

At first sign of a cold drink a glass of lemon and soda. Take another every 3 or 4 hours.

To induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Lemon and soda forms natural *sodium citrate.* Supplies vitamins and all other benefits of fresh lemon juice, plus an increased alkalinizing effect. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

To make lemon & soda pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add — slowly — half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

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All Out Against Cancer

Continued from page 15

do just as well by going to his family doctor once or twice a year for a checkup, but cancer detection is a pretty specialized and expensive thing. The family doctor is apt to be too busy with sick people to give an apparently healthy person the detailed examination that is necessary, and he hasn't the equipment for the important laboratory and X-ray work. That's why a cancer prevention clinic in every community might turn out in fact to be what the Philadelphia clinics call themselves, Health Maintenance Centers. They'd be expensive to build and operate, of course, probably at least as much as one of the better neighborhood movie houses.

More Dangerous Not to Worry

The first cancer prevention clinic was started in New York eight years ago, by Doctor Elise L'Esperance, who found that the regular cancer clinic she was working in was so crowded by women wondering if they were getting cancer that there was no time for those who actually had it. This was by no means neurotic of them, because cancer kills more women who don't wonder between the ages of 35 and 55 than any other disease. The clinic was a sellout the first month and Doctor L'Esperance is now running two of them five days a week, one at the Infirmary for Women and Children and one at Memorial Cancer Center.

Memorial has just opened a preventive clinic for men as well—the cancer death rate is almost as high among men as among women—but that makes only three, each with a six-months waiting list, in all of New York City.

People who come to these clinics pay a flat fee if they can afford it, nothing if they can't, and get many times the value of the fee in medical procedure: A blood count, urinalysis, Wassermann, chest X ray and, among women, a microscopic examination to detect early cancer of the uterus. Apparatus is in the process of being put in so that a stomach X ray can also be taken to rule out gastric cancer. Half of the women who come to the New York clinics think they are in perfect health, yet nearly two per cent of those apparently healthy women turn out to have early cancer which in most cases can be treated and cured.

The clinics make no pretense of being 100 per cent effective, but most of the commonest forms of cancer are either caught or ruled out by this complete examination. People leaving the clinic with a clean bill of health are probably no more likely to have cancer that day than they are to be run over and killed by the next taxicab they meet, and they know a great deal more about their general health than simply whether they have early cancer.

Philadelphia probably leads the cancer prevention field today, thanks to the Donner Foundation, which has established nine clinics there, and thanks also to Doctor Catherine McFarlane who, almost as long as Doctor L'Esperance, has been highly articulate about the need for preventive measures. These Philadelphia clinics reported some rather spectacular figures last year. Of 2,200 women examined, they found nearly eight hundred with lesions of the cervix. This is the neck of the uterus and in women who have borne children it is one of the most susceptible sites for cancer. If they had gone undiscovered many of these lesions might have turned into cancer. Properly treated, they were nothing to worry about.

Nearly eight hundred mothers were made safe right there for useful and happy lives. What's more, of the close to 3,000 men and women examined in these clinics last year, 1,800 were found to need some kind of medical or surgical care. No wonder they call them Health Maintenance Centers.

But if every city should decide to build a cancer prevention clinic tomorrow there wouldn't be nearly enough trained doctors to run them. Cornell Medical School has recently put some lectures on cancer prevention into its third-year curriculum, but most medical schools have none and there are only a few cancer hospitals in the country where your doctors can study the newest and best methods of treatment. The most famous of these is Memorial Hospital, basic unit of Memorial Cancer Center, in New York, which is associated with Cornell and is probably the biggest graduate teaching center for cancer in the country.

Memorial is a pretty good model of what a cancer center should be and will soon be an even better one. It is the only place in the country that combines prevention and treatment, teaching and research, a combination with the obvious advantage of giving an over-all picture in each group. With the $4,000,000 Sloan-Kettering grant that Memorial recently received, it plans to build and run a new research institute right beside the hospital. And on the other side, the City of New York is going to build a City Cancer Hospital to take care of the hundreds of patients for whom there is no room in Memorial's too few free beds.

That is an important step for a city like New York to take, aside from the opportunities it will give doctors and research workers to observe cancer at firsthand. The long-term care of cancer patients is one of our grimmer national blind spots. General hospitals feel they must save their insufficient beds for patients they can make well. This is logical, yet in the long months or even years after a cancer has reached the hopeless stage, proper treatment and care can make a difference between comfort and agony.

In Philadelphia, 3,700 people died of cancer last year and probably three or four times that many were alive, waiting to die of it and needing care. But in all the hospitals in the city there were only 180 beds available to patients with incurable cancer. Most people dying of cancer have to be taken care of inadequately and uncomfortably at home.

It is probably farsighted, if not so obviously humanitarian, that the research angle of cancer is being covered much more adequately than prevention or care. The Rockefeller Institute, The National Cancer Institute at Bethesda, The Jackson Memorial Institute at Bar Harbor, Memorial Cancer Center and a number of big medical schools are doing concentrated work and making fascinating discoveries—it is too soon yet to know whether any of them add up to real progress—in the growth and possible origin of cancer cells.

The Problem of the Hormones

One of the biggest—and most promising—jobs in cancer research is that of running down whatever connection there may be between cancer and human sex hormones. This is not as farfetched as it sounds. Cancer researchers have known for a good many years that the sex hormones—those mysterious substances poured into the blood stream by the sex glands—control the normal growth of body tissue. They also know that these sex hormones, in some way or other, seem to influence abnormal growth of tissue. And we already know that cancer is essentially an abnormal tissue growth.

Cancer specialists long ago noted the relation between sex hormones and certain kinds of cancer. They discovered that removing the ovaries of a woman with cancer of the breast, or the testes of a man with cancer of the prostate gland, can sometimes spectacularly reduce the pain and slow up the progress of the disease. They have even learned how to slow up prostate cancer in men by neutralizing the male sex hormones with injections of the female sex hormones.

We don't know much, yet, about the chemistry of these hormones, which is incredibly complicated. But there is a suggestion that there are certain abnormalities in the sex hormones of people who have cancer. These hormones can be isolated and studied. One of the problems—and it is a major one—is to get enough of them for wide-scale study

Research workers have already established

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that there are about 300 chemical substances that will produce cancer in mice, not simply through local irritation but by their effects on the general system. Most of these substances are hydrocarbons related to tar. When the organic chemist begins taking them apart, he finds that most of them have pretty much the same basic combination of hydrogen and carbon atoms.

The molecular arrangement of hydrogen and carbon atoms found in most of these cancer-producing chemical compounds is also similar to the molecular structure of the human sex hormone.

This does not mean that any of these cancer-inducing substances is, chemically, a duplicate of the sex hormone. But there seem to be fundamental similarities between the two—enough similarities so that by juggling these hydrocarbons around, it seems at least theoretically possible to produce a compound whose structure will resemble the abnormal hormone of the cancer victim. Or at least resemble it closely enough so that it may be studied as abnormal hormones are now studied.

If it can be done—and there is no way to be sure about it—the researchers would have a priceless supply of material for study and experimentation. You can judge for yourself what this would mean when you realize that abnormal hormones now have to be extracted, *in unbelievably minute quantities, from the* urine of cancerous patients, and the supply is pitifully inadequate.

The problem of the researchers is to study changes in hormones, and to relate them to cancer, if possible. This will actually involve fractioning of the hormone, an appallingly complex job.

Anarchy in Life Cells

After five years of intensive work along these lines, no conclusions may yet safely be drawn. The problem remains: Does something happen in the human body, especially at the time of the change in life when the hormones are also undergoing changes, and people are particularly susceptible to cancer, to turn these life-producing hormones into subversive influences that can drive healthy cells into anarchy?

It is infinitely complicated, and cancer workers are by no means convinced that they will find the answer here, or at least the whole answer.

However, it is a hopeful enough approach to warrant thorough experimentation, no matter how many millions it may cost.

All this is only one of the many problems of and approaches to cancer. The use of the new radioactive substances made possible by nuclear fission, for example, opens up tremendous new possibilities in the field of cancer treatment. To explore these possibilities fully is a matter of time, and of money for research.

There are many other approaches and new ones will undoubtedly open up as research progresses, but it would be impossible to discuss all of them in this article.

Obviously we have to know all there is to know about normal cell growth and cancerous cell growth and that is where the Committee on Growth comes in. It was appointed last year by the National Research Council—the council that co-ordinated wartime research so successfully—to help the American Cancer Society decide which angles of cancer research looked like the most promising ones to subsidize. But if we are lucky it will end by doing a bigger job than that. Already it has made a survey of every cancer research project in the country.

Filling the Gaps in Knowledge

It has appointed twenty subcommittees to evaluate and consider all the work that is being done in each separate research field. The organization is entirely voluntary. No cancer worker has to follow the advice or *suggestions of this committee*, but its members are experts in the various fields from all over the country and, working together, they hope to be able to advise workers on what types of project might fill in the biggest gaps in our knowledge and piece together some of the odd bits of information that have already turned up. This will be quite a job, for some of the things we have been learning about cancer look remarkably unrelated.

But they all add up to the fact that the war on cancer is beginning to make some real headway at last, both in the organizational and preventive fields. The most hopeful news, so far, is that our cancer fighters are organizing as they've never organized before, for the co-ordination of research, for testing of new theories, for the exchange of scientific information about their progress, and for the education of both doctors and public in cancer awareness and the possibilities of preventing early cancer.

It's only a start, perhaps—the beginning of what may turn out to be a long and costly campaign against one of our worst killer diseases. But it's a start for which every American, young or old, can be thankful.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

"The hand portion of this latter lever, hinged to rock laterally, was connected by a rod to a quadrant on the same shaft as the warp control, so that the rudder could be moved in combination with the warping or independently.

"Nowadays, we use ailerons in lieu of twisting or warping the wings. Operation of the warp-rudder lever as a whole warped the wings and simultaneously moved the rudder the correct amount for maintaining straight flight during adjustment of lateral equilibrium. Quite simple.

"For a banked turn the handle portion was rotated about its hinge as an axis for independent rudder action while the lever as a whole was moved forward or backward. A right bank was made by pulling the lever back to lift the left wing and simultaneously rotating the hand grip an appropriate amount to the right for the right rudder."

Lieutenant Arnold was graduated as a "right-hand pilot." In the Wright machine there was but one warp-rudder lever and it was between the two airmen as they sat side-by-side, but there was an elevator lever, however, for each.

Al Welsh had been taught sitting in the seat next to the engine. Thus the warp-rudder lever was at his left hand and he was a "left-hand pilot."

"When it came to teaching me," General Arnold explains, "I was given the outboard seat with the same warp-rudder lever at my right and I graduated as a 'right-hand pilot.' In turn, I taught others sitting in Welsh's seat.

"This lack of ambidexterity was no great handicap at the time as it was expected Army aviators would fly in pairs, either one being then able to pilot or observe. No such pilot peculiarity exists today, of course."

Student Arnold's Wright plane had no rudder bar or pedals. Neither have several new postwar types being built for the private flier.

ERNEST JONES

(Ernest Jones, an Air Corps veteran of both World Wars, and a lieutenant colonel in the reserves, is pioneer aviation's Boswell and historian. He became infected with aviation in 1907 after a period of glider flying, and, believing something would come of it, established and edited Aeronautics which survived until 1916. He is secretary and trustee of The Early Birds, one of the world's most exclusive organizations. Only those who can submit positive proof that they soloed an airplane, glider or balloon before December 17, 1916, are eligible for membership. There are more than 300 such members of the club. Colonel Jones was born in Haverstraw, New York, in 1882.)

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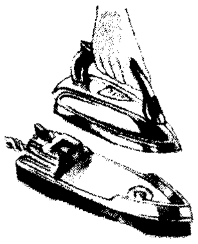

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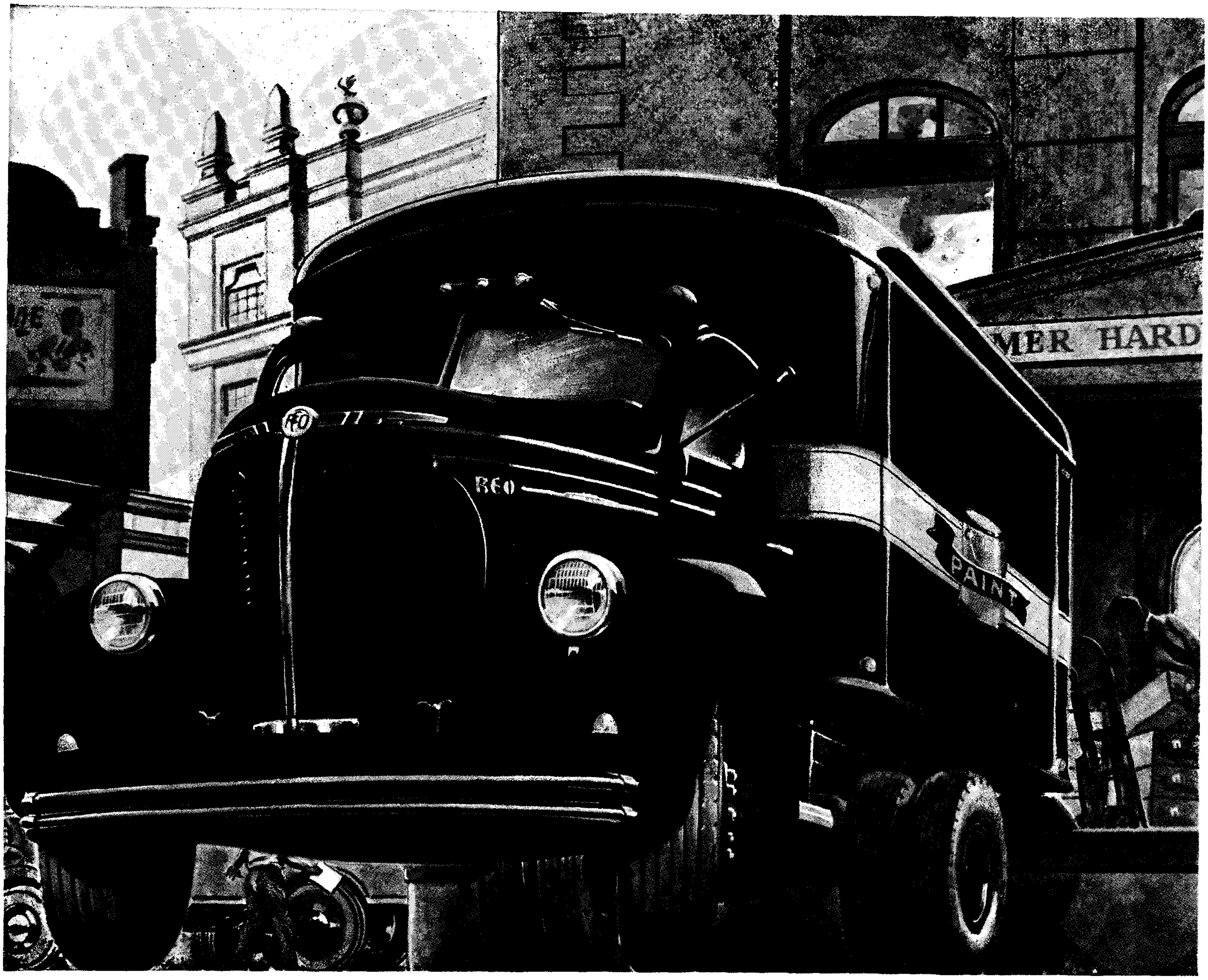

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A Serious Study of Love

Continued from page 24

and Tom annoyingly settled in a big chair. Maybe he wasn't handsome, but he was satisfying, Barbara reflected. He had football shoulders and strong tanned hands, he had level brown eyes and that sudden, heart-swinging grin.

"What was all that?" she asked him.

"Well, Flip was talking to me the other day," Tom said. "She told me that you went out with a lot of guys, but that it was very disappointing—you always ended up being kind and sisterly to them."

Barbara chuckled. "Flip is always talking; you'll get used to it."

She admitted privately that it hadn't done any harm at all, to have Tom informed about her dates. But just the same, she looked around nervously to be sure that Flip wasn't watching earnestly from some corner.

"How about driving out to the lake for dinner?" Tom said.

"Fine." She was suddenly glad she hadn't worn blue ruffles, because there was only one decent place to go to at the lake, and she'd have plenty of competition.

"I'll get the car," Tom said.

He went next door, where his car was waiting in the driveway, and Barbara walked down to the street to wait for him. She was standing by the white lilac bush, when the whisper came.

"You're not very dramatic," said the lilac bush.

"You keep still, Flip," Barbara retorted in a low voice. "For heaven's sake, do you have to stick around?"

"You're mean," Flip said sorrowfully. "You don't even want me to have any love secondhand."

But she stayed out of sight, and Barbara got into the car as soon as Tom drew up, allowing Flip no time to attach herself to the spare tire. They drove off swiftly through the cool gray evening.

SO MANY times she'd watched him drive away from the house next door, and wished she were with him. Now she was here—and she didn't know what to do about it.

Tom was talking casually about his work now, and she tried to concentrate on what he was saying. She said yes and no at intervals, but she got lost in a tangle of radio and television.

He was so different from the boys she'd gone to school with, it took away her confidence. When he'd first come to town, five months ago, there was an excited flurry among women of various types and ages. After he had demonstrated an annoying concentration on his work and a lack of interest in social events, there had been determined and unsuccessful stalking.

All this time Barbara had waited, liking him better and better, in the snatches of time she saw him. She wouldn't go after him, the way a lot of girls did. But at least she took advantage of the fact he lived next door, and managed to be on the porch quite often when he came home from work. Every so often, he would stop and sit on her steps, and talk along as if he liked being there. But somehow, everything she said to him had seemed so hopelessly dull.

Whatever had made him ask her to dinner tonight, anyway, gave her the chance to make him really notice her. She saw the pale shine of the lake ahead through the trees, and hastily seized a break in Tom's remarks about wave lengths.

"The lake looks so strange and misty tonight," she said. "It's the kind of evening when anything could happen—" She tried to make her voice hushed and expectant, as if there were a lot of things she wanted to happen. Which wasn't far wrong, at that.

Tom glanced at her swiftly and away again, as he pulled up in front of the Lodge. "I've been boring you about my work, Barbara, and I ought to have been telling you what you looked like. Just in case you don't own a mirror."

"I wasn't bored," she protested.

But he was opening the car door. He touched her arm lightly as they walked up the flagged path.

"I saw you here once," he told her. "You were trying to dance with three men at once, it looked like."

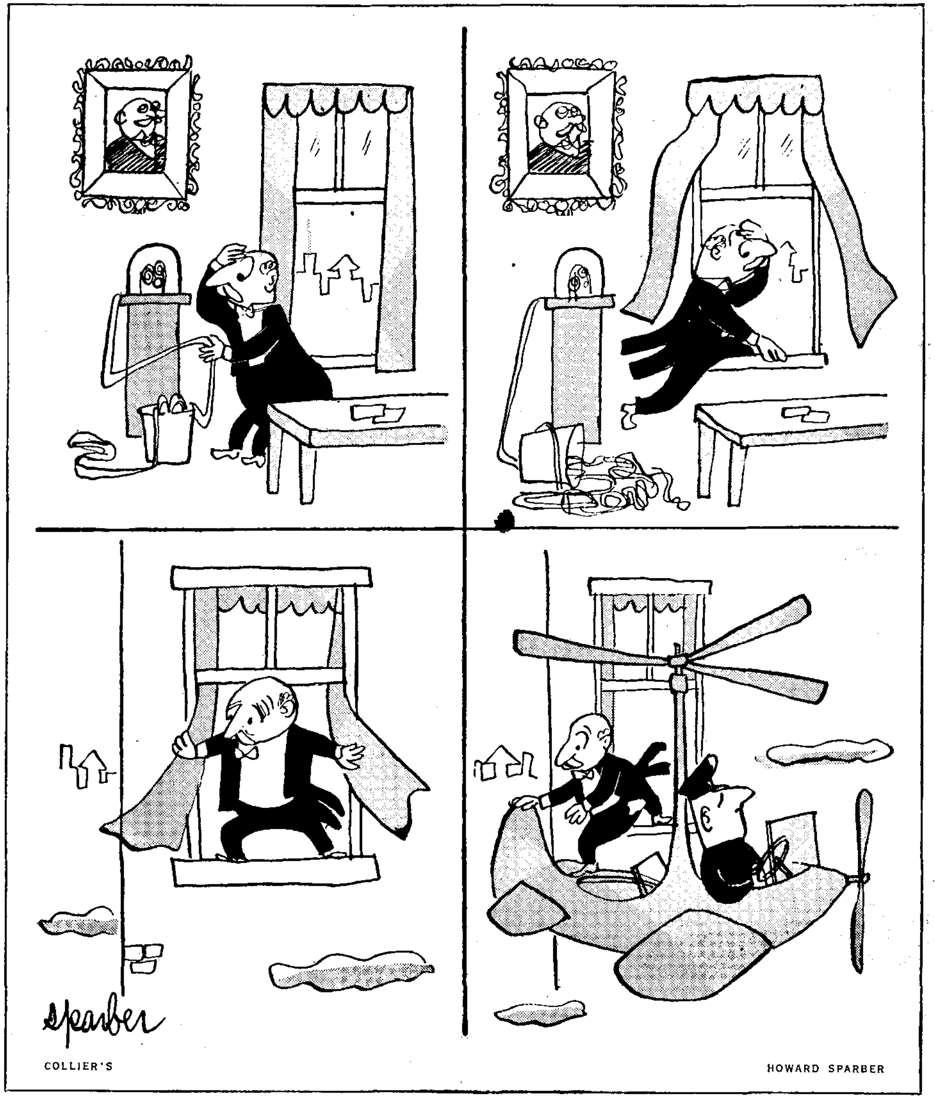
She remembered that night, and how she had hoped Tom would notice that she was popular. "Sounds strenuous," she said.

Tom said, "Well, this time you're with me."

Which was a fair beginning for the evening, she decided, and all of a sudden little sparkles of anticipation flashed through her. Surely, this was her night.

Walking into the big timbered dining room with Tom behind her wasn't bad at all. Four girls of her own gang were obviously stricken with envy, and she noticed a sudden swerve of interest in the corner where the older crowd always sat.

SITTING down at a small table near the fireplace, she distributed a few careless smiles around the room while Tom ordered drinks. When he turned back to her, she was ready for him. She smiled at him with slow, deliberate provocation, something she had worked up carefully in front of her mirror at home.



"We're creating a small sensation," she remarked. "You usually turn up alone, or with some other men."

Tom grinned. "Don't tell me you've noticed."

"Don't tell me you care," she mocked him back.

Tom lighted a cigarette, his hands quick and precise. "I haven't time for this man-about-town stuff. Even if it's a very small town. I've got to work like a dog, to make up the time I spent in the war."

She started to answer this, when a wave of sultry perfume drifted over her shoulder. Caralee was standing by the table, dramatic in a plum-and-gold number that left her skin bare in unexpected places.

"We're having a little party over in our corner," Caralee said gaily. "Won't you two join us?"

Tom had got up slowly, watching Caralee. "Why—that's up to Barbara."

Barbara was caught. She couldn't say no, because Tom would think she was hanging on to him, and Caralee would think she didn't dare let go of him.

"Of course," said Barbara, trusting she sounded civil.

So they joined the select little group in the corner—and from then on the evening started slipping. No use fooling herself, the older girls were out of her league. They had all been dipped in some perfumed varnish of poise. And Caralee sat on the other side of Tom, and seemed to find him absorbing. In fact, she snagged on to him, with skill and a tight grip.

Barbara did her best. There were extra men in the party, and she managed to catch the interest of two of them—probably, she told herself grimly, because she was young and naïve and thus a novelty. She danced with them in turn, trying not to watch Tom's dark head bent close to Caralee's bright one.

When she was back at the table, and Tom finally broke away from Caralee and swung around to her, she wondered dismally if he were just doing his social duty. His expression gave nothing away.

"How about dancing with me for a change?" he asked her.

So she was dancing with Tom finally, but it wasn't the way she had expected it to be at all. They weren't close together, swept along by the music; they were dancing sedately with Caralee's waiting eyes upon them.

"I guess you're always going to be in the middle of a mob scene," Tom said casually.

This was too much to bear. "I didn't invite myself into that party," she protested.

"You accepted the invitation," he returned. Barbara said, "I thought you were enjoying yourself."

"I am," he answered, most provokingly.

She didn't know how to go on from there, and they danced in silence for a while. Then Tom settled her closer with her head firmly against his chin. "Stay over here where you belong," he told her, and startled happiness touched her. He almost sounded as if he meant that.

But soon the music stopped, and they stood apart, and she wasn't sure of anything. Tom smiled at her briefly and too politely, and they went back to their waiting chairs.

The evening went right on slipping. Barbara ate her dinner, and tried to keep up the sort of brisk, bright conversation that the others did, but she knew she was swamped by her own inadequacy. It was different from the easy kidding of her own crowd.

"What this town needs is a few trial marriages," said the man on her left.

Barbara coped with that cautiously. It might be a joke. "Like that movie actress who visits her husband for breakfast?"

"Well, a little more than just breakfast," he said, and waited for her to go on from there.

But she didn't go on. She seemed to be spending her evening arriving at conversational dead ends.

"What are you talking about?" inquired Tom suddenly from her right.

"Trial marriage," said Barbara desperately.

"Well, well," said Tom unhelpfully.

The conversation swerved rapidly from dance tunes to local scandal and back again to the more experimental types of marriage. Barbara grimly kept on talking, but she couldn't give herself much.

When Tom suggested going before the others left, she was thankful to leave her failures behind her. Walking down the flagged path outside the Lodge, she remembered the sparkling anticipation she had felt when they arrived.

"All you bright young people—" Tom said unexpectedly.

He was only twenty-six himself, and she wondered why he spoke as if he stood aside, appraisingly. "What do you like to do on a date?" she returned.

"I don't think you'd be interested," Tom said. Which wasn't any help at all.

"Try me," she suggested quickly before she lost her nerve.

They started back along the winding road, in the tunnel that the headlights made. Tom didn't act like any man she'd known. He wasn't personal and he wasn't impersonal. She couldn't get a grip on the situation.

Tom said finally, "How about if I come and park in your place, some evening? Old-fashioned evening at home?"

"I'd like that," she said. But it sounded dangerously like one of those I'll-phone-you-sometime plans.

Tom left the engine running while he walked her to her own front steps. He said briefly, "I'll be seeing you, Barbara. Thanks for the evening."

There was a dreadful flatness inside her. She looked up at him, but he didn't move toward her.

"Good night," she said. "It was nice, Tom."

THEN he was walking away, without even touching her hand. She was just a simple failure. She watched his car slide down the dark driveway next door and into the garage.

A sleepy whisper drifted down from an upper window. Flip's window.

"He didn't kiss you," Flip said.

"Are you telling me?" Barbara whispered back fiercely. "Go to bed."

She went to bed promptly herself, but sleep was another matter. She'd had her chance and she'd muffed it. Caralee was perfectly right, it was successful to be poised and dramatic; but it wasn't the kind of technique you could pick up overnight.

When she finally got to sleep it didn't do her much good, as she kept dreaming about Caralee walking off with Tom. And she got up next morning, feeling old and weary and not unpleasantly bitter.

She went downstairs and into the dining room, and greeted the family with a brave tired languor. Her mother didn't respond well to this effort, merely saying that if Barbara were going to drag so in the morning, she should go to bed earlier. Her dad didn't really respond at all, being too busy with the newspaper to do more than grunt.

Flip rallied round with solicitude, orange juice and a heartening thump on the back. But Flip's air of wise sympathy didn't strike the right note either. She was entirely too sympathetic.

"Maybe I should go to the city and study

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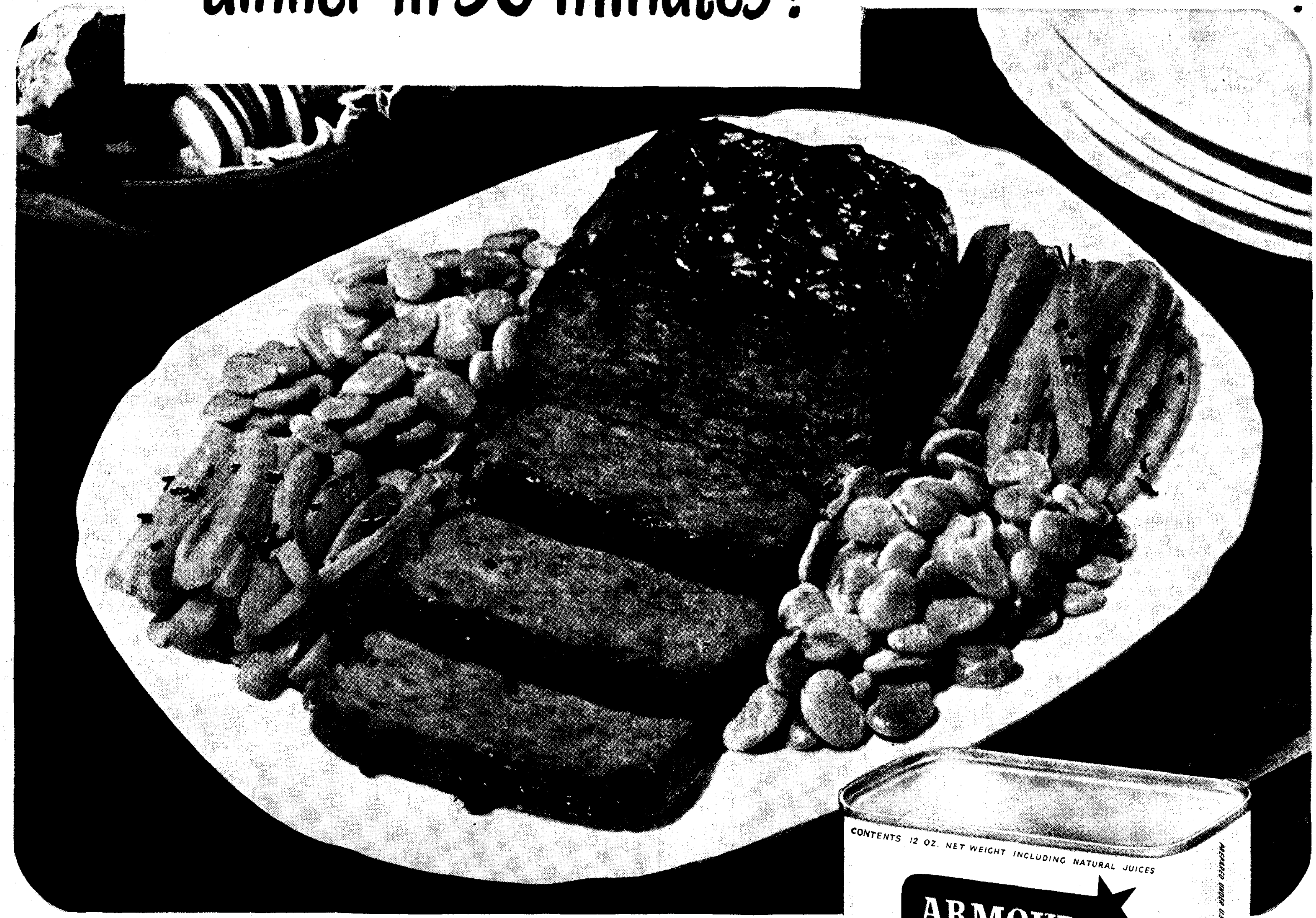

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something like drama or designing," Barbara said, brooding over a piece of dry toast.

"You'd better stay home and learn something useful, like housekeeping," her mother said crisply. "You could start practicing popovers."

"Oh, that reminds me—" said Flip. "I found out what was wrong with your popovers. You have to heat the oven to 450 degrees."

Her mother looked faintly startled. "How did you—"

"I asked the bakery woman," Flip said.

Mr. Porter finished the financial page and dropped it on the floor.

"It's a pity you can't turn up something useful, all these questions you ask people," he remarked to Flip. He had evidently caught something of the popover matter. "Don't people mind your using them for walking encyclopedias?"

Flip beamed at him sunnily. "Oh, no, Dad. They love handing out information."

Mr. Porter grunted again. This was evidently not one of his better mornings. "Popovers. I wish you could find out something useful. Like whether the bank is going to float that loan for the new shoe factory. So I could stop hanging on to five different options."

BARBARA had started a discussion with her mother about the vital need for a new hat, and paid little attention when Flip drifted out of the room. She couldn't miss Flip's re-entrance some fifteen minutes later, however, as she started talking loudly in the hallway.

"I got it, Dad," she was saying as she marched into the dining room. "The bank's got that loan all fixed up. They had a meeting about it last night."

Mr. Porter said urgently, "Whom did you ask?"

"The president of the bank," Flip said simply. "He always works in his garden before he goes to work."

There was a rather respectful silence. "I hope you didn't mention that I wanted to know," Mr. Porter said. "I wouldn't care to—"

"Oh, no," Flip reassured him. "I just said it was a matter of community interest. And I told him it must feel wonderful to be so important."

"Thanks, pal," said her father. "A dime any use to you?"

"A quarter would be better," Flip said frankly.

She accepted the quarter and drifted out again.

Mrs. Porter sighed. "You knew perfectly well she would go right out and ask somebody," she told her husband. "You shouldn't encourage her."

"I didn't know she'd deliver so fast," he answered, picking up the financial section and patting it affectionately into shape.

Barbara considered this matter of Flip, and her habit of seeking out authority and asking questions. She never acted cocky about it, either. It was just a method of practical efficiency to Flip.

She washed the dishes, still weighing the possibilities. If her father didn't consider it below his dignity to use Flip's system, then it might be a good idea to forget her own pride. She might even give Flip a little encouragement.

Wandering out into the back yard, she found Flip building a rabbit hutch for some rabbits she hoped would materialize later. "How about earning an honest dollar, Flip?"

Flip laid down her hammer. "I thought you said you didn't want me to live vicariously, as far as you and Tom were concerned."

"Never mind how you do it," Barbara said recklessly. "I'm interested in results."

Flip pondered, and Barbara waited with a respect that surprised her. "It's a pity we've been brought up so sheltered," Flip said finally. "I've been having a lot of trouble looking into this love business. People don't agree."

"No?" said Barbara encouragingly. She sat down on the grass.

"I've been noticing you weren't getting anywhere with Tom," Flip said with clinical frankness. "And I've collected some information. You're welcome to it, if you'll let me use your library card." She added, "I can't get any really juicy books out on my own card."

"It's a deal," Barbara said, hoping she wasn't helping Flip into literary depravity. But it didn't really do much good to worry about Flip, who seemed to manage her own life very neatly.

"I asked my art teacher about it," Flip began slowly. "She's been married three times, but hardly anybody knows that. She ought to know her stuff. She said that the way to get a man interested was to entertain him and amuse him."

Barbara commented sourly, "I suppose she drew pictures for her three husbands. I don't know the right kind of parlor games."

Flip sorted out some nails thoughtfully, and bit one absent-mindedly. "The woman who runs the beauty parlor was sort of surprising. I thought she'd tell me a woman had to be beautiful to get a man to fall in love with her, but what she said was, 'You've got to reach for 'em with one hand, honey—and shove 'em off with the other.' Sounds complicated, doesn't it, Barb?"

"It's the reaching that's embarrassing," Barbara said dejectedly.

There was another pause, while Flip groped around in her memory. "Oh—Benjo said something really helpful."

"Benjo?"

"He's our mailman, but he's really a philosopher," Flip explained. "It's surprising what he knows about people in this town. Well, Benjo had the best idea I came across."

She paused for effect, and Barbara waited patiently.

"Benjo said you've got to show a man you need him. Benjo said there's a whole world of women chasing after men, and the men run like hell. But when a woman shows a man she really needs him—he grabs right hold of her and stays there."

Considering this, Barbara saw a glimmer of possibility. "It would be dreadful to show him you needed him—and get left. I'd burn up."

"Guess it depends on how much you want him," Flip suggested. "For goodness sake, Barb, with all this valuable advice, can't you do a little of the work?"

"Well, I suppose I could try it on Tom," Barbara said thoughtfully. "As long as I don't need too much."

"If it works, I get the library card," her sister reminded her. "And you'd better get going, because I saw Caralee begging a ride with Tom this morning. She must have skipped breakfast."

"Oh—she did, did she?" exclaimed Barbara. If she had needed a spur, this provided it. She didn't even pause to weigh Flip's calculating glance, noting her swift leap up from the grass.

GOING straight to the telephone before she could change her mind, Barbara looked up the number of Tom's office and dialed it. Even when she got him, and heard his brisk office hello, her determination didn't waver.

"This is Barbara," she told him. "How about scheduling that old-fashioned evening at home for tonight? There's something I need to ask your advice about."

Tom sounded pleased, if not flattered. "Fine. I'll be along about eight o'clock. Always glad to be useful."

Barbara said goodby and stopped to catch her breath. She hadn't the dimmest idea what she was going to ask Tom's advice about, but she was going to show him she needed him all over the lot.

This brave resolve lasted for the greater part of the day, but began wearing down toward evening, and she began to develop something suspiciously like stage fright.

Flip beckoned her into the hall after dinner. "Got your campaign all lined up, Barb?" she asked.

"No," Barbara answered rather crossly. "And I'm beginning to think it was a fool idea."

Flip sighed. She was a master hand at sighing. "I guess I'd better protect my end of the deal, the way Dad is always talking about."

"Now what?" Barbara asked suspiciously.

"That's my business," Flip said flatly. "I might have known you'd lose your nerve. I certainly do hope I'm a little better organized about this love business when I'm your age."

Barbara opened her mouth to blast Flip, and decided it would be indiscreet. She wondered why she'd ever been foolish enough to enlist Flip's assistance.

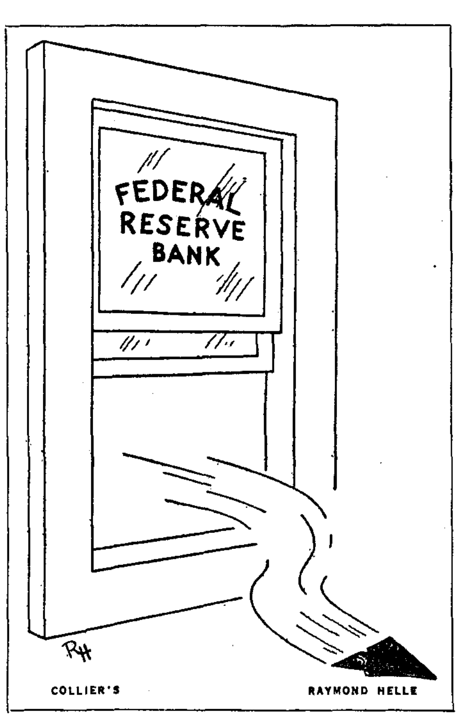
By quarter of eight the stage fright was reaching flood proportions. She dropped her comb twice, and smeared her lipstick. She put on the blue dress and didn't even look in the mirror.

A note rustled under her door at eight o'clock. Flip's very black scrawl, on a piece of grocery paper. *Don't worry,* it said. *I am fixing everything. Mom and Dad have gone out. I am talking to Tom in the parlor. Sit on the stairs and listen. But do not interfere. Flip.*

If Barbara had been nervous before, she was wild now. There was absolutely no telling what Flip might say to Tom.

She started downstairs without loss of time, but it must be admitted that she went quietly. And when she heard Flip's high, clear voice, and Tom's deeper tones, she stood still.

"So I've got to finish this theme for English class," Flip was saying. "And I'm really very ignorant about men." She added, "I might as well get started finding out about men— What kind of girls do they like, anyhow, Tom?"



Tom's chuckle was distinct. "Opinions differ."

"Well, what kind of girl do you like?" Flip asked him. Her tone was casual and clinical.

Barbara felt her knees folding, and sat down on the stairs. She wanted to kill Flip, and she wanted to hear the answer.

"I guess I'm a dull sort," Tom was saying. "You'd better go to somebody else, for some lively information, Flip. You see—I've had enough excitement in the last few years to last me a lifetime. Maybe a war sort of makes a guy want to settle down. Anyhow, I like a nice friendly kind of girl, who doesn't make wisecracks."

"That so?" said Flip encouragingly.

Tom seemed to be warming to his subject. "I like the kind of girl who likes to stay home and be quiet. See how dull I am? All the nice girls I meet want to razzle-dazzle around."

Flip said judicially, "You're the home type. Well, now that's very helpful." After a brief pause she remarked, "Do you think I ought to tell Barbara you're here?"

"I wouldn't mind," Tom said.

Flip appeared in the lower hall. She came quietly up the carpeted stairs, annexed Barbara and urged her firmly upward. In the upper hall, she stood on tiptoe to whisper.

"Now for heaven's sake, Barb, get going. If you can't use all that information I collected for you, you're a dud. Remember Caralee. Go in and win."

She gave Barbara an urgent shove, and Barbara started downstairs again in a large-sized daze. She had too much information for her own good.

Tom liked quiet girls who didn't make wisecracks. That was cheering to know. But Tom was all too likely aware that Flip had been interviewing him, with her older sister in mind. That gave Barbara sheet-lightning embarrassment.

She went into the parlor because there was nothing else to do. Tom got up, with his usual quick streak of grin.

"Hi, Barbara. You look worth waiting for."

"Hello, Tom," said Barbara, getting her voice through her stiff throat. "Never mind the compliments."

She sat down on the lounge, and her mind was an empty gray desert. Tom stood looking down at her consideringly.

"What's up, Barbara?"

THE only decent thing to do was to admit Flip's efforts to be helpful, and try to laugh the whole thing off. That way, he wouldn't be put in such a horrible position, thinking Barbara expected him to take her seriously.

"I heard you talking with Flip," she told him, not looking at him. "Flip was really trying to help me out. I've sort of got a problem."

"Yes?" said Tom, still standing over her.

Barbara got a sudden grip on one angle of Flip's scheme of life. If you admitted you wanted information, for general use, nobody could prove that you had one particular person in mind.

"I just get nowhere, trying to be sophisticated, like Caralee and her crowd," she said with a sudden burst of words. "And Flip—uh—was just trying to encourage me, getting you to say that some men like girls who aren't—aren't dramatic."

She looked up now, to see how he was taking this burst of frankness. Tom's eyebrows were questioning.

"But you're always racing off to parties and dates, all slicked up," Tom said. "When I sit on the steps and talk to you, I think I've got you doped out. And then I see you dashing off all the time."

She couldn't tell him she accepted every date she was asked for, just to make an impression on him. She couldn't tell him that when she dressed for a party, she always hoped he might see her go by. There was a limit to frankness.

"I was just trying to do what the other girls did," she said finally. "I mean, the successful ones." She added with a sudden inspiration, "That's what I wanted to ask you about. You said, last night, that I wouldn't be interested in your kind of date."

Tom reached down one brown hand and pulled her up facing him. "Look at me," he said. "You've got me all mixed up."

She looked at him, and whatever misery and confusion showed in her face didn't matter any more. Because he was kissing her, and it was exactly the way she'd known it would be, only better.

"You can take that as an experiment, if you want to," Tom was saying. "You spent so much time talking about trial marriage last night."

Barbara told herself dimly that Benjo's advice, about showing a man you needed him, ought to be made public for more women. She tossed away pride and worries.

"I think all that trial and experiment stuff is a waste of time," she said. "People ought to know what they want." She kept on looking at him and she didn't move away.

"I know what I want," Tom said. "And why have you been scaring me off all this time, acting like a party girl?"

He started to pull her close again, when a fair-sized cough sounded from the doorway. Flip was regarding them with the fond approval of one who looks upon her work and finds it good.

"Sorry to disturb you," she said. "But I could use your library card, Barbara."

Barbara thought the shakedown was a little hasty, but she didn't begrudge Flip anything right then.

"The card is in my red handbag," she told Flip. "Have a nice time."

"Same to you," Flip answered cordially.

THE END

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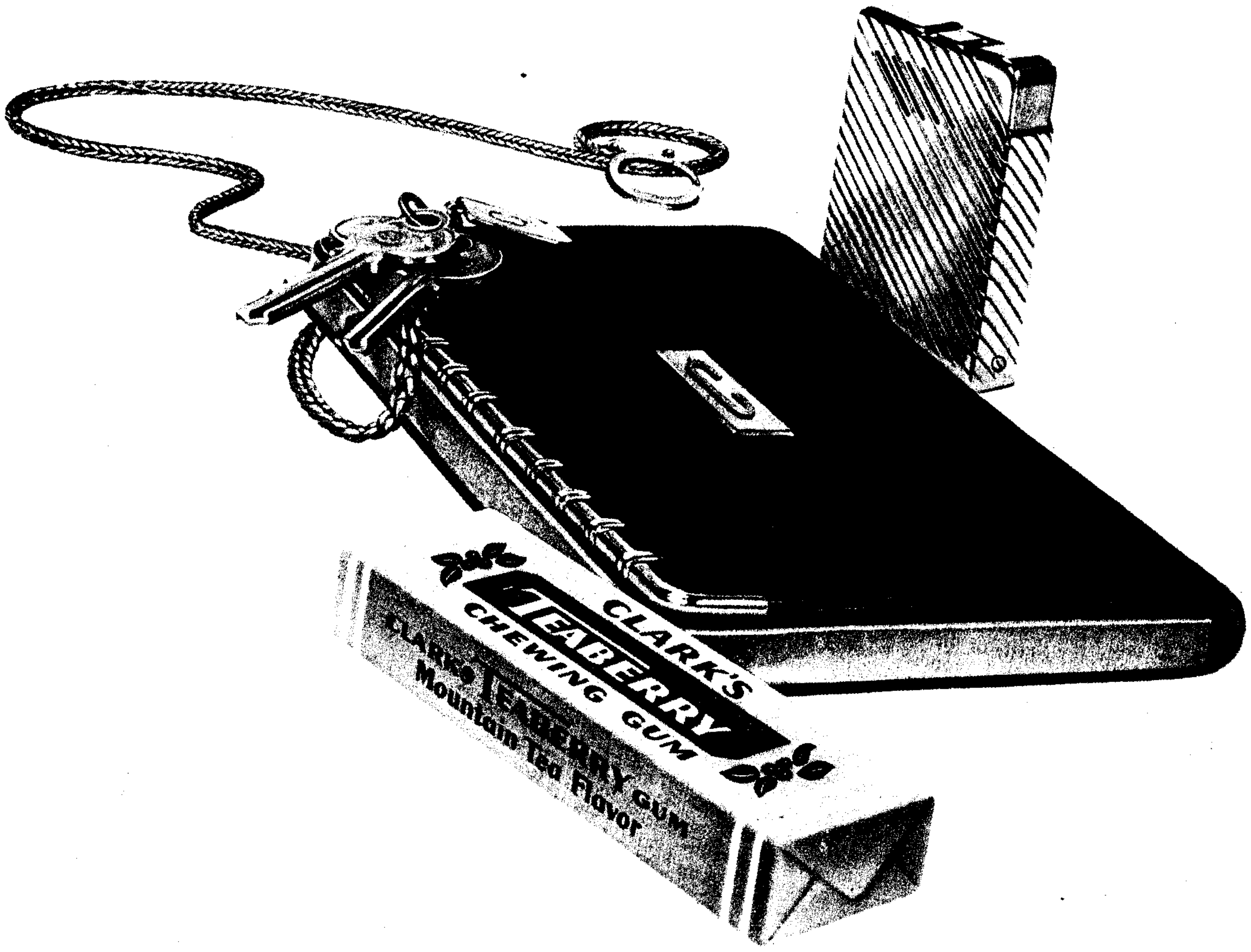
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The Pond

Continued from page 19

Jim wouldn't trap down at the pond; if only his mother were here. . . .

Jim looked around when Donald came back down into the kitchen. He was pulling on an old hunting coat that had belonged to their father, stuffing a handful of apples for bait into the deep pockets. "Want to come along?" he asked.

Donald nodded, not trusting himself to speak. He followed his brother outside, the despair in him growing.

IT HAD snowed a little during the night, just enough to make the ground around the house look bright and clean in the morning sunlight. They walked past the barn and started across the fields toward some woods a quarter of a mile away. The pond was in the woods, lying snugly between some hills. It was half a mile in length and a quarter of a mile wide at its fattest point.

They stood a moment at the north end and Jim tested the ice, but it wasn't strong enough to hold his weight. "You take that side and I'll take this," he said. "You'll find three sets over there—one at the spring, one at the boathouse, and one where the brook comes in."

Donald started away. "I'll meet you down at the south end," Jim called after him.

TAXI
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SCOTT BROWN

"General Hospital, but don't worry—I'm just going to visit a sick friend"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

Donald quickened his step. He pushed through a thicket, and snow fell on his head and down the back of his neck. He wanted to turn and run back to the house, but he kept on.

He came out into the path that skirted the pond and stopped as a blue jay screeched through the trees over his head. The warning set a squirrel to chattering excitedly in a near-by oak. Many times Donald and his mother had sat on the grass here and watched the squirrels playing in this same oak tree. He glanced at some rabbit tracks in the snow. He knew the tracks of all animals, just as he knew their sounds and all their different ways of living. He'd learned these things from his books and from his mother. "The animals are our friends," she had said. "We could never let anything happen to them."

He followed the path through the woods and saw where a raccoon had crossed it recently. When it dipped down to the water's edge his steps dragged. Dread made his breathing difficult. He stepped forward, his eyes on the marshy edge of the shore and the open water around the spring. He saw the stake driven into the mud bank and with his eyes he followed a chain that led down beneath a few carefully placed leaves and some broken reeds. When he saw they had not been disturbed his breathing grew easier.

He stood over the set a moment in relief; then he continued slowly along the path. He could see the boathouse looming through the trees ahead. He approached it, his steps slowing again and the same dread clutching at his throat.

The trap was in two feet of water, lying in the mud, sprung, and all around the ice was broken as though there had been a struggle. Donald drew it out by the chain and held it in his hands. There were bits of fur in its steel jaws. He stared at that fur and vividly a picture of what had happened came to him.

He let the trap slip from his hands and it fell with a splash into the water. He left it lying there and climbed the bank to the path. He walked quickly away from the boathouse. He was breathing hard and his heart was pounding unnaturally in his throat.

He knew there was something in the third trap even before he reached it. As he rounded a thicket and came to the shore line he saw the stake driven deep into the mud and the trap with the muskrat caught by its hind leg. It was in shallow water, quivering, straining to pull its leg free.

Donald stared helplessly at the struggling animal. He felt a mixed-up sickness of despair and compassion. The muskrat was watching him, pain and defiance in its eyes. He moved forward a step and the animal grew still. Its fur was wet and matted; its two front teeth were bared. Donald took another step forward and grasped the stake with both hands. It came up slowly and he stepped back and drew the trap toward shore. The muskrat dug its front paws into the mud and tried to resist, but Donald lifted it out of the water and swung it carefully to the land.

He knelt with the chain in one hand then and reached his other hand toward the trap. The muskrat lunged at him and he jerked his hand away.

"Don't do that," he whispered.

He reached out again, and again the muskrat lunged at him.

"Can't you see?" Donald said desperately. "I'm trying to help you."

He remembered something then that his mother had read to him once about a man who had freed an animal caught in a trap. He undid his windbreaker and slipped out of it. He knelt on the chain and held the jacket out.

Then he flung it over the muskrat and, scrambling forward on his knees, held it in place with his hands. He could feel the animal fighting back. Teeth and claws were ripping the underside to shreds but it was leather on the outside. Donald pressed down on the muskrat tightly. The snow by his knees grew crimson and his face twisted in anxiety.

Quickly he drew back a corner of the jacket exposing the trap and the muskrat's leg. He grasped the trap with one hand and tried to loosen the jaws. He put the heel of his hand against the metal plate and pressed down against the frozen ground.

And at that moment a voice said, "What's the great idea?"

Donald looked up and saw Jim standing over him.

"What're you doing?" Jim spoke sharply.

Donald had to swallow twice before the words would come out. "Setting this muskrat free."

"Nothing doing." Jim took him by the arm and drew him to his feet. "That pelt's worth money."

He tossed a trap he had been carrying into the snow and, bending down, pulled the windbreaker from the muskrat. When the animal made a dash for the water he placed his foot on the chain and stopped it.

"What're you going to do?" Donald stared up at his brother fearfully.

Jim lifted the muskrat by the chain and picked up the forked stick that had slipped from the ring.

"If you shoot them or club them you damage their skins," he said. "The best way is to drown them."

"No," Donald gasped.

"It doesn't take long." Jim shrugged. "You'll get used to it after a couple of times."

"Please," Donald begged. Then he added helplessly, "If Mother were here you wouldn't do it. You wouldn't dare."

He stared in horror as Jim stepped to the bank and, lowering the animal into the water, held it under with the stick. He could see the mud churn up from the muskrat's struggles and air bubbles rising to the surface. To his mind flashed a vivid picture of this same thing happening to the other animals in the pond, one by one, until they were all dead. He tried to shout again, "No!" but it came out only a whisper.

He moved toward Jim then. He picked up the trap Jim had tossed into the snow and he sprang furiously at his brother and struck him across the back.

Jim whirled. "Hey, what's the idea?"

Donald swung the trap with both hands and it struck Jim in the temple. Jim fell. He fell into the shallow water, his head and shoulders lying on the bank.

DONALD stood over him, trembling, the trap slipping from his hands. He was more surprised than he was frightened by Jim lying stunned at his feet. A few bubbles broke the surface of the water and he reached down and drew the muskrat to the bank. He knelt beside the half-drowned animal and freed its leg. For a moment the muskrat lay in the snow, then started to crawl away. It slid into the water, its movements tired and sluggish. Donald watched it swim away along the shore.

At a sound behind him, he turned and saw Jim sitting up rubbing a hand dazedly over the lump on his forehead. Jim rose to his feet and Donald stood before him tensely.

There was respect behind the dazed expression in Jim's eyes. "Boy, have you got a temper!" He picked up the trap that had hit him and looked at it, frowning. He picked up the second trap and examined the bits of fur and drying blood on the steel jaws and he said, "I didn't know you felt that way about your pond."

He rubbed the side of his head gingerly. "I'll find some other way to make that money, Don. You don't have to worry. I won't trap here if you don't want me to."

Slowly the tension went out of Donald. He drew a deep breath. Something had happened to him just now that was a little bewildering; something he couldn't explain exactly, but it was a feeling that came from having learned to do for himself what his mother had always done for him; he had stood on his own two feet and fought for what was his.

"We'd better pick up those traps before something more steps in them," Jim said. "You go back the way you came; and I'll meet you at the head of the pond."

When Jim turned away Donald wanted to call after him, to say something; but the words wouldn't come out. He watched Jim disappear from sight, then he started back along the path. He felt exactly as though he were walking on air, and it seemed almost as if his mother were walking beside him, looking down at him proudly.

THE END

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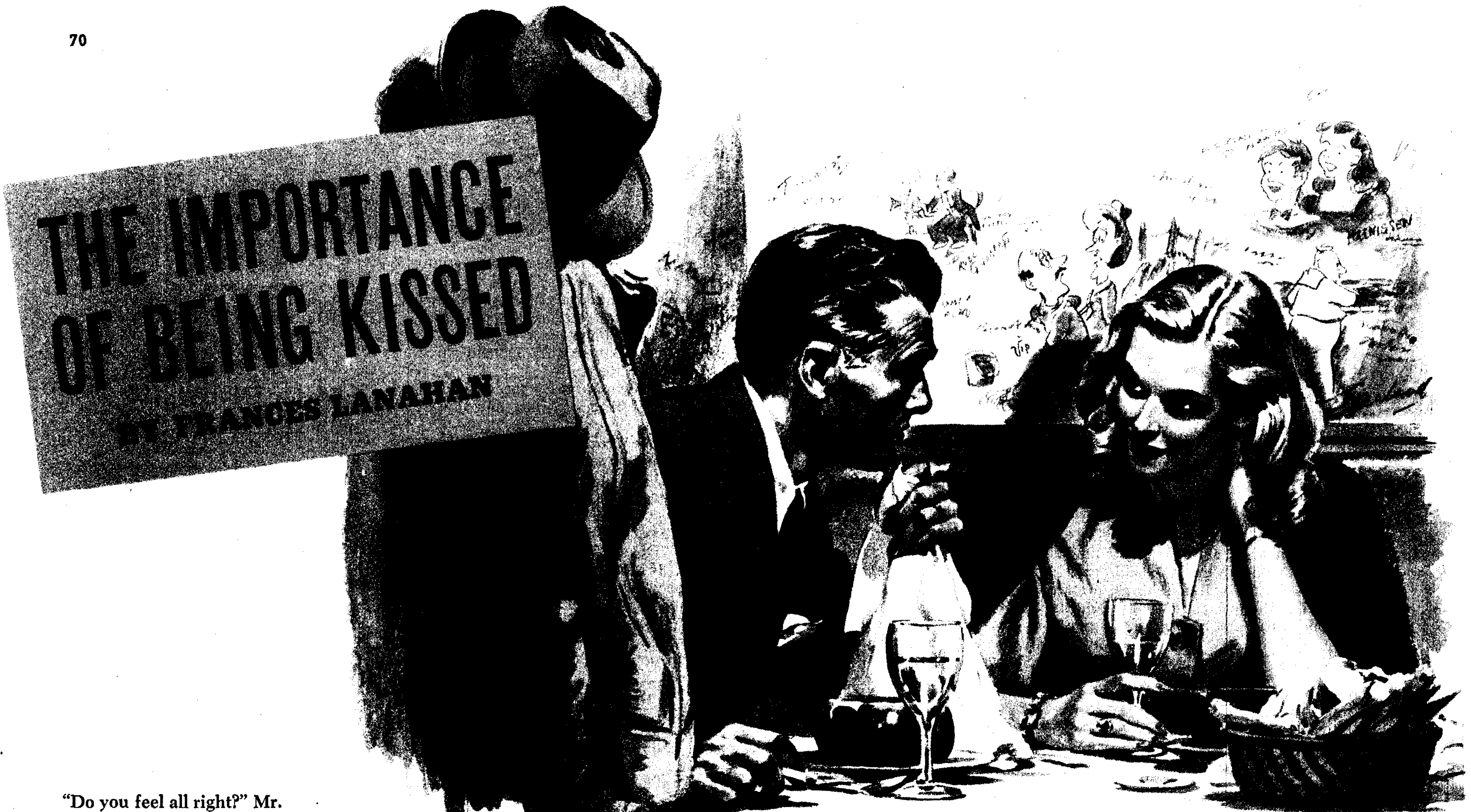
THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING KISSED

BY FRANCES LANAHAN



"Do you feel all right?" Mr. Janney asked anxiously. "I guess I'm a little tired," Eleanor said, trying to conceal what she really felt

ELEANOR was disturbed by Mr. Janney's asking her to have dinner with him. Mr. Janney was tall and shy and bony, yet whenever Eleanor had spoken to him in the halls or on the way down in the elevator she had found herself deliberately prolonging their conversation on the most flimsy pretexts. At three o'clock this afternoon, he had set his foot inside her office for the first time, and ever since, there had been a vast disturbance in the atmosphere, a kind of stormlike crackle in the air around her desk that she had never noticed there before. At half past three, she had arranged the picture captions on Persia and given over the rest of the afternoon to reminiscence and recapitulation.

It was now almost six o'clock and she was still sitting limp at her typewriter, undecided about the exact wording Mr. Janney had used three hours before. He had opened the conversation, she was certain, with either one of two sentences that said themselves over and over in her mind: either, "Miss Black, I was wondering whether you might possibly be free for dinner tonight," or else, "Miss Black, is there any possible chance of our having dinner together this evening?" He had put a question mark on the end and said "dinner" rather than "supper," that much was definite.

"Oh, Mr. Janney, I'd love to," she had said, unable even to smile, and Mr. Janney had taken one step back toward the hall.

"Suppose I pick you up at six, then," he said—or something like that. "That is, if six o'clock suits *you.*"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Janney." A pause. "Thank you."

Eleanor wondered once again how she could have said anything quite so inane as "Thank you," or anything quite so unwise as "Yes" to the invitation. Nothing could be more unwise than to go out with a man like Mr. Janney, who, she had heard, was unhappily married, when her own husband was spending his second winter in Germany. Not that there was any question of falling in love with Mr. Janney when she was so much in love with her own husband. But what if Mr. Janney, who everyone said was very lonely, should fall even a little bit in love with her? What—she sat suddenly straight up in her chair—what if Mr. Janney should try to kiss her? People did, occasionally, even after she told them just how happily married she was, but the idea of Mr. Janney's attempting such a thing gave her a wild premonition of disaster. It would be hard to move gracefully a step or two away from Mr. Janney, awfully hard, in fact, to turn Mr. Janney down at all. Throughout the rest of her married life, she thought with a shudder, she would be the unfaithful wife who had kissed another man, and eventually there would be the confession and the collapse of her marriage like a house of cards.

A tear of nostalgia and regret was crystallizing slowly behind one eye when she heard Mr. Janney's footsteps coming down the hall toward her office. She took her compact and gave a hasty going-over to her nose.

THEY went to Venezetti's, a smoky little restaurant on Third Avenue with impromptu cartoons penciled on the walls, and tablecloths of tattletale gray. Mr. Janney led Eleanor to a booth at the rear of the restaurant, and they ordered onion soup and breaded veal cutlets and red wine. There Mr. Janney talked about the office and about Mr. Janney and a little bit about China, where he had spent six months for the magazine. Eleanor listened to him all through the onion soup and the breaded veal cutlet, but when they got to the apple pie à la mode, his voice sounded unreal and faraway to her, like the voice of a radio announcer breaking in after the symphony on Sunday afternoon. Eleanor's mind was set ahead two hours, to the awful time when Mr. Janney would take her home and they would stand together shaking hands in the little hall of her apartment house. Her eyes would reach into Mr. Janney's like a pair of sugar tongs, as they had been doing ever since she had begun dinner, and her body would feel as alien to her as it did now, the arms awkward and overlong and the hands damp and heavy in her lap. There could be no doubt that Mr. Janney would be as irresistible in the hall two hours from now as he was at Venezetti's.

"Do you feel bad?" Mr. Janney asked. He was in the transitory stage between "Miss" Black and Eleanor, where he called her nothing at all. "You look a little pale."

"No, I feel fine," Eleanor said. She reached for her cup of coffee, but before she could bring it to her lips she spilled almost half the cupful into her saucer and she set it down again. "I guess I'm a little tired," she added, pressing her palm against her forehead to simulate exhaustion. The pulse in her temple frightened her by its violence and she took her hand quickly away.

SHE felt better in the cold night air, as they crossed over to Lexington and turned left toward the subway. She told Mr. Janney that she lived all the way down in Greenwich Village and that since Mr. Janney lived all the way *up*town she *wished* Mr. Janney would let her catch the subway home by herself. Mr. Janney said he wouldn't think of such a thing, that it would be a great pleasure to take her home. So they shuttled over from Grand Central to Times Square; at Times Square they changed to the Seventh Avenue, and with each succeeding subway station Eleanor increased the volume and rate of flow of her words. By the time they reached her station, she was speaking at the rate of almost one hundred and fifty words a minute on the difficulty of writing picture captions about Persia. Then suddenly, they were climbing the stairs to the street, and the subject seemed to let out air like a flat tire.

"Have you ever written picture captions, Mr. Janney?" she asked weakly.

"Do stop calling me Mr. Janney," Mr. Janney said. "It's absurd for you not to call me Fred like everyone else."

"All right." They were at the corner of Barrow Street now, the last corner before they reached her apartment house. Eleanor yawned loudly twice. "My, I'm sleepy," she said. "It must have been all the wine." They walked a few steps in silence. "You must be tired, too," Eleanor said as slowly as she could, to make the sentence last longer. "I do wish you hadn't been so nice and brought me all the way home like this."

"Don't be silly," said Mr. Janney. "It was a great pleasure." Eleanor wondered whether she fancied it, or whether Mr. Janney actually did move a little nearer to her as they walked. She shuffled around in her purse for the key, found it just as they reached her apartment house, and hesitated for a moment at the top of the flight of steps leading down to the entrance. No, it would be just too rude to hold out her hand now, before they had even reached her door. She hurried down the steps, and Mr. Janney followed.

"Oh, look, I have a telegram," Eleanor said. "How very odd." She turned her back on Mr. Janney while she opened the mailbox to conceal the unsteadiness of her hand. She took out the telegram and tore the envelope open and found that it was not a telegram but a cable. LEAVING HAVRE TODAY, the cable said. SHOULD DOCK NEW YORK WITHIN WEEK.

She read the cable over twice, and as she folded it and put it in her purse she noticed that Mr. Janney was still hovering in the doorway looking chilly and indecisive, with the same shy expression he had worn when he had asked her to have dinner with him. He looked lonely, Eleanor thought, like a man who wanted a drink and someone to tell a few things to about himself.

"Not bad news, I hope," Mr. Janney said.

"No, just the opposite. Won't you come on up and have a highball—Fred? It's much too early to go to bed."

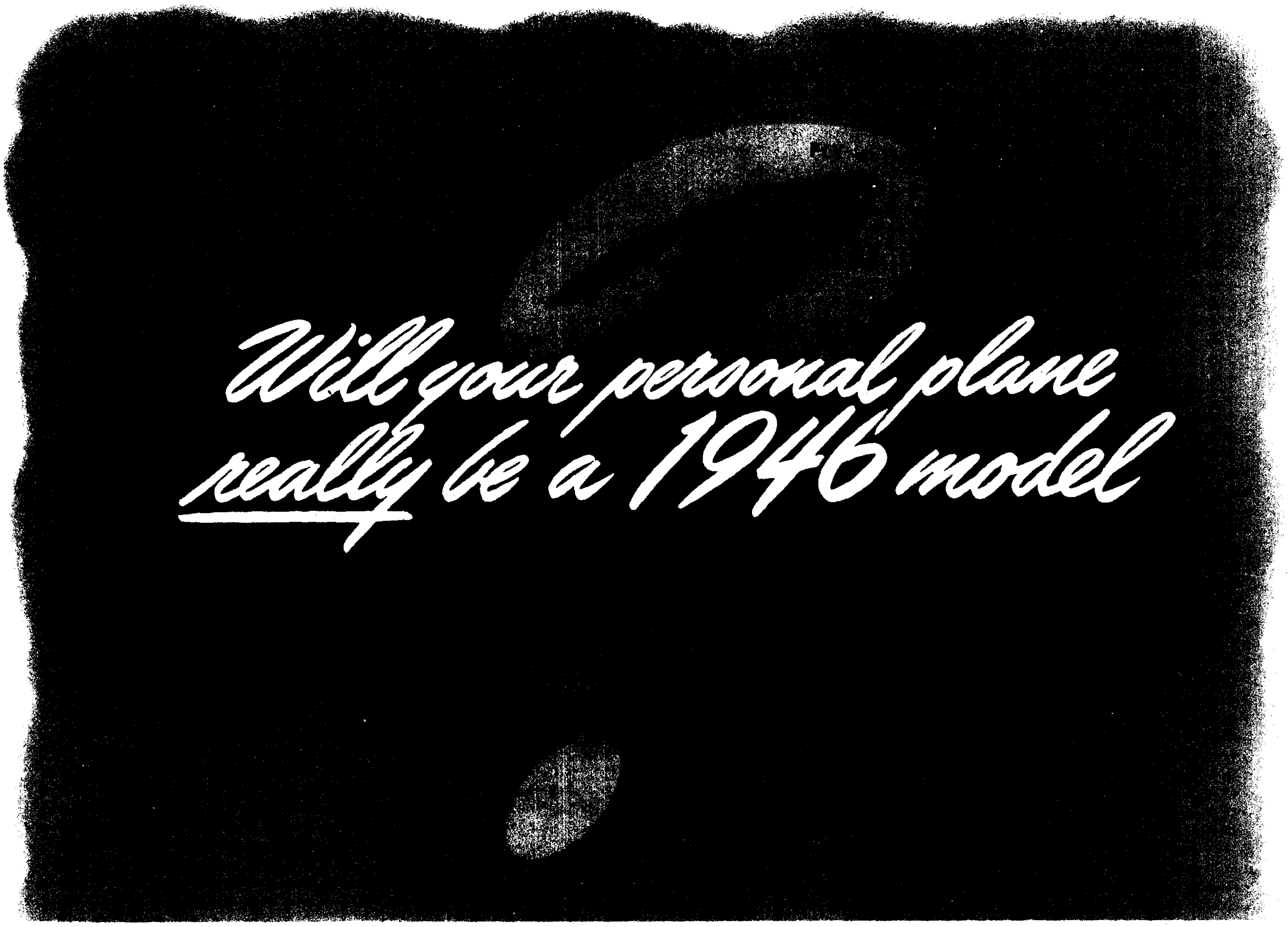
Mr. Janney hesitated. "I really ought to be going," he said. "You're very tired, and you need some sleep."

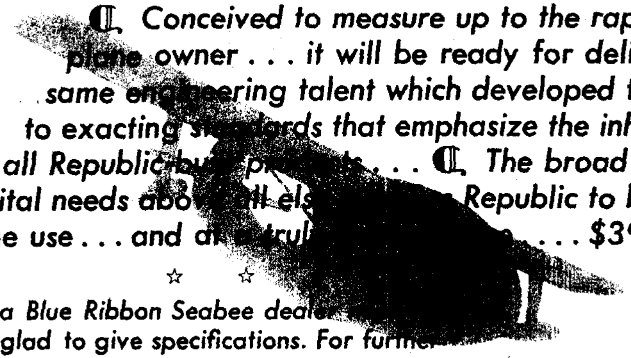
"Heavens! I wouldn't think of going to bed at this hour. I'd like you to see the apartment." She unlocked the inside door and was surprised at the steadiness of her hand, which only a few minutes ago had given her such a lot of trouble. As she climbed the two flights of stairs to her apartment, she felt clearheaded and calm for the first time since three o'clock in the afternoon. She felt *married* now, that was it, settled and happily married, anchored for the first time in over a year. She hoped she had enough Scotch left to offer Mr. Janney. He was such a nice man; a little too old perhaps to be really attractive, but so very pleasant and agreeable.

complete on this page

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GARLAND

a short short story





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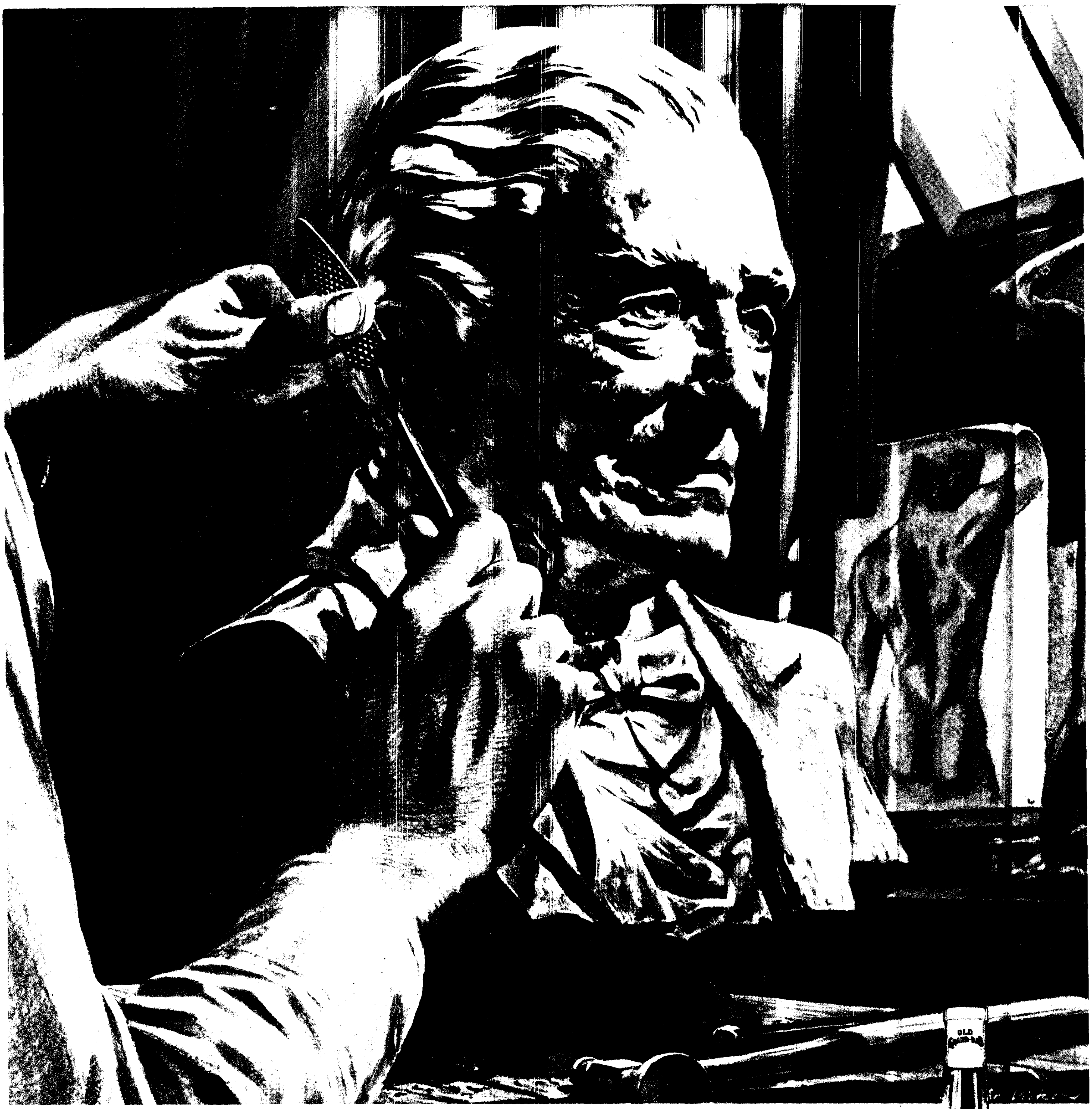

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Bad Neighbor Policy

Continued from page 54

bony finger at the little Paraguayan, Nájera let go a few caustic phrases about Argentine Fascists. And that was the last request for the presence of an Argentine representative at Mexico City.

After much backroom trading, another document of concession was adopted. Diplomatic relations with the Buenos Aires government would be resumed, and the Argentine position as a member of the family of American nations restored, provided it accepted and carried out all the resolutions and declarations of the conference.

Some of the smaller and weaker countries, living in the shadow of the Argentine army, were a little hesitant about taking such a bold stand without some assurance against retaliations. So to quiet their fears, our delegates committed the United States to another promise which was later to embarrass us no end. We would agree to enter into a mutual defense treaty, by which all of the countries would go to the defense of any one of them if attacked by another American country. Someone thought to add the condition "if similar defense mechanism is not provided for in the forthcoming United Nations Conference at San Francisco."

Even before the final speechmaking had died away, Avra Warren rushed out of the Mexican capital on another mission. At the time it was presumed he was going to Buenos Aires to exact reassurances from the Argentine government before we proceeded with our part of the bargain. With him went not only a group of advisers from the State Department but an imposing military contingent as well: Vice-Admiral W. R. Munroe, commander of our South Atlantic task force, and Lieutenant General George H. Brett, commander of all Caribbean troops, each accompanied by his staff.

Investigator Warren called a meeting of his associates and local diplomatic representatives in the office of the embassy ostensibly for the purpose of getting the facts about the Perón regime. But several of those present reported that Mr. Warren came to "tell" and not to "ask." He waved aside every objection to recognition and every piece of damaging information against the government. In effect, he told all present, "We have come to re-establish relations and not to widen the breach."

On the military side, General Brett "urgently recommended," among other favors, a substantial increase in the United States Air Mission which was then and still remains on duty with the Argentine army. There was also to be a mission of ground forces, "with a brigadier general in charge, and all the planes, tanks and other equipment necessary." Of course Perón was interested in getting war equipment and supplies. So far Argentina had been denied Lend-Lease, while Brazil and others had been able to arm themselves as a result of their co-operation. He wasn't enthusiastic about the Yankee military personnel. But if he had to take the missions to get the materials, all right.

After the Warren mission came the United Nations Conference at which we championed Argentina's entrance into the world family. While the Mexican agreement held out the hope that she might eventually become eligible for admission to such exclusive company, there had been no thought upon the part of several of the other nations that this would be any time soon.

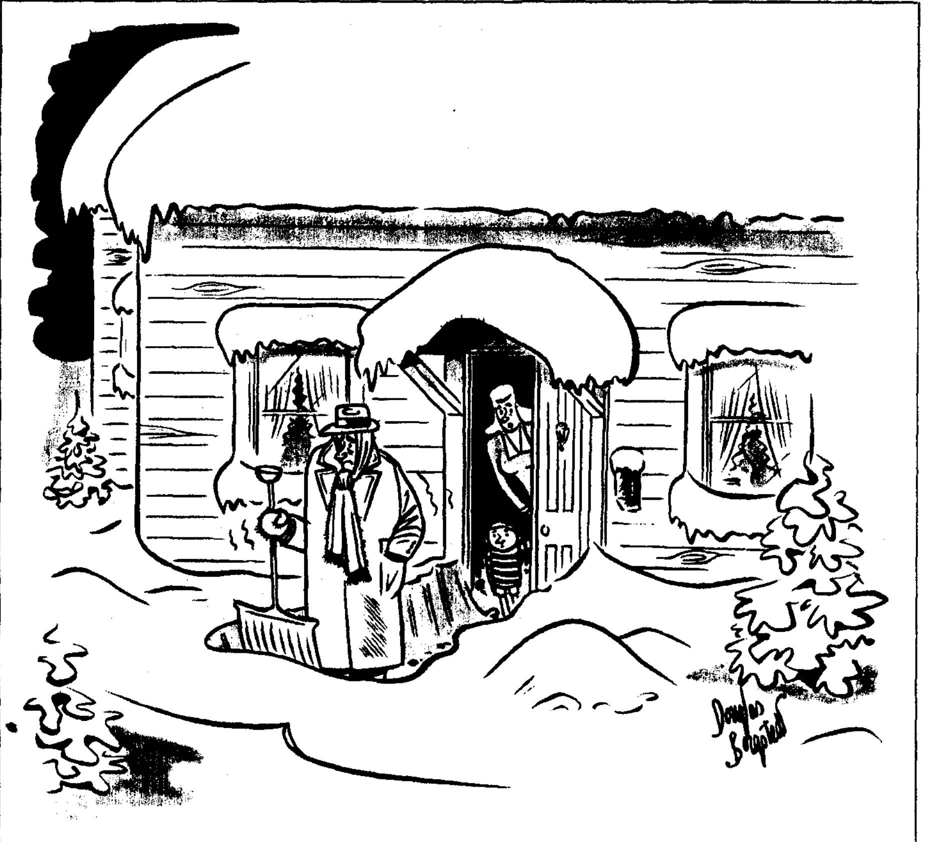
A Promise That Would Be Kept

"Imagine my surprise," Dr. Pedro Leão Velloso, the Brazilian Minister of Foreign Affairs, remarked, "when I arrived in the California city and found the United States delegates committed to such a course." It is not possible to pin the commitment on any one person, but the Warren mission to Buenos Aires is evidence of its previous existence. Once when the question was raised in a press conference in San Francisco, Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg stated that a promise had been made and there was no other course but to carry it out.

Naturally all the other American nations went along, but some of them grumblingly. Meantime they took advantage of the occasion to extract an unconditional pledge that we would go ahead with a hemisphere defense treaty regardless of any action taken at San Francisco.

Even so, more than one delegate later met with political difficulties at home as a result of his stand on Argentina. Dr. Ezequiel Padilla, the most conspicuous supporter of the deal among the Latins, returned to Mexico to find himself soon without a job. In our own country few officials have met with more universal criticism and condemnation than did Messrs. Stettinius, Rockefeller and Warren.

With the tumult still reverberating up and down the country, Spruille Braden, then our envoy to Cuba, was sent off by young Rockefeller to Buenos Aires to re-establish formal diplomatic ties with Perón. But if this fact



COLLIER'S "In your letters from the South Pacific, this is one of the things you said you yearned for" DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

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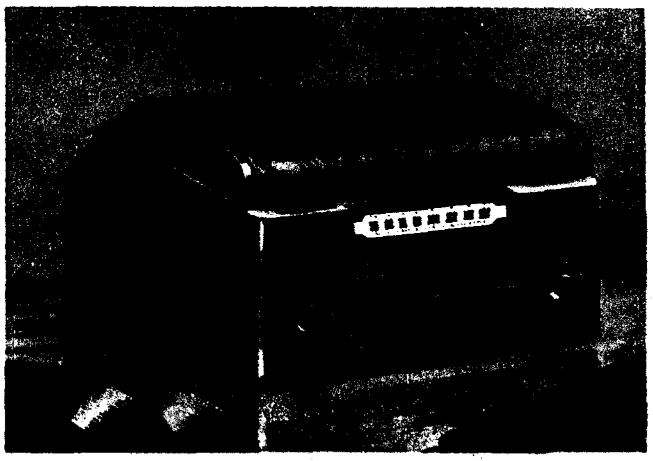
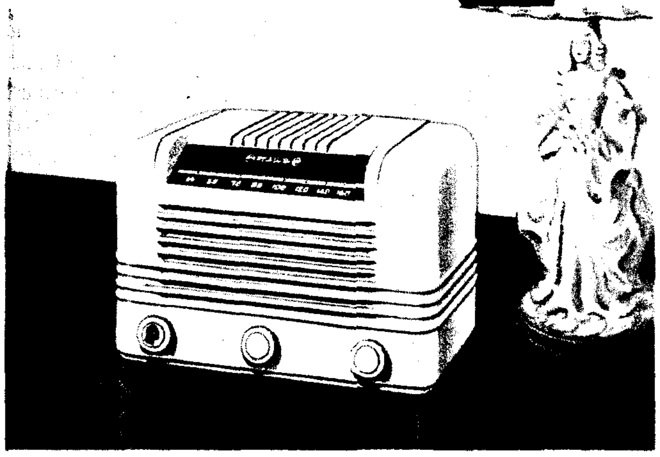


Here's the smallest Victrola* (55U) with radio and automatic record changer ever made. Smoothly plays 12 10-inch or 10 12-inch records. Has the new "Golden Throat." *Approx.* $\$79^{25}$



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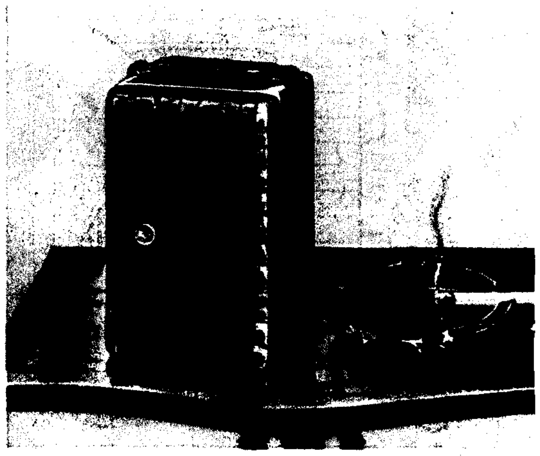

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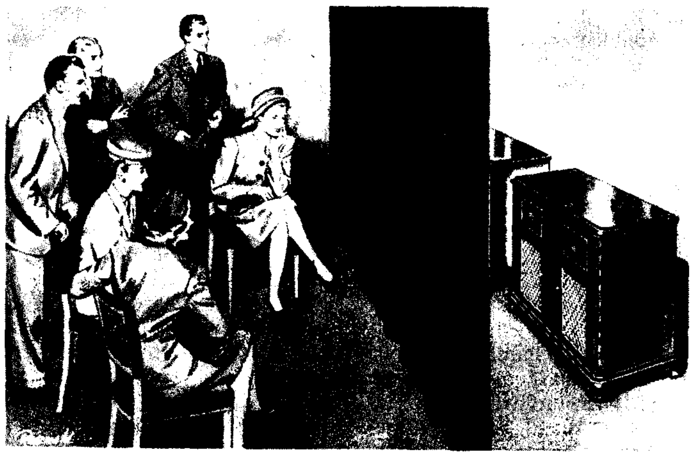

***In their search** for the tone quality most pleasing to the human ear, RCA Victor engineers were not content to rely merely on scientific measurements. They conducted a series of "curtain tests" in which hundreds of listeners participated. These tests proved conclusively that the "Golden Throat" tone was overwhelmingly preferred not only to other RCA Victor tonal developments, but to leading competitive makes as well. You'll get "Golden Throat" tone—*proved *superior—only in RCA Victor.*

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*Victrola—T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

had aroused any hopeful anticipations in the despot of the Rio de la Plata, he was soon disillusioned. The clever and straightforward Braden shared none of the notions about being gentle or compromising with a Nazi-minded official. He had met the Nazis face to face in several other countries, and dealt with several of the most powerful dictators.

Moreover, Mr. Braden was the first ambassador we had ever sent to Argentina who not only spoke the Spanish vernacular, but who had lived in that part of the world long enough to know all the wily ways of its military politicians. Besides, he shared the convictions of Cordell Hull that promises and pledges are made to live up to.

Such an attitude of course did not accord with the views of Juan Perón. Relations between himself and the ambassador grew stormier, especially when Braden demanded that Washington withhold the "generous" military supplies and favors promised by the Warren mission. But the Argentine people developed something like hero worship, and a large portion of the press in this country, as well as the democratic press everywhere to the south, hailed the Yankee diplomat as a new voice for freedom.

There was such a resurgence of vocal public opinion that almost every day demonstrations against the dictatorship took place. These demonstrations became so numerous that Perón was temporarily forced from office. Unfortunately the unarmed populace could not hold out against gas bombs and machine guns.

At the height of his popularity Braden was recalled to Washington to become Assistant Secretary of State, only to have his appointment result in something of an anticlimax. In a glowing statement, James F. Byrnes, the new Secretary, announced that Braden was being appointed in "recognition of his accurate interpretation of the policies of this government in its relations with the present government of the Argentine. As Assistant Secretary in Charge of Latin-American Affairs," Mr. Byrnes went on, "it will be his duty to see that the policies which he has so courageously sponsored in the Argentine are continued with unremitting vigor."

Some Senators Disagree

But apparently several members of the powerful Senate Foreign Relations Committee didn't agree with this statement. They not only delayed his confirmation, but held several public hearings, in which they subjected the former ambassador to a verbal inquisition.

Washington gossip at the time had it that the senatorial reluctance was not unconnected with one of Braden's first acts upon arrival at Washington: His predecessors in the State Department had already arranged and set a date for a conference to draw up the mutual defense treaty promised at San Francisco. Representatives of all the governments were to meet in Rio within a few weeks, and President Truman had appointed four of the senators, including Senators Connally and Vandenberg, as delegates. They were scheduled to go rolling down to Rio on the U.S. Cruiser Augusta, taking their wives along.

Braden, however, was primarily concerned with the fact that under the circumstances any treaty of mutual defense coming out of such a gathering would apply to Argentina as well as to Uruguay, Chile or the others. In effect we would be guaranteeing the integrity of the Perón regime. He did not think the American people wanted to do that. At the same time, he knew we couldn't go back on a definite promise. But we could ask for a postponement of the meeting with the hope that time might offer a way out of the dilemma.

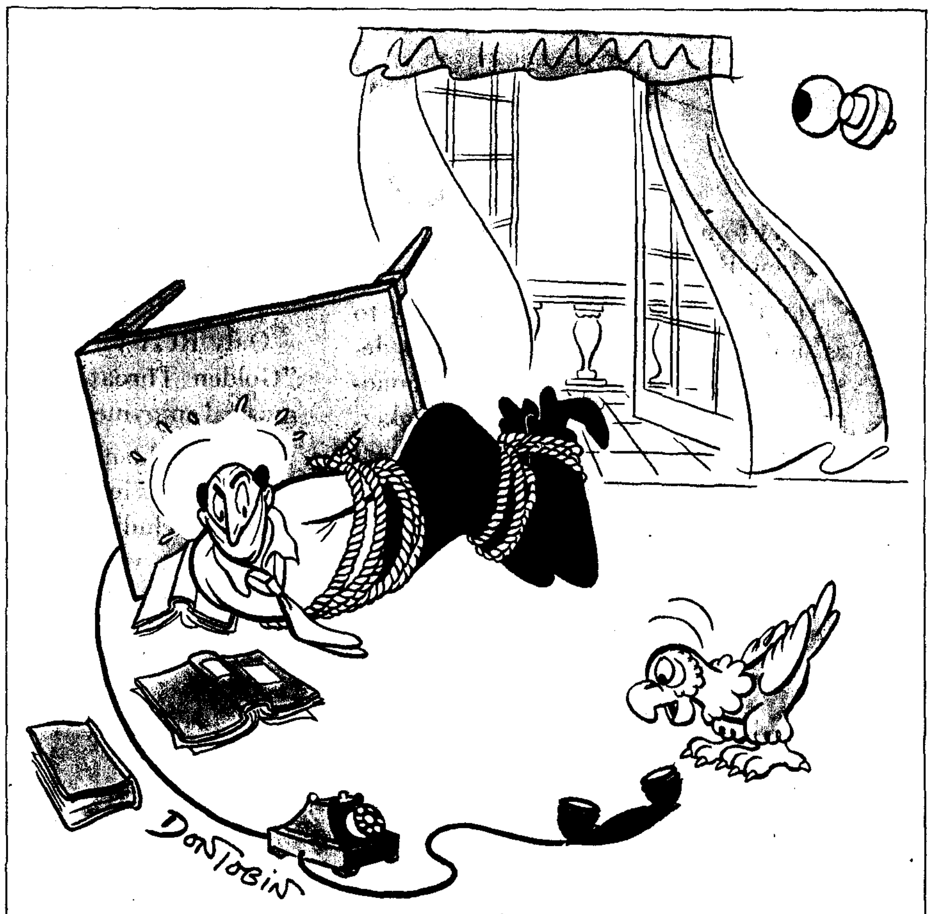
Consequently, Mr. Braden recommended that the conference be put off and this was accomplished. The senators were not long in making known their anger. In subsequent hearings, Mr. Connally openly accused Braden of "intervening" in Argentine affairs. (The conference is now scheduled for sometime between March 15th and April 15th.)

Coming after all the other blunders, this gave enormous aid and comfort to the Peronistas and in fact, to all other reactionary rulers in the neighboring nations. Worst of all it left the oppressed democratic peoples of Argentina dejected and stunned. In Montevideo a distinguished Argentine lawyer, in political exile, declared, "Now the Yankee Senate, too, has sold us down the river."

"Is it any wonder," a prominent Brazilian asks, "that there is confusion in the American neighborhood? How can you expect Uncle Sam not to be once again the object of suspicion, when your policies seem so contradictory, or when your government changes its mind so frequently?"

Be that as it may, there is no denying that the southern sky is unusually cloudy, particularly over Argentina. In that country, the government over which the main controversy has raged, is, at the time of writing, still in power. It still maintains toward its own people, as well as many foreigners, all the cruel practices and restrictive measures of which it has been accused from the first.

That the colonel and his chief cohorts are avowed Fascists of the Hitler persuasion is proved. The evidence is set forth in a secret manifesto written by Perón and distributed to the officer group in the army on the eve of their revolution of June, 1943. The document has only recently come to light. It begins with the declaration that "Hitler's struggle in peace and war will be our guide. Our government will be an inflexible dictatorship, although at first we will make the necessary concessions to establish ourselves firmly in power." To accomplish this the document continues, "following the example of Germany, the people will be inculcated with the spirit propitious to the undertaking of this heroic program, by a controlled press, radio, movies, books, education and the church."



COLLIER'S "Awk! Awk! Hi'ya, baby! Gimme a kiss!" DON TOBIN

Brazil the Keystone Republic

The program aims at the eventual control of the continent, as shown in a paragraph which states, "Our first step will be to make alliances. We already have Paraguay, Bolivia and Chile. It will be easy to bring pressure on Uruguay. Then the five United Nations will easily attract Brazil, because of her large German groups, her form of government" (the recently overthrown Vargas dictatorship). It triumphantly concludes with the declaration that "when Brazil falls the continent will be ours."

We know the totalitarian virus has already spread beyond Argentina. In Bolivia, the Villarroel government which came into being as the result of Nazi-Argentine intrigue is still in power. Victor Paz Estenssoro, the same man who connived with Perón and Axis elements before the present government seized power, is the Minister of Finance.

The government of ironfisted Paraguayan dictator Higinio Morinigo has played Perón's game both at home and abroad. Because of the critical attitude of its government and people toward Argentine oppression, Uruguay is feeling heavy pressure from the Perón government. More and more restrictions are being placed upon trade and travel between Buenos Aires and Montevideo.

That our appeasements are coming back to haunt us is evidenced by the attitude of some of those who have co-operated most with us in recent years. Messrs. Byrnes and Braden would like to re-examine the Argentine question in the light of the Perón regime's failure to live up to the program laid down at Chapultepec—of course in consultation with the other American governments. The foreign minister of one country told me he had rejected such a proposal on the grounds that to reopen the matter now would be to admit that a mistake had been made in the first place.

"At any rate," this official pointed out, "the resumption of relations with Buenos Aires and the admission of its representatives into the United Nations was the idea and wish of those responsible for the foreign policies of your government at the time. We bowed to that wish and went along in good faith.

"I'm sorry," he concluded, "but my government cannot be put in the position of admitting that it was so easily influenced by the Yankees that it joined in an act which the Yankees themselves now admit was a mistake. If I advised such a step I would not be in office tomorrow morning."

There is no doubt among those who will have to do it if it is to be done, that considerable time and hard work will be necessary to retrieve our loss of prestige in hemisphere diplomacy. But they do not believe it can be done if dozens of other departments and extraneous agencies are permitted, as in the past, to operate indiscriminately and without State Department co-ordination. They are equally sure that informed and less volatile legislative co-operation would give impetus to the restoration.

First of all, they would reassert the Good Neighbor Policy as it was originally enunciated by Franklin D. Roosevelt and especially as interpreted and applied by Cordell Hull. Refrain from direct and individual intervention in the affairs of any of them. In a proaching any difficulty with any of then take the initiative in seeking the good office of neighboring countries. If it is a major di pute it should be a matter of frank and ope consultation with the entire family.

This policy was pointed up once more b Braden in a speech made in January. "Ou policy of nonintervention . . . is fundamen tal and will continue," he said. "We hav no intention of taking that kind of unilatera action. Neither do we intend to stand idl by while the Nazi-Fascist ideology agains which we fought a war endeavors to en trench itself in this hemisphere. But ou policy is one of joint action with the othe republics."

But they would make it very plain tha the policy of the Good Neighbor is a two way road. No man in the world is mor amenable to such an interpretation than th Latin. A hard-boiled Peruvian businessma recently told me, "You North American have a curious conception of the Latin na ture. You seem to think we expect somethin for nothing. But don't forget, long befor the Anglo-Saxon came upon the scene th Spaniards, Portuguese and others from whon most men of affairs down here are descende were the world's chief horse traders. We stil have it in our blood."

Nor do we invite respect when we fail t uphold our democratic principles at all times It is doing us no good in the eyes of th peoples of these nations to gloss over th fact that some of them are ruled by governments no more democratic than those o Hitler or Tojo. We pose as champions o democracy, and we have proved it on th battlefields of Africa, Europe and Asia.

We have made known our feelings abou the Argentine government. Yet for som strange reason, we often forget that a Nicaraguan, for instance, or a citizen of the Dominican Republic who criticizes his rulers i simply inviting jail and deportation. Ou government has often been more concerne with offending the powerful politicians o the other Americas than it has with the cr of their peoples for freedom.

A Case of Diplomatic Recognition

It would be just as consistent to withhold diplomatic recognition from some of the strong-armed, gangster governments that have ruled and still rule several of the countries next door, as it is to deny recognition to certain of the puppet governments of the Balkans.

In the case of Poland, we waited to see, we investigated the conditions before we opened formal diplomatic relations. Of course, the dictators would interpret such an attitude toward them as cruel intervention in the affairs of helpless little nations. But it is no less intervention when we rush breathlessly to bestow our diplomatic favor upon every little militarist who seizes a machine gun, walks into the palace at midnight and takes over. By such speedy action, we forestall any possibility of the people expressing their wishes in the matter.

The democratic countries and peoples in the American neighborhood are beginning to be reassured on the bugaboo of intervention. Dr. Eduardo Rodriguez Larreta, the brilliant young Foreign Minister of Uruguay, has recently distributed an official memorandum all over the hemisphere proposing joint intervention to restore the liberties of peoples wherever they are being denied in the Americas.

"Violation of the elementary rights of man by a government of force and the nonfulfillment of obligations by such a government is a matter of common concern to all," says Dr. Larreta. "The established principle of 'nonintervention' by one state in the affairs of another should not shield the notorious and repeated violation by any republic of the elementary rights of man."

"In any case," one old-timer in the Inter-American field asks, "why are the bones of our boys rotting in the swamps and jungles, and bleaching in the deserts of the world if we are going to swallow the principle every time a dictator down south breathes heavily?"

THE END

THE FAMOUS Collier's ADVENTURE SERIAL NOW A GREAT SCREEN WALLOP! INTRIGUE TO THE BEAT OF THE RHUMBA . . . AMID THE GLAMOROUS MYSTERY OF MEXICO CITY!

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and EDDIE LeBARON AND HIS CONTINENTAL ORCHESTRA
Screenplay by Roy Chanslor • Based upon the Collier's Magazine serial by Robert Carson
Produced by PHIL L. RYAN • Directed by EDWARD H. GRIFFITH

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You'll agree it's "Mellow as a Sunny Morning"

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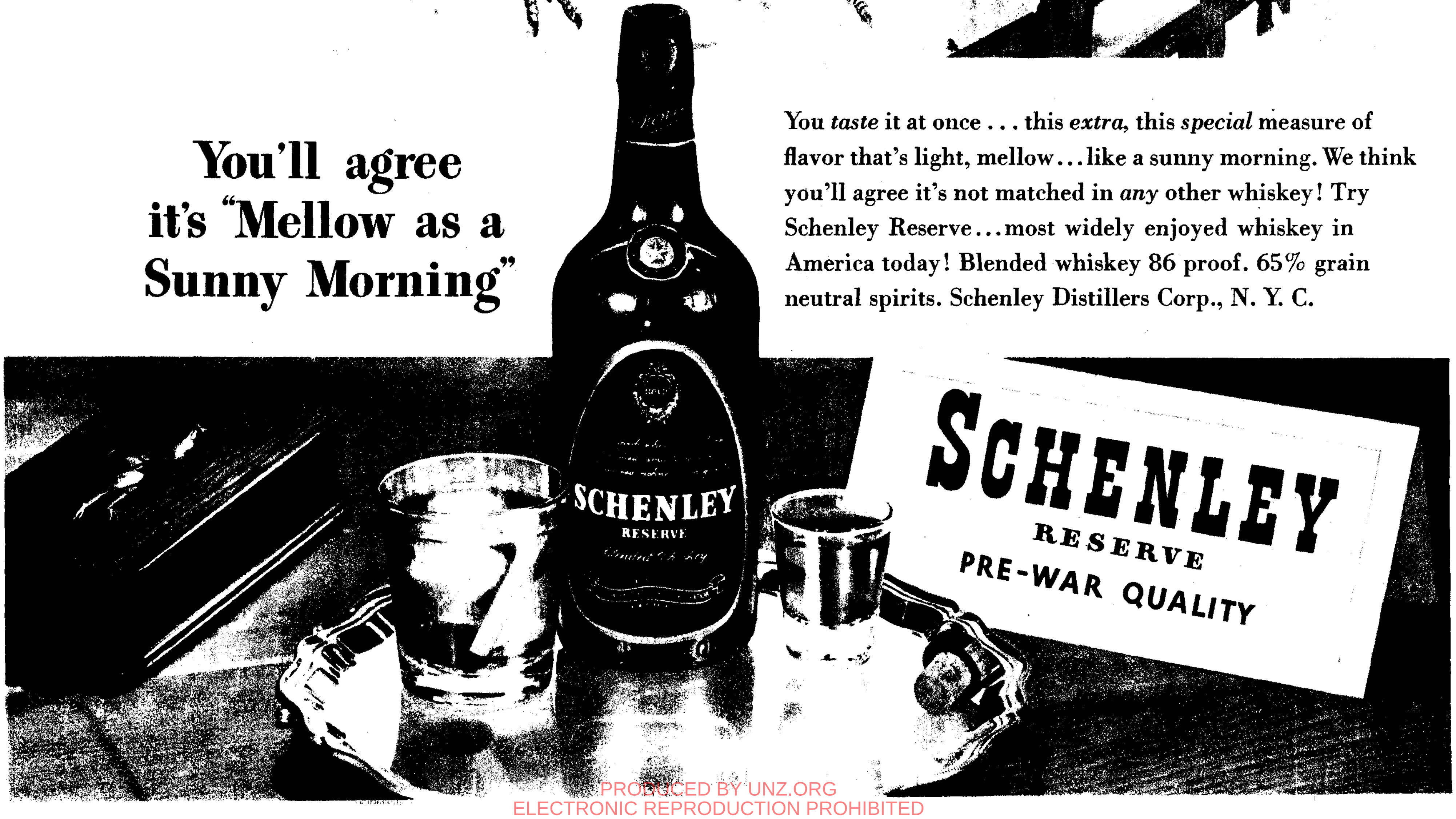

SCHENLEY
RESERVE
SCHENLEY
RESERVE
PRE-WAR QUALITY

Mountain Time

Continued from page 17

harder, he was more of a man, but she could master him too, beat him down, force him to her will. This was *it*. Last round.

July had baked the hillsides yellow, and the town smelled of dust, and the sun was a heavy hand on her hat. She strode through blinding gold, beside lawns that revolving sprinklers could not revive. High tide of desert summer had come; the peaks were flat planes against a flat sky whose blue diminished upward till it was steel color at the zenith.

Just before she reached the barn, Cy's sedan eased up to the curb and he said, "Hi." There was something new in his face, irresolution or maybe even apprehension.

"Let's get out of the sun," Josephine said.

"Place looks pretty upset, I guess."

IT CERTAINLY did. Coolness and dimness were refreshing after that desert noon—but, for heaven's sake, what had been going on in here? There were surgical instruments on Cy's desk. Gauze swabs hideous with blood were in the wastebasket and scattered across the floor. There were rolls of surgical tape, half-used bandages, cans of antiseptic, a basin of bloody water.

"What happened?" she demanded.

"I haven't had time to clean up. Sorry. . . . Oh, just emergency ward. One of the boys got hurt."

He began to pick up the bloody swabs and put them in the stove. "Too hot today to burn them." He put things away, talking. About four this morning Art Ricco's girl friend had phoned him—someone named Myrt. A few miles out of Custis, driving a load of liquor down from Cheyenne, Art Ricco had been chased—chased and eventually shot. Art didn't know by whom. Presumably the United States marshal, and presumably arrangements had gone wrong, somebody hadn't played square. Anyway, Art had got away, losing his load but eventually getting to Myrt.

Cy had brought him here and, with Myrt helping, had fixed him up. He had a long raking wound, through a shoulder and down the arm. Not serious but he had lost quite a bit of blood. He was okay. They had taken him back to Myrt's, where he'd stay for a while. He'd be all right.

Josephine was shaking. It was her fate usually to be angry at someone, but no one had ever given her an anger half so great as this. She had been right—this was really it at last, but in a quite different way from what she had planned.

There was a gritty taste in her mouth. "You don't practice medicine. The State of Colorado hasn't licensed you to practice medicine."

"That's right." And say what you would, they were clairvoyant, they were twinned and married souls, and any emotion one of them felt immediately set up the same emotion in the other by induction. In a second Cy had got just as mad as she was. "Sure, it was an illegal operation, illegal as hell. But I didn't practice medicine. I just cleaned up a friend's arm and dressed *it*."

"Illegal operations ought to develop into something pretty big," Josephine said. "You're in on the ground floor—you'll do fine. A lot of thugs will have to keep clear of the police."

"Art Ricco is not a thug! He's a friend of mine."

"Sure, you're a thug too. He runs liquor—so do you. He gets shot—and there you are right at hand, and pure of soul as ever. He's a fugitive from justice, the cops are looking for him—and dependable old Cy will help out. If the cops start looking for you, too, well, we're all friends together, all us bootleggers."

She was staring at him, a big, chunky man with a face that had been refined somewhat by a year's failure. A big man who might have been a great man. And she was seeing clearly at last; she was seeing what it all meant.

"That closed the door and locked it," she said. "That's what you've been trying to do, Cy; I guess that's what you had to do. You had to kick decency out forever. Well, you'll be all right now, you won't be bothered any more. You won't have to live up to a talent or be a great man—or be anything. Being a crook, doing the dishonorable thing—that means there's no obligation. That's what you've been trying for and now you've got it. . . . And this was just a couple of hours after you'd been too pure a soul to look at Mary Heath because that might spoil your purity."

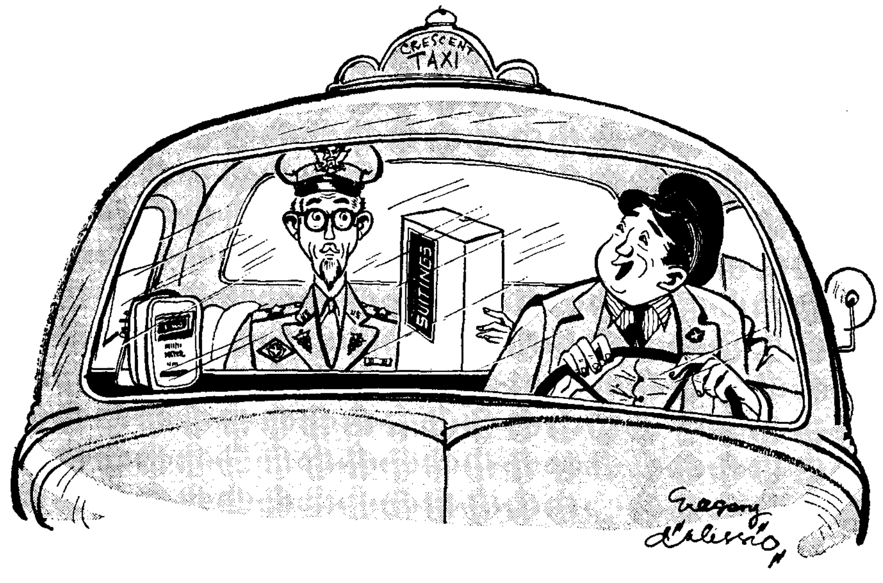
Cy said, "So now I'm Sam Willard, huh? And you think I'd better not write my novel . . . I'd better do what you want me to. Because you're always right—you have to be. Because you're so strong and dominant."

THAT struck hard at her least defended spot. She felt her cheeks heating with a violent blush. But she nodded and said, "Oh, yes, you're quite a bit like Sam. You have a pure and noble soul—noble as can be. In fact, you're lots nobler than Sam. And you've been wounded so deeply that surely we will all weep. You use pretty words and think up pretty pictures, just like Sam. Only, your haven of escape is Tanser's Garage—"

"What's the matter with Tanser's?"

"Nothing, if you would really mean it. All right, let's say you actually did have to throw it all away, all the thousands of dollars and years of work that went into your training, and all that skill you feel so sadly proud of. Say you did have to forfeit it. Say it really hasn't got the integrity that would make you feel as noble as you think you ought to. All right, okay—throw it away—and shut up—forget about it. Go ahead, get

WELCOME HOME! by **GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



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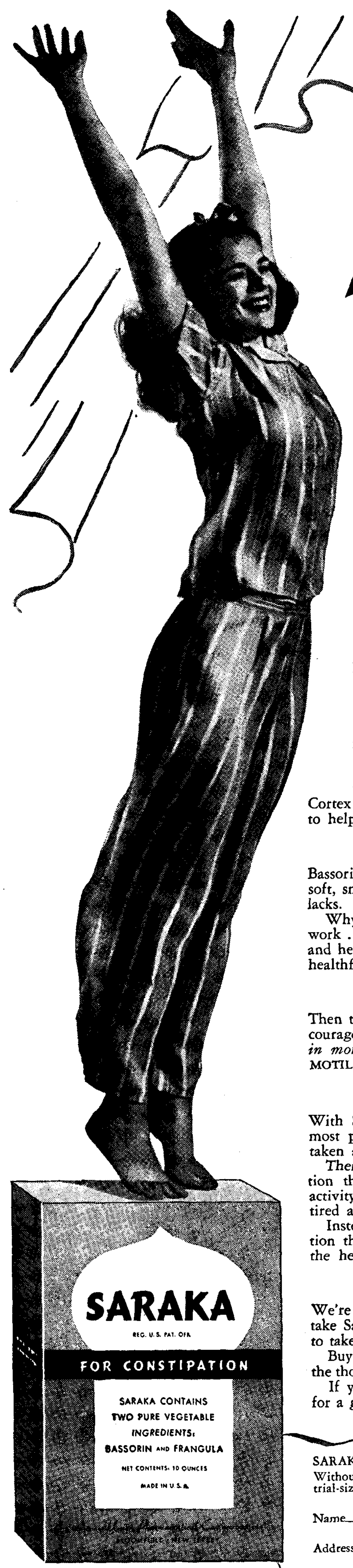

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There's no purging action. No violent irritation that whips intestinal muscles into frantic activity. No after-effect that leaves you weakened, tired and listless.

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a job at Tanser's. But for heaven's sake *mean it*—work at it—"

"What do you think I have been doing?"

"I know what you've been doing—and so do you. You've been exhibiting your heartbreak and asking us to cry. You've been publicly writhing with a bellyache and begging for pity. You've been—oh, you've been a little two-by-four Greenwich Village genius. Except that they're harmless and rather sweet and appealing, but you're rotten, Cy! You're rotten and soft and loathsome!"

She was getting it said. It was all coming out now, and she was lucky enough to be able to find the words for it. All the dark mysteries had been cleared up. It was simple enough why love and the bitter sharing of fear had got them nowhere, why the hope and promise of living their lives out together had been illusory, why there had been no peace between Cy and her. That lonesome valley—nobody else can walk it for you! The barrier had been immovable, the wall could not be breached. Several times before, she had thought they had reached the end, but now they had for certain. This was their final hour. It was worth a gentle sadness, for the hope and promise had really seemed bright, but it was best to see and know.

"Nothing happened to you," she said, "except that you've found out you aren't God—and it broke your heart. You thought you were the king on a white horse. You thought you were the little savior of all the world. You thought you were—oh, I think you thought you were Douglas Fairbanks. It turned out you aren't, and that's more than you can bear."

By now Sam would have been looking like a stricken little boy. Cy was more resistant stuff. He was listening carefully but he didn't look at all rebuked. And the repudiation that had been heading up in Josephine broke free. "Poor Mary Heath had cancer. Sam just had adolescence—he was a nice boy who couldn't grow up. I was trying to be something I couldn't be and so I had a breakdown. Those are clean diseases. But you—you're rotten with the disease of greatness. You have to be a great man—"

Cy broke in on the torrent, "All I've ever wanted was a job I could respect—"

"That's not so. You're lying, you're kidding yourself. You had a little setback. You took a stand and it got you fired—enough, maybe, to upset anyone for as much as a week. But no, you had to be the great romantic hero that fate betrayed."

Her breath caught but she plunged on: "It's ham, Cy, it's too hammy to be borne. You can't have what you think is noble, so you won't take anything at all. You're much too pure and great a man to practice medicine in Custis. You won't even repair cars in earnest—only a little, only to be pitiful. So we'll all be aghast and wring our hands and say, 'It's pitiful, isn't it? Poor Cy, what a waste, what a tragedy!'"

Her breath caught again and her breast rose in a long sigh. He was going to say something but she raised a hand. "No, I'm talking—this time you're listening. Yes, and I can talk about what you did to me. All those months in New York you were the man who could do what he was meant to. The man I had to respect. I lived among silly little egos that made me sick—but you were running Mercy Hospital. I adored you then, Cy. I knew life was decent just because it had you in it. . . . Then there were those months out here after I came home."

She had lost the tempo, her voice was out of control but she went on: "You were gentle. You were kind. You knew me through and through. You seemed to be . . . oh, strong. I didn't adore you then, Cy—I was in love with you. Even at the blackest I had that blind certainty that you and I were going to make something of our lives. Even when things were worst. And when the damned fear would leave me for a while, I'd think: The world makes sense—Cy and I are going to live together all our lives. It really can happen, we can grow old together, I can have kids for him . . ."

SHE slumped in her chair and covered her face with her hands. That had seemed so clean a hope! In cold to feel a warmth, and in darkness to see a light ahead. And now it was proved to have been just a delusion, a very silly one. She sobbed once and straightened up. Cy had nothing to say. But she did.

Tired and spent, "Well, you've closed all the doors, you've built all the walls so that you'll be safe. You're as free as air. You haven't got a wife to love. You haven't got a kid to raise. You haven't got a job to do . . . So you've fixed it up the way you want. You've worked out how to have that splendid integrity of nothing at all and pay nothing for it. There isn't a single thing you have to do. Nobody can hold you to anything. And surely God sees how pitiful you are. What a beautiful soul—how noble and how hurt!"

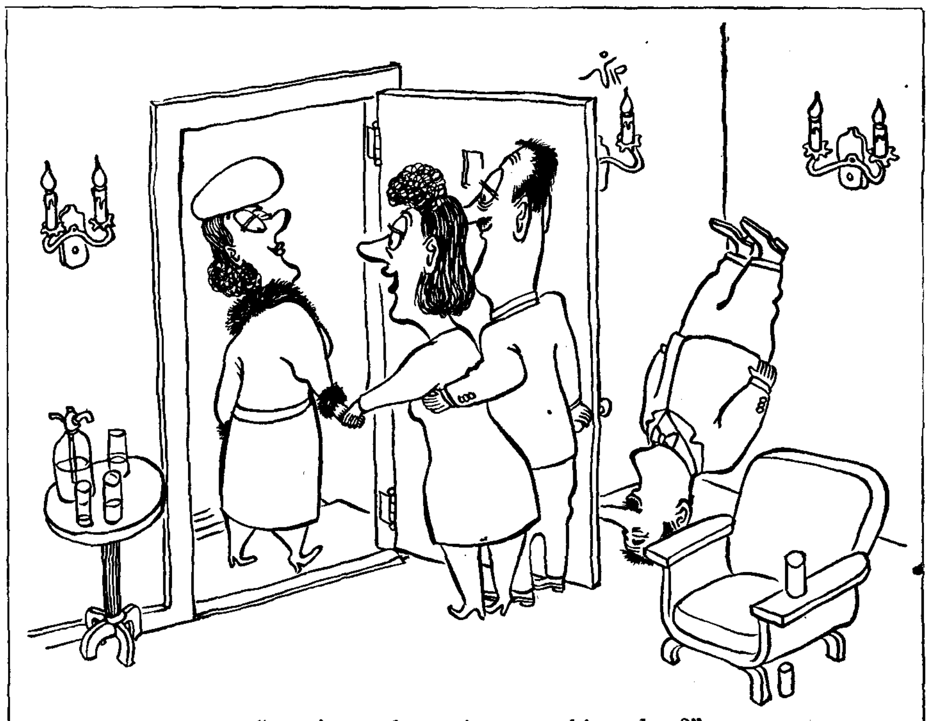
She stood up. She had got rid of the mirages; the world was clear as winter sunlight and cold as beyond the stars. She said, "I was rid of being in love with Sam when I laughed at him at last. I was rid of being in love with you when I found I had to despise you. This is the year I've been divorced twice."

Cy met her eyes. "I guess that says it."

"Yes. All of it. Most of it. Well, there's this . . ."

She looked at him for a moment, then sat down again and turned to stone. "That was no joke a long time ago when you told me that to be consistent I ought to cut my hair. . . . Two men have shown me now that I'm not much of a woman."

She was a statue speaking. She had felt so much that the overloaded nerves could carry no more feeling. "I'm not fond of



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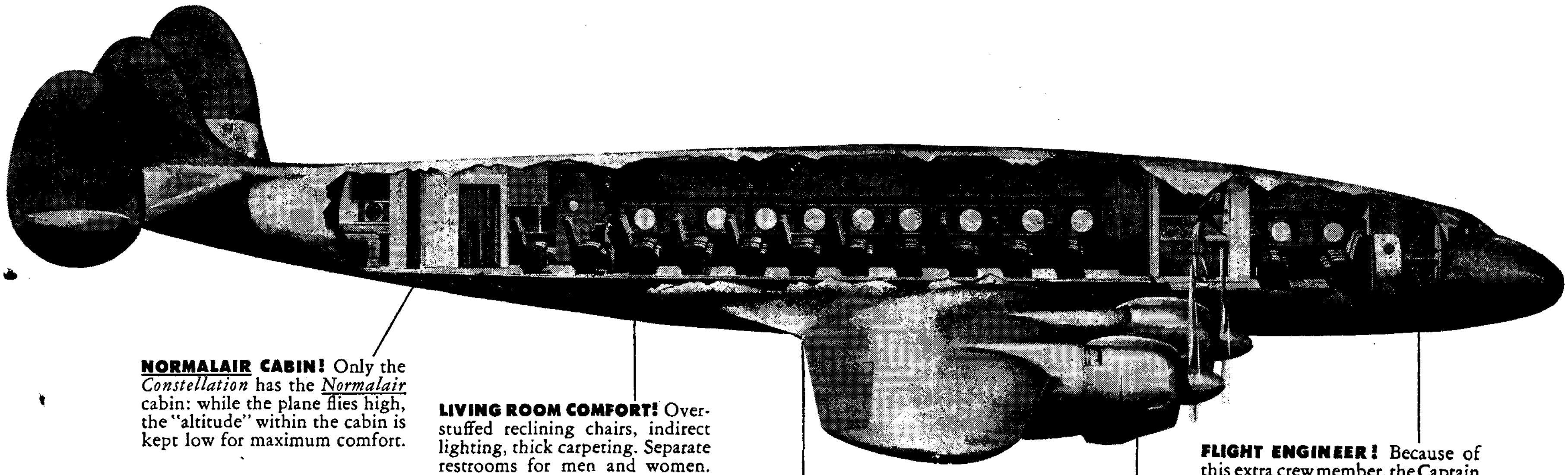

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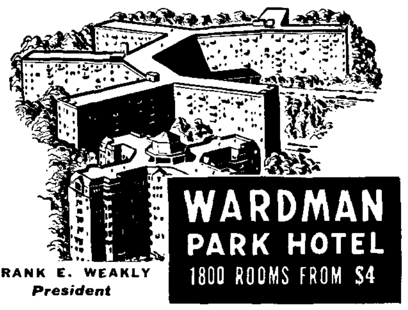
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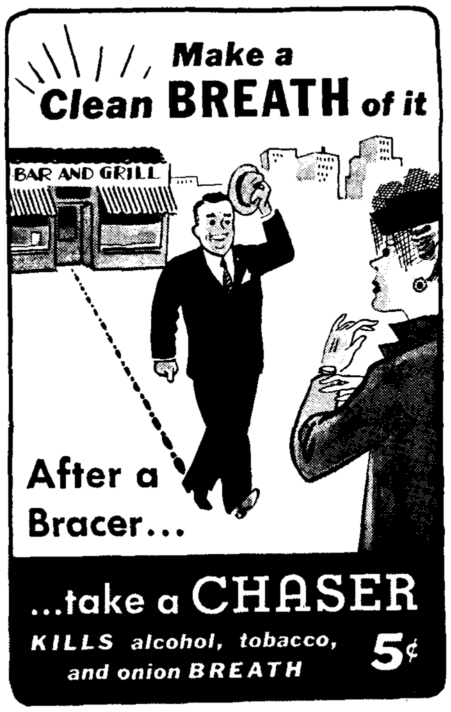

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being that way but there it is. Well, I'm only twenty-five and I've got Deborah. Maybe there can be more in life for her than I've had—I'm going to try to see. Maybe, even, I can get more for myself than I've had so far. I can't get the sun and moon—I can't be God—I don't want to be—I don't even want the sun and moon. But maybe there's something. I'm going to find out, I'm going to try. With all my inadequacies, at least I'm not dead and I'm not in love with death. I'm alive and there's a job to work at. I'm going to work at it. And I'm done with you. Go, be nobly wounded. But keep out of my way."

JOSEPHINE was not at all clear how she got out of the barn and into desert sun. But it was said now, said and over. She had pulled free of the delusion of love and hope—and free of the threat of death. And she had found the exact word—for this truly was a divorce. Her true, ironical, and virginal marriage with Cy Kinsman was now over. She was a single woman again, or whatever fraction of a woman might eventually prove correct. As a single woman she might make what she could of being a clerk and a mother in a small town, with a lot of years ahead. She felt dry and empty and numb, and the final loss of Cy would ache for a while like the stump of any amputation. But she was free of delusion and death.

She had told him to keep out of her way. As July ran on he did just that. Hattie reported that he came to see Deborah every afternoon, but he was always gone when Jo got home and he left no word for her. It was quite clear that Deborah was getting worse. She had no strength at all. She had to spend most of every day in bed. She lacked vitality even to be fretful—she was lethargic. But Josephine's own numbness was so great that she could not seem to do anything about it.

Then, one parched afternoon she came out of the sugar company offices to Bannock Avenue, which was filling with five-o'clock traffic, and there, standing at the curb and looking at the door, was—Sam Willard. He came toward her with his hand out, his little mustache twitching, his smile half jaunty and half scared.

Maybe I was wrong about Cy being finished, she thought instantly. Maybe nothing is ever finished. For this was surely finished—over and ended and put away forever. And it isn't finished at all.

"Sam! What are you doing here?"

"Let me take you home and I'll tell you. I've been there—your mother told me where you were. I've seen Deborah. Good Lord, Jo, she looks bad."

In a taxi Sam tried not to be boastful, but it wasn't much of a try. His agent—oh, sure he had an agent—had got him the offer of a job in Hollywood, a writing job. He didn't know whether he wanted it, but they wanted him all right, and his agent had got him a trip out there for a couple of weeks to look the job over. He had stopped off in Denver and, since there was no convenient train, had taken the bus to Custis.

Maybe nothing is final. Maybe nothing ever comes to an end! He was wearing a marvelously tailored mohair suit—he was dressed beautifully and most expensively. He really was appealing! She felt none of the hurt shame she ought to have felt, none of the old sick hurt and hatred. She even enjoyed him—he was preening and strutting in a nicer and clearly abashed way. And now he had something to strut about.

At the Caneday house, Deborah was in bed and Hattie said she had had a bad diarrhea. Looking at her with Sam's unaccustomed eyes, Josephine saw at last how dreadfully sick she was. A great consternation broke over her; she was transfixed by a fear that was half guilt. But the child sobbed and squirmed and cried out, "Go away! Go away, Daddy! I don't want you here."

Sam's shock and humiliation roused pity in Josephine's heart. She took his arm and led him downstairs and outdoors. "For God's sake, what's wrong with her? What is it, Jo?" he whispered. She remembered how shattered he had been the day the truck hit Deborah.

"They don't know. They haven't been able to tell. Some anemia they can't explain."

"We've got to get her out of here. There can't be any real doctors here."

"Cy's watching her. I trust him. . . . I've got to."

"Let's get her to Denver anyway—let's take her where they know. I've got lots of money. Why didn't you ask me for it? How much do you need?"

"It wouldn't have done any good." Sam looked stricken, terrified, and that softened her. She sat on the steps and smiled at him. "Lots of money, Sam? How do you like being a best seller after all?"

He reddened—like a boy. "I used to think that was shameful. A damn' fool idea—I've had plenty like it. Damn it, I love it all. Let me take you to dinner."

"There aren't any restaurants good enough for a celebration—not even your hotel. Custis does its entertaining at home. Have dinner with us."

So once more she was cooking for Sam, if only helping Hattie. And if the world had been drained empty of illusion, the emptiness had been filled with pure irony. . . . Sam set out to be entertaining and he clearly charmed Asa. Why not? Sam was a good mimic—but actually he didn't have to act, he really was a personality now, something of a celebrity, certainly a success. He enjoyed the role, his face was pink and his eyes bright, and every snap of that mustache was familiar to Josephine. The thought of Hollywood enraptured him; by now he could speak casually of "Doug," or "Mary," or "Charlie." He could weave into his talk big literary names—and it was mean to remember how he had scorned those same names in Chelsea. Well, he was one of them now.

AFTER dinner Asa got out his hoarded bourbon, and Sam could not know that that was an affirmative vote, an accolade. But in the kitchen, scraping plates, Hattie said, "You did right, Jo."

Josephine pondered that salty intuition. Maybe women felt that way about Sam, but just how did she feel, after all? Well, nothing much. She was, if anything, pleased to see him and interested to watch him. Irony seemed to have become her bread and staff; she seemed to be living largely by means of it. Oh, Sam wasn't a bad guy, and his ex-wife had come to learn that maybe it didn't much matter what particular kind of ass or defective you were, for you had to be some kind of ass or defective.

That's the lesson of a busted marriage and a year's wisdom, she thought; that's what you learn from two divorces. So she went out to join him.

"Where's Broadway?" he asked. "What do you do for fun in this town?"

"Go to the movies. Or to an open-air dance hall. Or play bridge. Or take a ride in the family car. Or take a walk."

"Just like Utica. Whistle stops are all the same. Shall we take a walk?"

No. Walking in the foothills had come to mean a particular kind of making a fool of yourself. It was dedicated to the kind of folly Cy stood for. So they ended by just sitting in deck chairs on the baked lawns under the big box elder, and looking at the dim bulk of the peaks, and talking.

Or rather, Sam talking. For Josephine sank into a reverie that sometimes blotted out his voice. Six years of marriage, all those shining early hopes and tendernesses, all those later angers and despair. It made you wonder how important they could have been, how much the very deepest of you mattered, since they could so soon sink to so little. Love or despair, it was all the same now.

And Sam had to be told that she admired Minions of the Moon and she told him, truthfully and enough more to keep him satisfied. Even a divorced wife had to help him think well of himself for even this trivial moment. And why not? He would always be the way he was. She would always be the way she was. There didn't appear to be any grounds for choice.

"What's Kinsman doing?" he asked abruptly.

"Nothing at all. Oh, being a bootlegger now and then."

Sam probably thought that was a joke. "I thought that—before this—I'd hear you were —married."

Jo laughed—clearly, with honest mirth. "Never. Never in the world."

He was feeling awkward. "I used to think you two had something. I thought maybe you'd fallen for him. Toward the end I wondered if maybe—"

"No danger. We'd have to be in love. We'd have to have something in common. And we just haven't."

Suddenly she felt at peace with the world, released, exhilarated—as if Sam had inadvertently laid some ghost of Cy that had been lingering on. Irony ran through her; irony was as heady as champagne. Her mind moved ahead of his as easily as it always had, and she knew that now she was supposed to ask about Cassie. She wasn't going to. She knew without asking, and besides Sam would insist on telling her. Presently he did: The great love had been broken off short but it hadn't been a great love after all. It had been a mistake. Maybe, he acknowledged, maybe there was no way of knowing the truth except through error, but he had been a fool and was now wiser. Wiser, and wearier too, but humbly hopeful that he had not grown wise too late. Sam was very sad, very austere, very regretful, and it would be a sin to laugh.

Her mind, ranging on ahead, knew that he would turn from being austerely sad to being poetically sad, and he did so on the dot. Poetic sadness was a good role too and it amused her and even made her a little sad, which was a compliment to his art. Pretty soon there would be strained pauses in his talk. There were. Josephine sat there knowing perfectly what was happening, what would happen, how he was picturing himself, what the role would lead to.

So when, after a really difficult pause, he reached out for her, she came into his arms readily enough. The simple truth was. It was good to be in a man's arms, it was good to be kissed, it was good to know that you could move a man. If she had to know that the ecstasies at once loosed in Sam were mainly literary, still they could please her for the moment. If she had to remember times when she had lain in his arms with true belief, still here was a solid reality in being kissed. Another simple truth was, she had lived alone too long—it was a quite earthy Josephine that liked this and stood back from it and understood it. But when Sam got too fervent she moved away from him. "No," she said, flatly and, the truth was, rather regretfully.

It needed just that to set him on fire. Pleading passionately, saying all the literary things, he worked himself up to an exaltation of love and sacrifice. It was only through losing her that he had learned to love her. And surely she must have learned something of forbearance, a little kindness. Now loss and wisdom must have taught them to live up to the best of themselves and build a true marriage. Out of loss could come riches, and out of folly, the heart's desire.

Desire had pierced him and his voice was tragic under the night sky. Just like Cy, as eloquent as Cy, and what was there about Josephine that inspired her men to the strongest oratory? She stood up. "You really believe that, don't you, Sam, for a minute anyway? So go back to the hotel and write it into your new novel." She touched his cheek, smoothed his hair, pulled his head down and kissed his forehead. "You're sweet, Sam. You really are."

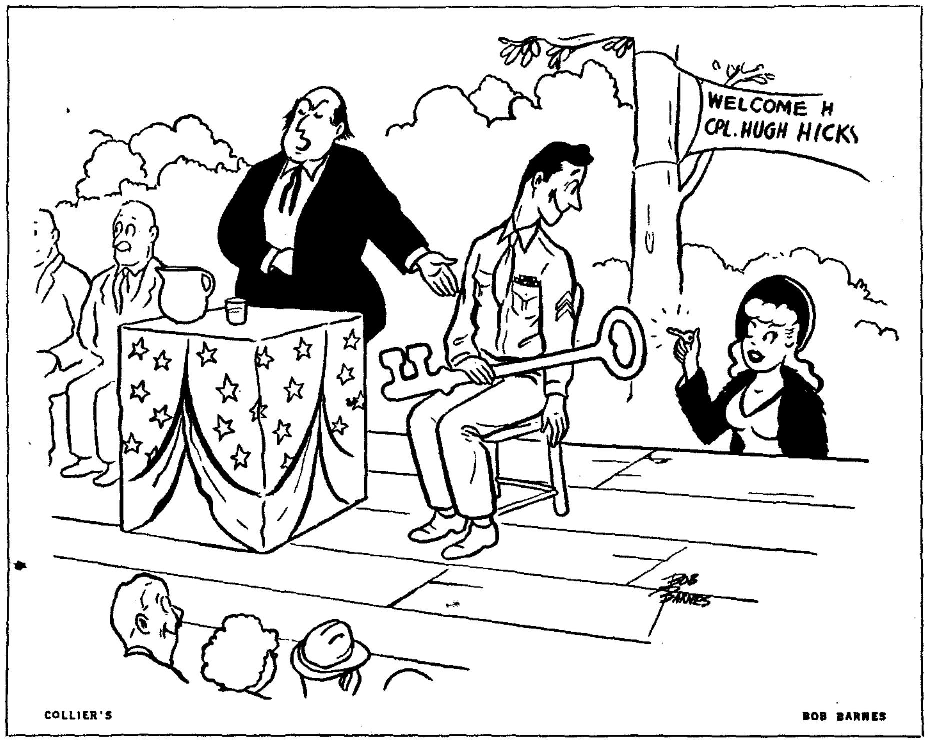
There was the agreeable thought that tonight it was Sam who would have insomnia, and Jo enjoyed a comfortable reassurance, falling asleep. But when she woke, reassurance had got lost in the sharpest possible reality. All morning at the sugar company there was the realistic question to be faced: Well, Jo, what do you want?

SHE could have years of working in offices, years of bringing Deborah up and watching Asa and Hattie grow old. She could hug a drab town and a petty routine to her breast and call it life, say it was the true subsoil and the true roots she had dreamed of having. She could get promoted sometimes and make a bigger salary. She could watch Cy degenerate. She could watch herself wither unfulfilled. Or marry somebody. There were no candidates in sight but there probably would be some.

She knew Sam utterly, to the last item. He would always be not only unstable but a little preposterous. She would always be brighter and stronger than he was, more of a person, more dominant—wasn't that the whole idea? Never again could he break her heart. Now, if the old cycle should start again, she could stop it—if she wanted to stop it. He wasn't offering her as much as he thought, not by a long way. But—well, if money could do anything for Deborah's pale face and emaciated limbs, Sam had money now, they could take Deborah away, give her a chance maybe. And Sam did have hope and liveliness, he did work at his job, he did work successfully. And there was the larger world, and a little money, and a little fame.

He had a little real need of her, too, and a little real desire for her, and if the desire were mainly literary and the need unwholesome—well, she thought, who are you, what do you want, what do you suppose you're entitled to? You've always wanted more than anyone can have, you'd better take what you can get—particularly since it's more than you could realistically expect. . . .

Sam came for her at noon and took her to lunch. So she was willful and capricious, bewildering him with mockery, enjoying his easily aroused distress. He did not get a chance to be the budding celebrity, for she was too busy being his unattainable heart's desire. He was taking a nine-o'clock train to Denver and she agreed to have dinner with



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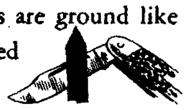

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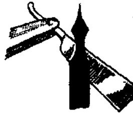

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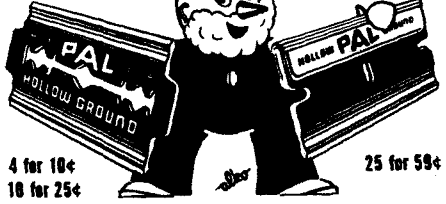

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him, and went back to the office to a stormy and turbulent afternoon.

The restaurant at the hotel was better but it was her whim to have dinner at the Custis Waldorf, where she had so many dinners with Cy. Sam had seen Deborah again and was terrified. Also he had seen Cy and was bewildered.

"At a garage! Working on cars and just as snooty as ever. They say he lives in a barn."

"That's right."

"Jo, what has happened to him? What's it all about?"

"There's no novel in it. He's just no good." Those words repeated themselves in her mind with a clang. They were either treason to the deepest relationship she had ever had—or else the last release, proof she was free. "No good," she repeated slowly. "Not worth calling yellow or a failure. Just no good."

Sam was awed. "I was sure you'd fall for him if you hadn't already."

"For once I was lucky."

Clearly Sam wanted to forget about Cy, forget about Deborah, forget about everything except what was plain as day. If for Jo dinner at the Waldorf was charged with light irony, for Sam it was charged with an excitement that was obviously nuptial.

"What are you smiling at?" he demanded.

"Nothing." Except that if it were fun to torment him, why, that fun could go on to something deeper, if only a little deeper. "Well, how important you look, Sam. What an expensive tailor you've been to, and who would ever have thought the artist would buy a gold chain for his vest just like an ordinary businessman."

"Laugh if you want!" He pouted, as he always had. Then he grinned. "That proves it. Jo, there's no such thing as divorce. A marriage can't be broken up by a decree. All those years—we grew together. You know it—you know it in your heart."

"Don't be ardent in public," she said. And stepped up his intensity.

They went to the hotel and got his bag, then strolled to the station, past little lighted stores and spas and pool halls. This shabby little town!—and she would spend her life here, or else she wouldn't. It had seemed a sanctuary when she was hurt and incomplete in New York. She was incomplete still and now New York was a sanctuary. Maybe all the mirages, all the delusions, had not been broken.

THE station smelled of gas and coal smoke and hot oil—the romantic odor that had meant distant places in childhood. It meant Hollywood now and, if she said the word, it would mean New York. Or France—and life could invent nothing funnier than this assenting stroll with an ex-husband who had momentarily persuaded himself that he was on fire for her again. Oh, she thought with quick self-disgust, you really aren't the king's daughter.

"How right I was to come!" Sam burst out. "We've cleared things up—it will come out right, now. I'll be back in two or three weeks."

There was a low and bitter thought, that she had won at last. It was followed by one still lower: that she could always win over Sam. "Then what?" she said.

"You know what! Then we'll get married! You know that. Look at your cheeks! Look at your eyes! Oh, Lord," Sam said wildly, "let's get out of here."

He seized her arm and hurried her out to the platform and down that beyond the glare, his hand tight and trembling. Her mind was serene, aloof from all this, cool enough to reflect that with Cy she had looked at the stars above the peaks, whereas here a scene of passion meant looking at the green dots of switch lights across the yards.

Sam was masterful but agitated. He all but groaned, "You're lovely, you're beautiful!" There was a deep black shadow at the corner of the freight house and he plunged into it and took her hungrily in his arms. That serene mind derided him for acting more imperative than he was, but serenity faded into an attentive awareness that she had been right last night, that it truly was good to be kissed, to feel herself desired.

"You do love me!" Sam exulted, grown great and omnipotent. "Jo! Darling, you really do!" His arms tightened. He was whispering, "Come to Denver with me! We'll be there by midnight. You can get a train back tomorrow!" And why not? A drowsy assent suffused her. She thought: It wouldn't be a honeymoon the way there might have been one, or even the way there was one once, but anyway it would be more than Cy had to offer her.

That was the wrong thought. It brought Cy too coldly and too urgently into her mind, chilling her. And, besides, Sam was pleading, pleading, "Jo! Come with me! Please, Jo! Jo, don't be—oh, please, you've got to!"

She stepped out of his arms. "Not tonight," she said as calmly as if her pulse had never leaped. She pointed down the yards, where a beam of light had swung around the curve and was beginning to grow along the track. "That's the Cheyenne Limited. It's your train."

So in crisis Sam ceased being either a dominant male or a beseeching lover and became just a man catching a train. . . . He kissed her again at the steps of his car and resumed masterfulness. "I'll be back in two or three weeks. Get ready, darling. I'll make you marry me then." Light slanted across his shoulders as he stood in the vestibule and kissed his hand to her and the train slid away toward Denver with a fine, nostalgic reek of coal smoke.

I may marry you, Josephine thought. I probably will. But you won't *make* me marry you. You aren't man enough.

SHE walked homeward, at war with this ghastly desert town, more at war with herself. All Sam would have had to do was to tell her to shut up, grab her, and throw her on the train. He hadn't—never would—couldn't. Appropriately enough, all her men seemed to be half-men. But it was odd to think that she would have gone with Sam if he had made her. That she would even have gone with Cy—and here rage burst out in her and flamed and flared.

It went out abruptly when she reached the house. Cy's car was parked in front and another one as well, a car with a doctor's cross on it. In the house one look was enough to show her that Asa and Hattie were terrified. She ran upstairs.

Cy, bare to the waist, was leaning over Deborah on the bed. Dr. Rulon Williams was beside him. There was a cot in the room, a table with some medical paraphernalia, Dr. Williams' opened bag. They had pillows under Deborah's feet and her head low and had covered all but her face with blankets. Her eyes were closed, her face was ash-gray and set in a curious expression of alarm. Cy had a hypodermic needle in his hand.

Dr. Williams gestured Josephine silent and she backed into a corner, choking with terror. The two men were watching Deborah with absolute concentration. Presently Josephine noticed that there was a smear of blood on Cy's left arm, at the elbow, then that there was some blood in the glass apparatus on the table which had rubber tubes leading out of it.

Without taking his eyes from Deborah, Cy handed the syringe to Dr. Williams. "I think that will do, but you'd better fill this again."

Williams filled it from a bottle in his bag. He turned to Josephine. "Your mother gave us one hot-water bag. Got any more?"

"No. Just one."

"Then let's get some fruit jars."

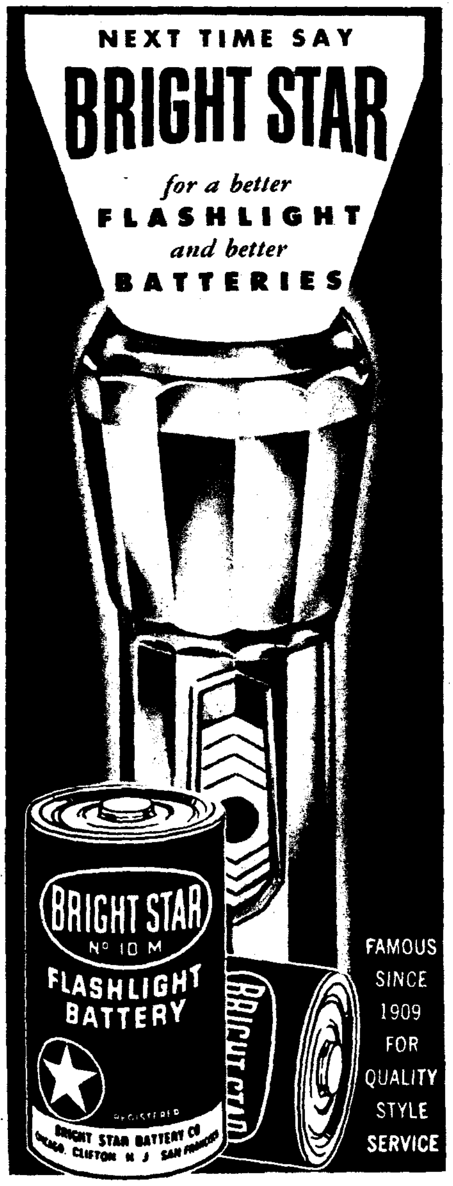
She hurried downstairs with him. He wanted the fruit jars filled with hot water and she and Hattie put a dishpanful on the stove to boil. "Shock," Dr. Williams said. "Nobody could have predicted it."

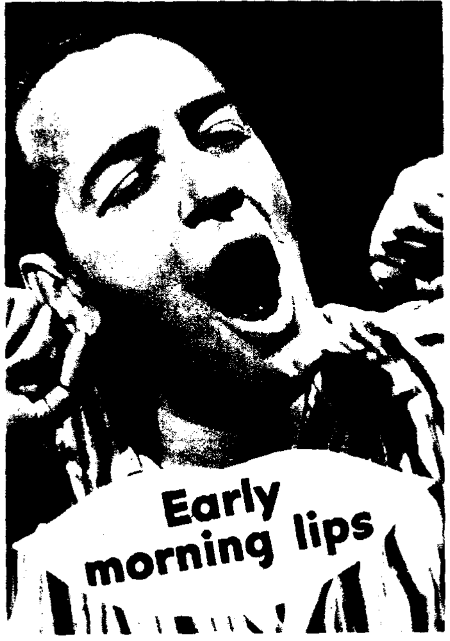
"What happened?"

"We decided to give her a transfusion. Cy's last smear showed that she wasn't making any new red cells at all. We don't know what it is but we thought a transfusion would help. Cy and she both have the same type."

Williams wiped a damp and puzzled forehead. "She couldn't take it. I'd given her about fifty cc. when she collapsed. Some idiosyncrasy. It happens once in a hundred thousand times."

Half an hour later Cy said that Deborah was coming out of it, and Dr. Williams said good night and left. After another half-hour





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Cy left too. He had said very little—beyond unconvincing attempts to reassure Hattie and Asa. Josephine went out to the gate with him. He had hardly recognized her presence, perhaps had not even recognized her.

"She's coming out of the shock," he said. "That part's all right . . . My old friend shock." His voice was ragged and from a great distance. "That was a damned bad guess in the dark."

"Cy . . . is she . . . is it—pretty bad?"

"This may have made it worse!" he said with sudden violence. "Damn the man forever who doesn't know what he's doing!" Then, a good deal more quietly, "Yes, it's pretty bad. The worst is, if she can't take blood, what is there left to do?" No, he hadn't recognized Jo, and even the thing that had always got through to him, fear rioting in her, had not got through now. He said, "I'll be back in the morning," and went out and drove away.

CY WAS policing his breakfast dishes next morning early when the phone rang. It was Josephine, her voice jagged with alarm. "Cy, Deborah can't stand up."

"What do you mean?"

"When I got her out of bed, she just fell over. She's—I think she's unconscious."

"I'm coming."

But she wasn't unconscious; merely lethargic. Her wasted muscles could not do their job, her mind was dim, her eyes closed against the light. The shock that followed the transfusion had precipitated this. And yet it was merely the arrival at a point toward which the child had been drifting for months.

Cy knew what that point meant. Life would ebb not unpleasantly, the world would contract to a pin point and then go out. Death would be like the settling in of a snowstorm at dusk. Deborah was out there, somewhere beyond, in the dusk. In the dark. Somewhere near the tip of that promontory in the dark which he had talked about at Mercy Hospital.

"She's worse, isn't she?" Josephine asked.

"She's much worse."

Something was knocking for admittance to his mind and could not get in. It was as if there were a closed door, and on this side of it was total darkness but a light was known to be blazing on the other side.

"What?" Jo said.

"Nothing." For a moment he had almost had it but it slipped away in the dark.

All the observations, all the things to see and be judicious about, revolved in his mind. The subcutaneous fat had all been absorbed —which was why Deborah's face looked both pinched and slack. He bent to look at a little hand above the sheet and the nails were cracked. There were cracks at the corners of her mouth, and her gums had been bleeding for several weeks, and her tongue was rawly red. He touched a finger to her hair—dry and brittle and falling out. Her skin was dry. If she should open her eyes they would be too bright and too dry, as if even to produce tears were too great a labor for her body. And the diarrhea and the flaccid muscles and the relentless weakening. . . . Pieces of a jigsaw puzzle that made no picture. They were all wrong.

He pricked an ear lobe to make a slide for another blood count. He had hardly been aware of Josephine at his side. But he could be aware of her as anguish and strain. So it came out that they *still* had one tie binding them. They were sharers of helplessness. "You're late for the office," he said. "I'll drive you down."

"Oughtn't I to stay here?"

"There's *nothing* you can do. I'll come back. She's . . . as well off as she can be right now."

Under Rulon Williams' microscope the slide showed no young red cells. There had been none for several days. Rulon shrugged one shoulder and Cy said, "Yeah." At Mercy Hospital this would have been just a patient, just a set of tests and reports summarized on a card. But it was Deborah. "Here we are, Rulon," he said. "We're products of the great revolution in medicine. There isn't anything we don't know, between us. So what do we produce? A word."

Rulon said, "It was just an anemia. Now it's anemia—total."

"I hope we die of a word," Cy said. "My old man's era had a handful of words too. He used to say, 'wasting disease.' Deborah's got a wasting disease—only she hasn't got any disease at all. Ezra Bartlett, he's another generation, and he's got a fine new name. He says 'deficiency disease.' It isn't a disease, it's a beautiful word."

Again there was that subliminal knocking at the door, again there was the heave and strain of some mighty effort to open a crack in the blank wall that would let light through, but it came to nothing and Cy went off to lay his data once more before Frank Bramwell —Frank Bramwell whom Old Doc Kinsman had brought to Custis to be his understudy. He despised Cy but he was patient and thorough. Patience and thoroughness got just exactly as far as they had got before.

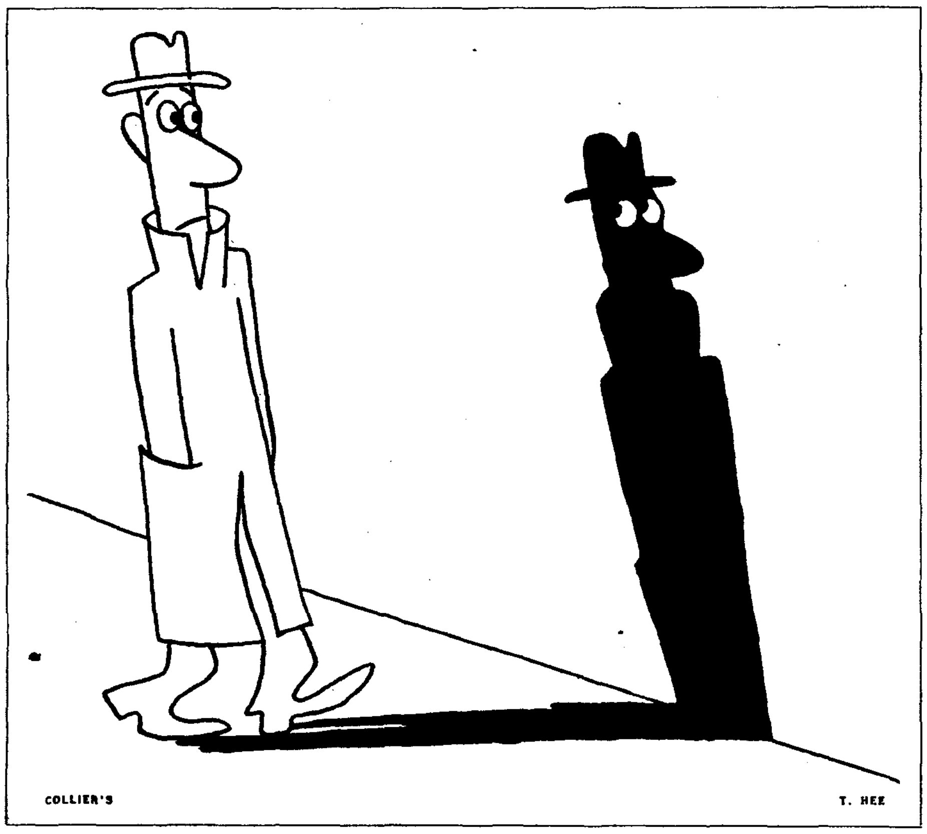
"I'm sorry, Cy. It works out that there's something dreadfully wrong—"

"Fatally wrong, Dr. Bramwell."

Frank Bramwell nodded. "—and there's no way to tell what it is."

"You know who ought to die of our ignorance? You and me."

Five days of complete darkness and stalemate followed—except that each day he could see Deborah slipping a little farther toward the tip of that promontory. Then,



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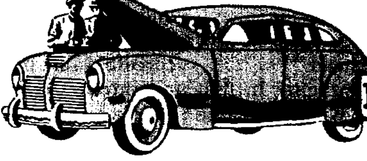

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with no warning, for no apparent cause, a crack did indeed open in that wall, and a thin ray of light shone through. Or a crack seemed to open and there was something that for a moment seemed to be light.

It was evening and Josephine was standing at his side again, looking down with him at that white face. Excitement came boiling up in Cy like the gush of a geyser—and with no word to Josephine he was outside the house, walking fast. He had to walk fast. He had to walk it off or it would consume him. Thunder and chaos had possessed his mind.

Deborah was starving to death!

She had an anemia indeed—she had the anemia of starvation! He had read about this very thing many times—in reports from Army and Red Cross commissions sent to the Far East. He had sat in the library at Mercy Hospital while a member of the staff who was just back from the Balkans lectured to his colleagues and described Deborah exactly. She was any child of refugees plodding down a Balkan road. Any child in the Balkans who had not had enough to eat and so presently collapsed in that road. To lie there for a few hours until she died while her parents struggled a few miles farther till they too fell down and died.

Of famine. Of starvation.

It was altogether impossible, and it was true. He had fed Deborah everything there was to eat. Cream and butter and cheese, steaks and salads and breads. A perfect diet, the diet that had added fifteen pounds to her mother's body. And she was starving.

His mind was a crazed cat fleeing a crazed dog. His mind was a bodiless voice in the dark jeering: You've only got hold of another name, you've only got another word. His mind had the full answer and he was just as helpless as he had been before. . . .

CY HAD been striding the streets of Custis for an hour, or two hours or three, when a hail from the curb brought him out of chaos. Art Ricco and Myrtle Hill were in a parked car. Sight of them broke Cy's nightmare; there was a live world after all.

"Goin' somewhere, Cy?"

He climbed in between them, humbly grateful to warm himself with the company of friends. "Drive me to the barn and I'll take a look at Art's arm," he said. "What have you been doing?"

Myrt clashed the gears, getting started. "We been drivin'. We never do anything else."

"Well," Art said, "we been fighting too."

A wirelike tension between them—and too bad, for these were people who did not muff and fumble life. They were foursquare and competent, they subdued circumstance to their will, they lived in the light, not the dark. And at this moment they were as hostile as Cy and Josephine, the dark lovers, had ever been. Art's thigh touching Cy's was hard with antagonism and though Myrt's was softer, her forehead was of stone. A faint clean scent of soap came from her skin, her carmined lips were angry, and her hands on the wheel were white at the knuckles.

At the barn Cy removed the bandage from Art's arm. The wound had healed perfectly. He manipulated the arm, put Art through various finger exercises, made such checks as he could. He put on a fresh, unnecessary dressing with tape. "Throw away the sling," he said. "Your physician did a first-rate job. But the seat of your pants was full of horseshoes and all the good fairies had their fingers crossed. No nerve damage—I'm absolutely sure. Arm and hand will be as good as ever. You got the breaks."

"Yeah," Myrt said. "So next time he can get shot through his thick head."

It must be this room, Cy thought. In that same chair Josephine had sat with that same cross-legged, deceptive relaxation and vibrated with the same resentment and spoken the same contempt.

"You ought to have the decency to say thanks to Cy," Art exploded. "A guy fixes me up and you put on an act. I'm ashamed of you."

"What's Cy done for me? Suppose he would of saved your life—am I goin' to jump up and down and yell 'Goody!'? I'd ought to kiss Cy because he fixed up a jailbird?"

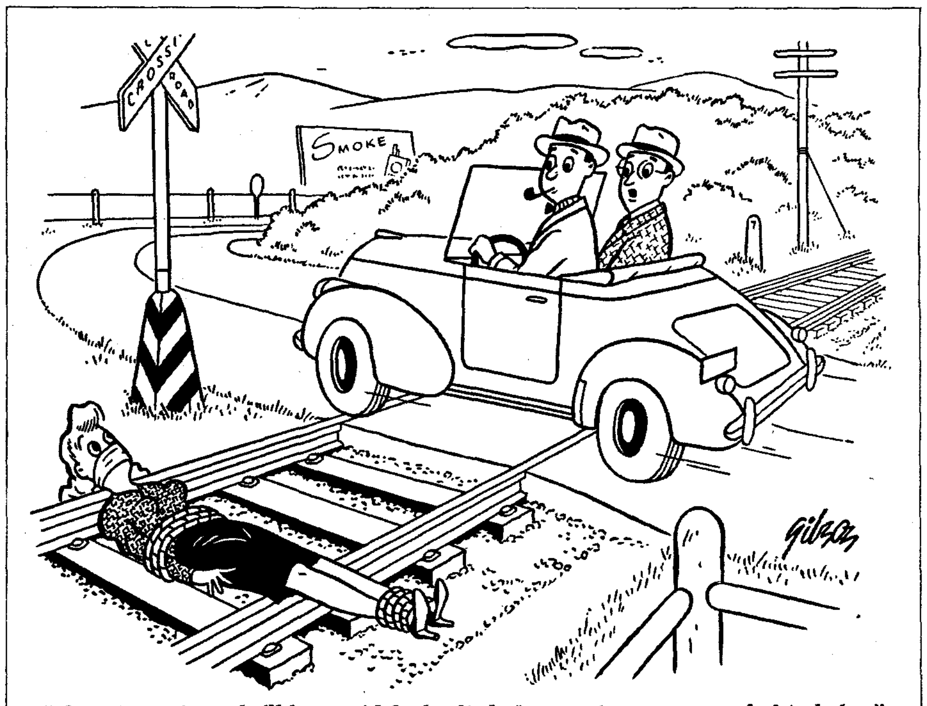
Cy got out glasses and a bottle of his good rye. Myrt stormed at him, "I don't want any!" Art said, "By God, I do." Cy poured a drink for him, took one himself, and studied Myrt's thorny sullenness. Yes, between these two there was the same desirous anger that had become monotonous in this room. "You know, Myrt," he said, "you're just like my girl. My ex-girl. You're full to the brim with delusions about men."

"She's too damn' good for you," Myrt said. "She was a couple of years ahead of me at High and I know." It had never seemed remotely possible that the superb, unvanquishable Myrt could cry, but tears stood out on her cheeks. She dashed them away with the back of a hand. More followed them, and she lay back in the chair and closed her eyes.

Cy turned to Art. "Why don't you marry the girl?"

"What's it your idea we been battling about?"

Cy went to sit on the arm of Myrt's chair and put an arm round her resistant shoulders, evoking a sob. This should not happen to people who could master life, it should happen only to the defective, to him and Josephine. "You're just flogging your own back, my dear. You're just denying yourself what you want very much. Be a little sensible, Myrt. Be a little kind. Don't set yourself up so big. Nobody's big enough. Nobody's that much bigger than anyone else."



"If we investigated I'll bet we'd find a little human interest story behind that"

COLLIER'S JAMES GIBSON

"I won't marry a bootlegger."

Art gulped the rest of his highball and stood up. "Come on, babe. It ain't Cy's trouble. Let's get out of here and fight some more."

She stood up but was quite unyielding. "It won't do you any good. I won't marry a bootlegger."

"Well," Cy said, "suppose I take over Art's run."

"Or maybe," Art said, "it's up to me to say what I do."

Sure, Cy thought, I once had that shiny male delusion too. . . . Their going withdrew from him the consolation of human warmth. Theirs was a simple, trivial frustration; the first sensible word from either of them would end it. But as for Cy Kinsman you could take that word "frustration" and see it as a threefold finality. Career, love, Deborah—all three stopped cold. Impotent.

He settled down to read what meager word about starvation there was in his books, aware that there would be little more at the library of Hockett Medical School. He found nothing he had not known. People starve because they do not get enough food. Deborah had been getting all the food there was and Deborah was starving.

There was no difference between the darkness in this room and the darkness at Mercy Hospital. That darkness was the ultimate blank wall of human ignorance, and Cy Kinsman had been stopped by it innumerable times, oftener probably than anyone else alive. It could not be borne. He sat motionless in an old chair and knew what hell was. He relieved it as much as he could, little enough, with illegal rye from his illegal trade.

Afterward he was to wonder whether, like many other substances, ignorances had not dissolved in alcohol, or whether, like many another fumbler in the dark, he had not come upon truth by way of alcohol. For his mind was muzzy when he went to bed and his last conscious thought was a sneering repetition of Old Doc Kinsman's words, "Ain't no pain nor shame nor mortification in the world like seein' a man or a child die because you don't know enough, because nobody don't know enough but you always take the blame."

SOMETIME before daybreak he woke. There was an image of Old Doc Kinsman's bearded face in his mind. But there was strangely superimposed upon it another memory. He was at the Waldorf, it was New York, Josephine was with him, an orchestra was playing. It was a year ago last May. He was telling Josephine, with amused superiority, about an entry in Wes Kinsman's notebook. He was saying to her, "My old man was just an upcountry sawbones. But thirty years ago he had his hand for a minute square on what Ezra Bartlett is finding out."

Cy got out of bed and turned on the light. The notebooks of Wes Kinsman, forty or fifty of them, were stacked in neat piles on a neat shelf which Wes Kinsman's son, a good man with his hands, had built. It took Cy half an hour to find the page he was looking for, but he found it. "Only prospector I ever knew that didn't get sick in the winter," Wes Kinsman had written, "was Appanoose Bob. Appanoose carried a bag of pine nuts and ate some every day. Said they kept off his rhumatiz. Didn't keep off his rhumatiz. Did take the curse off sowbelly and beans."

Cy's mind began to prickle. What had taken the curse off Appanoose Bob's sowbelly and beans was something lurking all unknown in piñon nuts—was something for which Ezra Bartlett or someone like him had found the pretty name of vitamin. Cy got out his stack of reprints and sorted out those that came from Ezra Bartlett's laboratory and a few others that dealt with vitamins. He reread his way through them with the concentration of a man walking the edge of a cliff. But behind that quietness, held off for a while, an excitement was gathering compared to which his excitement of last night would be hardly an agitation. A chink was going to open in that wall. It opened when he reached Selective Absorption in the Intestinal Tract, with Special Reference to the Ileum and Jejunum.

All his life old Bartlett of the straggl beard had groped in the darkness of huma ignorance. All his life he had been erasin microscopic parts of it. Add a lifetime' erasures and you got—well, somethin known. In these few pages Bartlett had demonstrated the capacity of various areas of th intestinal tract to select elements of food an convert them to use, rejecting the other elements. Select and reject. To each its foredestined parts and no others. Except for th elements of food it was foredestined to use that area took nothing from the food offered it. Moreover, the rats and guinea pig of Ezra Bartlett had suggested that this faculty of selection had something to do wit those mysterious potencies in food—he ha been working with. They had something t do with what for some years had been calle vitamins.

Light leaped up—for it could be! Excep for its foredestined element, each part of th intestinal tract rejected the food offered it If something caused it to reject that elemen too, then that part of it would starve. An furthermore, possibly it could be like gettin one number of a series wrong—which woul force all the others out of sequence.

It could be. That might be why Deborah was starving. Some disequilibrium. Something wrong with the delicate balance. She could be getting nothing at all from her food. Actually, she *was* getting nothing at all from her food.

Grayness opened along the windows and the dawn breeze began. Cy sat down to learn, suddenly aware that now he was really learning it—what was known about vitamins, what Ezra Bartlett and a few others, groping in the darkness of human ignorance, had found out.

Rats and mice and guinea pigs and monkeys and dogs. Bartlett and his colleague had fed them craftily and variously. There appeared to be four vitamins, and the boys had lettered them from A to D. Various foods seemed to contain them variously. Some contained one, others another, still others contained two. The boys hoped to isolate them some day—get them out in the open air and look at them.

But meanwhile, if you kept certain of those foods from rats, no matter how much other food you fed them, the rats died. If you restored those foods before the rats died for lack of them, then the rats did not die.

There was nothing here that Cy had not known before. He had poured Bartlett's facts through his mind innumerable times. But they had been inert facts then, whereas now they might mean life. They flashed like a mirror in the sun.

And the sun was up. It was full morning. Cy took a shower, shaved, dressed, made some coffee. He sat drinking it and smoking cigarettes. A and D in cod-liver oil and, Bartlett suspected, similar extracts. *Extracts!* The word was another mirror in the sun. B in a surprising number of substances, and abundantly in the livers and brains and kidneys of calves. Bartlett had made concentrates of those organs and saved the lives of starving rats. C was most abundant, a student of Bartlett's thought, in limes and pimentos. Footnote: The limes had to ripen fully on the tree.

CY HAD not known he was making a decision, but he had made one. He didn't know where he was going or by what path, but some moments ago, sitting and smoking, he had started out. He phoned to a commission house. They could not guarantee that the limes they sold had been ripened on the tree. They could promise to get him some he could count on. From Texas in five days, from California in three. They would wire to California at once.

Josephine in a bright-yellow linen dress was standing aghast by Deborah's bed. Cy felt no emotion whatever. Deborah had, to his eyes though probably not to Jo's, faded a little more.

"You can't do anything here," he told Josephine. "Go on to work. Be a little thankful you've got a job to do. I'll drive you down."

It was another parched morning in early August, with the desert sun burning the sky to the color of steel at the zenith and the

Taste a steak that's been broiled like this,* says Idwal Jones

Idwal Jones ("The Vineyard," "China Boy," etc.) likes to flavor his writing with tempting tales of good eating. Read those in "High Bonnet," his new novel of famed Parisian chefs. Below, Mr. Jones tells a gourmet's way of preparing steak. It should, he says, be served with a glass of hearty red table wine

Bring out the goodness ...with Wine

✱ Broil a thick steak slowly. While it broils, make this sauce: Cook 2 tbsps. minced onion in 3 tbsps. of butter for 3 minutes. Add 1 tsp. flour. Stir in ¼ cup water, ¾ cup California Burgundy or Claret; boil 10 minutes. Season to taste; add 2 tbsps. chopped parsley. Skim excess fat from steak drippings and add juices to sauce. Pour over and around broiled steak on hot platter... serve with glasses of hearty California red table wine for all

THICK, tender beefsteak again! Broil it and top it with red wine sauce. Serve juicy portions for everybody along with glasses of Burgundy or Claret wine. *Then taste.*

You've waited long for this eating pleasure. And here it reaches a full perfection in the "taste harmony" of good red meat and wine.

For wine is made to keep company with food. The California red table wines are hearty and full-bodied to be flavormates with robust red meats. The white table wines, softer and more piquant, are usually matched to lighter foods. Try, for example, how a chilled Sauterne or Chablis wine points up the delicate flavor of chicken or fish.

We've just published a new booklet of wine and food dishes—foods as good as sizzling steak with red wine sauce. Write for a free copy to Wine Advisory Board, 89 Second St., San Francisco 5.

Suggestion: Start dinner with piping hot onion soup, topped with grated cheese, accompanied by glasses of California SHERRY wine air faintly bitter with the smoke of some forest fire hundreds of miles away. "I know what's wrong with her," Cy said. "It's a simple case of starvation."

The year had moved along this far: that the fear in Josephine's eyes was now for Deborah, not for herself.

"I don't understand," she said.

Cy raised a shoulder. "I don't, either."

Neither of them said anything more till he stopped at the curb in front of the sugar company. Then he said, "But I'm going to try something."

Josephine got out and stood staring at him. It occurred to him that she had had more than her share of desperation.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

Cy said, "I'm going to swim straight out to sea."

Leaving her, he bought a quart of cod-liver oil and quantities of calves' brains, liver and kidney. He started back to Orchard Street, then turned round and drove to the telegraph office, where he sent a wire to Ezra Bartlett at the Harvard Medical School. Tell him at once, he demanded, how to find out whatever might be known about vitamin deficiency in children. With reference to Dr. Bartlett's paper on selective absorption, how could excess quantities be administered to a child? How great quantities? What could be expected? Could anything be expected?

That was his sacrifice at the altar before setting out. Now he could dive in and begin to swim. Seaward—in the dark.

AT THE Canedays', he said, "I want you to help me, Hattie," and, obedient and tense, she went upstairs with him. He must admit that cod-liver oil was about as nauseous as anything medicine could invent. How much could she take? "Get a basin, Hattie, she may not hold it." He took Deborah in his arms, "Cy wants you to take some medicine, honey." She whimpered—and her voice was only a wraith of sound. She weighed nothing. The spoon touching her teeth brought a line of blood to her gums, which were otherwise colorless. The cracks at the corners of her mouth had become open sores. She was limp, flaccid, frailty in miniature, but he got four tablespoonfuls into her and laid her back in bed. She seemed to be holding it. If she did, he would give her four more in an hour. If he had a theory, it was that you must give them enormous quantities . . .

"How fine will your meat grinder grind, Hattie?"

In the kitchen, putting it together, Hattie said, "Cyrus, that baby is dying, isn't she?"

He put an arm round her motherly shoulders. "Let's get on the job." He started to put some of the viscera through the grinder. "Good Lord! Do I cook this or do I use it raw?" He glared at Hattie. He began to curse his ignorance. Wrath doubled him up.

It was Hattie's turn to touch his shoulder. "Cyrus!" she said.

She had quieted him. I might be Sandy McAllister having a tantrum before an operation, he thought—hell, I might be Kinsman of Mercy getting sore because Cam Steele can't tie a knot. "Sorry, Hattie. You see, I don't know anything at all, not even how to start. I might be absolutely right, I might hit on the one thing in the world—and lose it all because I guessed wrong about cooking it."

"Rare beef for strength," Hattie said.

"Old wives' wisdom. Exactly on a par with wearing a sulphur bag against smallpox. . . . Well, there's no reason why you shouldn't know as much about this as Ezra Bartlett. We'll make it raw."

He was appalled to see how coarsely the finest cutter ground. "If I want it real fine, I put it through again," Hattie said. Cy nodded. He put it through four times in all, liver, kidney, brains. In the end he had a blue crockery bowl full of a semiliquid pulp. He thinned it a little by adding as much cod-liver oil as he could make it take up. He had been wrong about the nauseousness of cod-liver oil, for this mess was much worse.

Deborah was asleep when he took it upstairs. . . . Let her sleep. Cy went to sit under a box elder and listen to Hattie moving about the house and review all that he knew about metabolism. And to curse his folly in not having mastered physiology when he had the chance. If physiology knew anything—which he doubted.

At noon Josephine hurried in. Hattie had made lunch for them but Cy was not interested and Jo was too alarmed. "Come on," he said.

Deborah was still sleeping the thin sleep of the exhausted but he woke her up. He held her in his arms and had Jo spread bath towels round them both. "I want you to eat this, Debby," he said. "Hold the bowl, Jo, and give me the spoon."

Deborah whispered, "It's nasty." She turned her head unsteadily away.

"I know it is, honey. Do it for me. Because I asked you to."

"All right, Cy."

It smelled bad and it looked worse. Deborah gagged but swallowed a spoonful. She was whimpering again, her cheek against his chest. "She can't cry," he told Josephine. "She can't make tears. All right, Debby, another spoonful."

"Please no, Cy."

"Please yes. Because I asked you to."

She was a good child. What Cy asked of her she would do. Or would try to do. Her head lolled away but he brought it back. He got another spoonful down. Another one. After a while, a fourth.

"You're scaring her," Josephine said.

He doubted that it was fear in Deborah's eyes. Probably just the reflex of hard effort. "Well, I'm scared—aren't you?" he said.

With the fifth spoonful the child gagged and shuddered. Jo said, "Here it comes."

Cy held her over a towel, for though her muscles were strong enough to regurgitate the mess, they were too weak to expel it. He rearranged Deborah's bed, sponged her face and hands, smoothed her brittle hair. "All right, honey. It's all right. We'll try again pretty soon."

Downstairs, Josephine laid her head on his shoulder and wept. But for him at this moment, Josephine had no existence and so could have no feelings. He patted her arm absently. "Go back to the office." For he had a problem—in the darkness and the open sea—that had to be solved immediately and solved right the first time.

Suppose that Ezra Bartlett really had lighted a candle in the dark. Suppose that Cy's wild guess had really hit the truth dead center. Suppose that this mess of pulped veal and cod-liver oil did in fact hold some tremendous potency that could turn Deborah lifeward again. Of what use to drive straight through the dark to the one wild answer, if you could not make Deborah hold the stuff?

HE TRIED again two hours later. Deborah was really frightened now and he had to force the first spoonful into her. The first spoonful was all. It stayed down less than half a minute.

And that also was straight out of reports at Mercy by returned physicians—sleek and well fed—telling the staff with perfect detachment what starvation had been like in the Balkans.

Cy drove downtown and bought further quantities of brains, liver and kidneys. Then he went to the dingy old office building where Frank Bramwell had had his office ever since Wes Kinsman brought him to Custis. There were no waiting patients. Cy walked past a secretary to an inner room where Frank was smoking a cigar and reading the latest Journal. "Dr. Bramwell," he said, "you told me I could join the hospital staff whenever I might want to. I want to now."

A composite of emotions showed in Frank Bramwell's face—surprise, hostility, anger, rebuke. He turned stern eyes on Cy. "There are certain formalities—"

"Skip them. I'm taking Deborah there at once. Later on you can collect your pound of pride."

Frank dropped a half inch of cigar ash on his vest. He gazed out the window, which framed Mount Gallatin and its three buttresses of lesser peaks. He jingled some silver dollars in his pocket. He turned back. "All right, Cy. What do you want—"

"Phone the hospital. Tell them I'm bringing a patient. I want a two-bed room. Or have a cot put in a single. I want all the facilities. I want the use of a nurse for an hour. Maybe I'll want a special too, or a couple of specials. I'll see later."

Frank reached for the telephone and Cy went out. He drove to the house and told Hattie to put on a hat, then wrapped Deborah in a sheet and carried her down to the car and laid her in Hattie's arms.

The Custis Hospital which Old Doc Kinsman had built was a three-story frame structure now mostly offices and reception rooms and dispensary, and it occupied a corner between two new wings of brick which had been joined to it at right angles. Carrying Deborah up the steps and over the threshold, Cy had a moment of near paralysis. For as he came out of blinding sun into that cool shadow the hospital smell rose up to greet him. His eyes blurred, he felt young and abashed. For a moment only.

"Take a streetcar home, Hattie," he said. "Don't worry more than you have to. Now—go on home. Have Jo bring Debby some nightgowns."

The superintendent came up. "I'm . . . Dr. Bramwell telephoned," Cy said. "I'm—Kinsman is my name. This is Deborah Willard. Let's go right to her room."

"Yes, Dr. Kinsman." Right: he was Dr. Kinsman. . . . Her name proved to be Mrs. Jennings, and she led him to a third-floor cubicle where a floor nurse was waiting. Both of them looked at him for directions.

"Bathe her and stay with her," he told the nurse. To Mrs. Jennings: "Have a meat grinder sent to the floor pantry. I want a bowl of ice. I want a quarter-inch stomach tube. Get me a six-inch syringe—make it a good one. Alcohol. Adhesive. Tell an intern to stand by, for I'll want him too."

FRANK BRAMWELL kept his hospital efficient—meat grinder and intern were in the pantry when Cy brought his meat in from the car. He directed the intern to coil the stomach tube in the bowl of ice, and set about preparing his mixture.

The trip to the hospital had a little stimulated Deborah. At least there was recognition in her eyes. "I'm going to feed her this stuff by tube—you'll have to hold her, she isn't strong enough to sit up," Cy told the intern. "Debby, you're going to help me and I'm going to help you. It looks scary but it's just one of Cy's games. Let's work together. I'm going to do something that may seem pretty funny. But it will help you get well, maybe, and I promise it won't hurt a bit. Okay?"

She nodded a very little and whispered, "Yes, Cy."

"I'm going to put this little rubber tube in your nose. You'll feel it in the back of your mouth. When you do, swallow. Will you do that?"

Her eyes said she would. "Ice anesthetizes the taste buds a little—it will go down more easily," he told the intern automatically, as he had instructed the medics at Mercy. He slipped the end of the tube into a nostril. Deborah swallowed and he thrust it home with swift delicacy. "Good girl! That's fine. Now you've got a pipe line in you just like Custis Dam. We're going to leave it there. . . . Adhesive, please."

He taped the end of the tube to her cheek and had the intern lay her down in bed. He filled the glass syringe with his pulp of calf and cod, replaced the plunger, and drew the end of the stomach tube over the tip. The stuff went down easily enough. He withdrew the syringe and stood watching Deborah. She belched a little. Then her eyelids twitched and she drowsed. It was staying down. Cy nodded. One problem solved.

He said to the intern and the nurse, "I gave her four ounces. I'm going to give her the same every hour. I'll show you how to make up the stuff in case I shouldn't be here. But I'll be here. If I should be asleep, wake me on the hour. Now, I want you to keep records—everything—don't pass up anything—get it all down. And I want all excretion and elimination weighed and tested. . . . Now I'll fill out her forms."

At the floor desk in the corridor, the intern said, "Sir—" For a moment Cy heard nothing else, for a single word had made

"Of course we're alone—Daddy just leaves his shoes lying around"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

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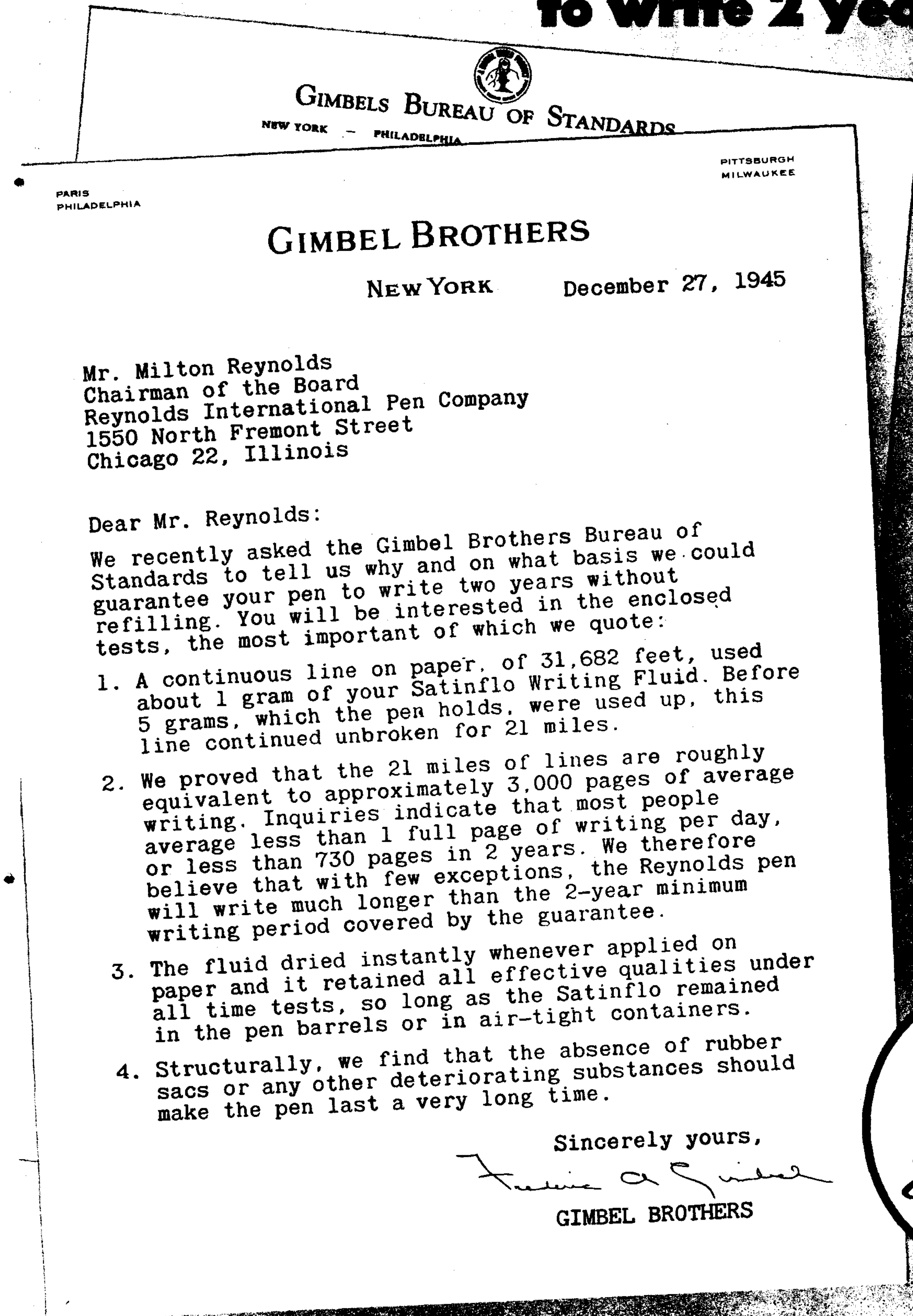

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Mr. Milton Reynolds
Chairman of the Board
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Chicago 22, Illinois

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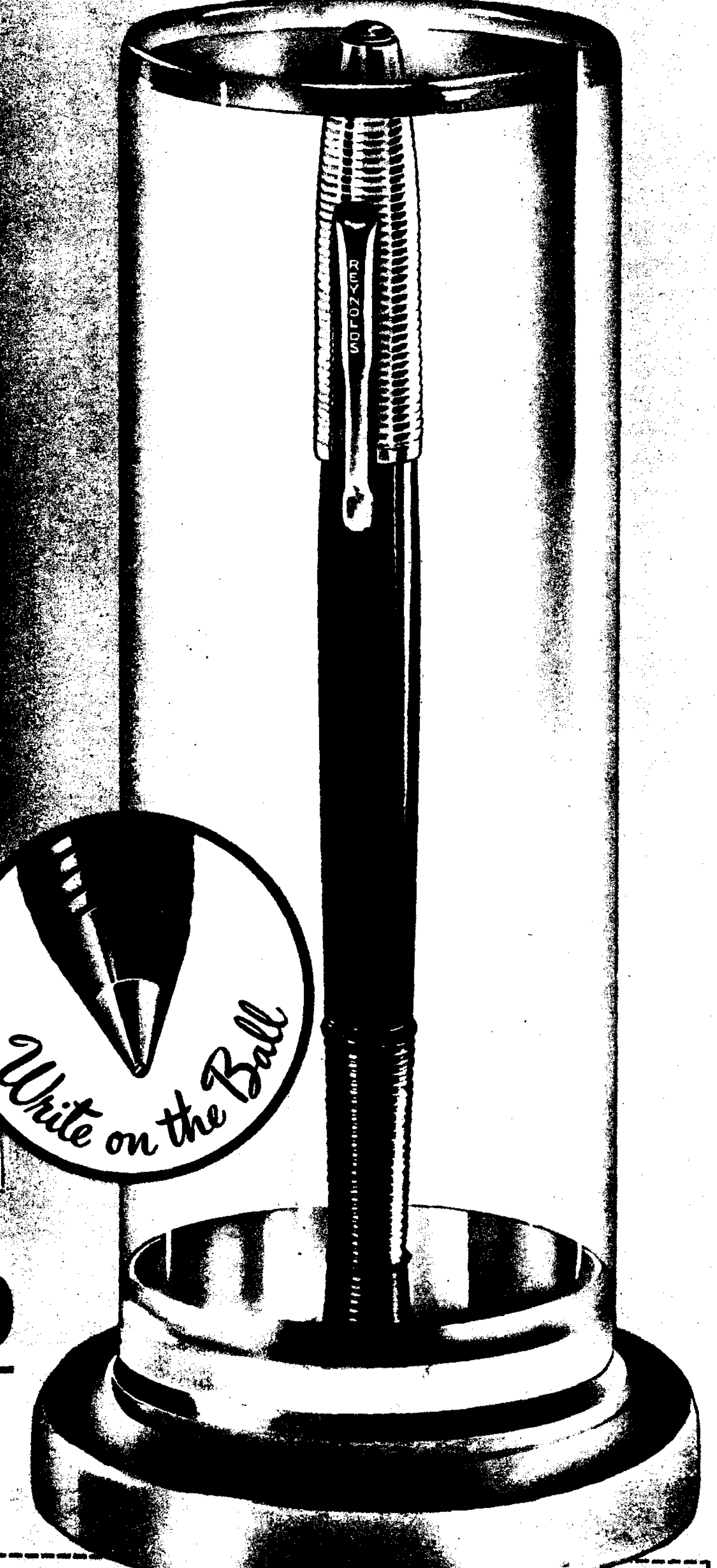

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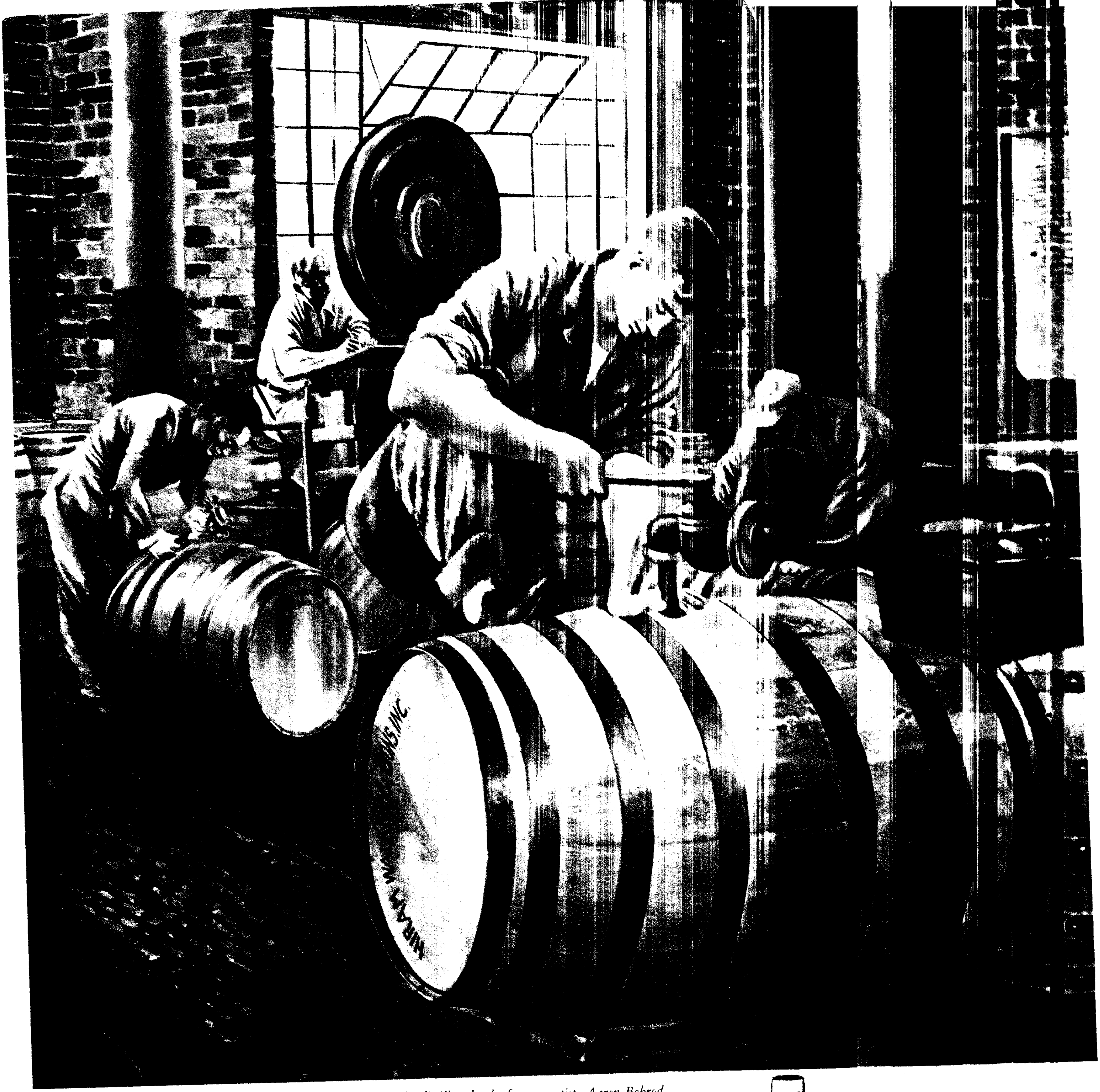
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him a graduate. "Sir, what are you doing with this treatment?"

"I'm swimming toward a headland in the dark," Cy said. The words exploded in his brain, echoing Mercy Hospital. But they could mean nothing to this boy, and so he settled down to explain Ezra Bartlett's experiments on vitamin deficiencies in rats and his own insane guess that you might be able to arrest them by feeding enormous overdoses of vitamin-containing extracts—ten thousand times, a hundred thousand times, what Bartlett calculated to be a normal requirement.

JOSEPHINE hurried to the hospital at five-thirty and was horrified by Deborah's taped face with a loop of tube hanging down one cheek and by the child's pallid lethargy. She must be in coma! But Cy said it wasn't coma; Deborah was conscious but very weak. He explained what he was doing. Then he explained over again when Dr. Rulon Williams came in—and Jo saw that Dr. Williams was awed, skeptical, a little stunned. At six o'clock a nurse brought in a small bowl of the stuff Cy had prescribed and a moment later two other nurses and the superintendent were in the doorway, to watch. Cy got to work, saying, "In case any of you have to do this, we keep a big bowl of it in the refrigerator and the nurse brings four ounces of it to body temperature in a water bath before I use it. . . . Jo, sit down—you won't like this."

She didn't. She felt nauseated and faint. The glass instrument in his hands seemed gigantic. Deborah did not stir nor open her eyes. Cy did not move her but stooped and inserted the syringe in the end of the tube as gently as he might have kissed Deborah's forehead. He slowly pressed the plunger home and Josephine covered her mouth lest she scream. That was all. One nurse took the syringe and cleaned it and the others went away. Dr. Williams talked in a whisper with Cy, shook his head and departed.

"I don't want two patients, Jo," Cy said. "Go on home. This would only agonize you here."

"I'm going to stay—"

"I said go home!"

He walked down the corridor and the stairs with her. At a wide door he started to turn in, and said, "Damn!" Through the main entrance and out to the steps and sunset, where they stood together, smelling the cool spray of the lawn sprinklers against the dust and smoke of August. His shoulder brushed hers. It was solid as rock. But at that casual touch, Josephine sensed in him an excitement that was almost terribly strong. Cy was fire or lightning within. Promptly Josephine succumbed to despair.

"Cy, can you . . . do anything for her?"

"I wish I knew!" The words were highly charged but when he turned to meet her eyes, his were quiet. "You've got to face it, Jo. If this doesn't, then nothing will."

She clasped her hands round his arm. She knew; she had known for a long time, probably. If you didn't know, if you tried not to know, Cy would march you up to it and make you look. In agony: "Cy, what terrible things we've had to do together!"

"I don't know if there's any chance at all. If there is, it's no more than one in many million. It's one that nobody ever thought to run before." He shrugged. "You take the car. I won't be needing it." He turned away but paused and said, amazed, "Did you see me start to turn into that ward on the way out?—I was making rounds at Mercy. . . . Those sleeping pills I gave you once—take two of them."

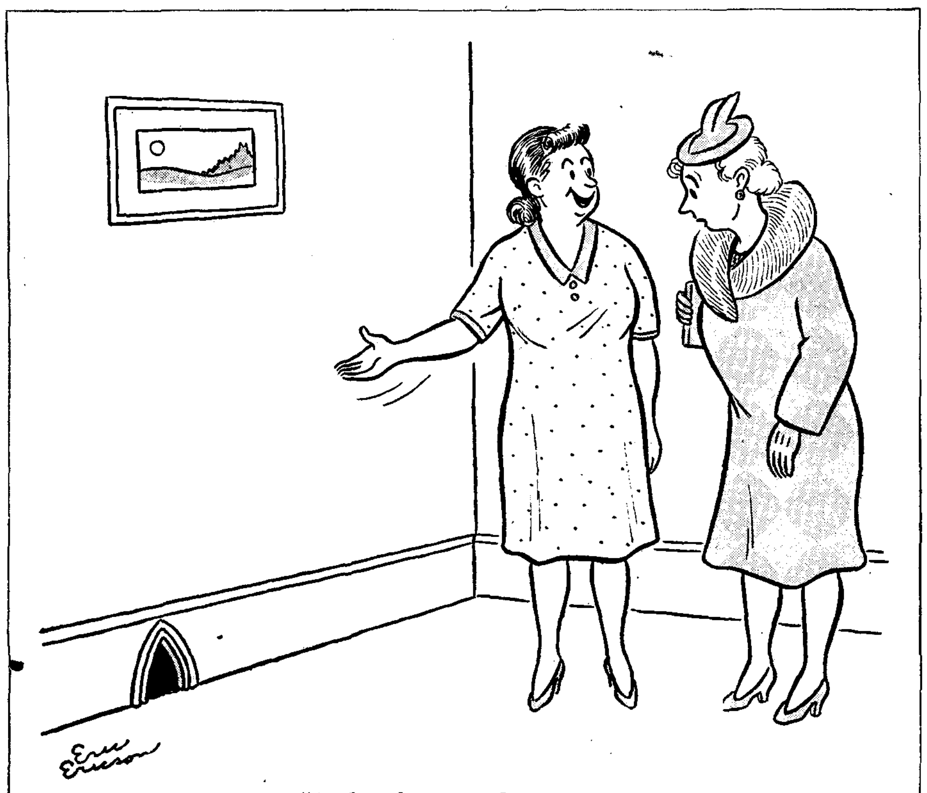
Josephine drove away, the street blurred, desperation a little dulled by his word that he was back at Mercy. The next day was Saturday and she could report with a change of clothes for Cy at one o'clock. Deborah was sleeping her stunned sleep and Cy said there was no change of any kind. There was in him: there was an increase. Jo could fairly see the molten fire inside him; she wondered if any man could sustain it and be whole.

ON SUNDAY she found him cursing Ezra Bartlett, who ought to have answered a telegram but had not. Then the limes he had ordered were delivered. Cy fell on them, and Jo followed him into the pantry. He squeezed several ounces of juice and strained it carefully. Then he was blazing. "Damn! Why can't we know something, anything at all? Why isn't there someone to tell me what to do?" He scraped up the pulp he had strained out and added it to the juice. He cut the rind to strips and pressed a few drops of oil from it and stirred that in. Then he mixed the whole thing with his pulped meat.

"There goes the last chip—they're all down now," he said, when he had fed his hourly four ounces down the tube. "If there really are such things as vitamins, all four of them are in that mess . . . maybe. If there's anything magic about them, we'll find out now . . . maybe."

He handed the syringe to the nurse and made a little gesture that meant nothing at all. Except that it meant complete helplessness. While Josephine gazed at him he went old, spent, withered. She fled away from the hospital. She wept for a long time in her room. Hattie came in and they sat together saying nothing, while an afternoon of motionless heat wore out beyond closed windows.

(To be concluded next week)



COLLIER'S "A church mouse lives there" ERIC ERICSON

TRAVEL WITH

TRAV-LER

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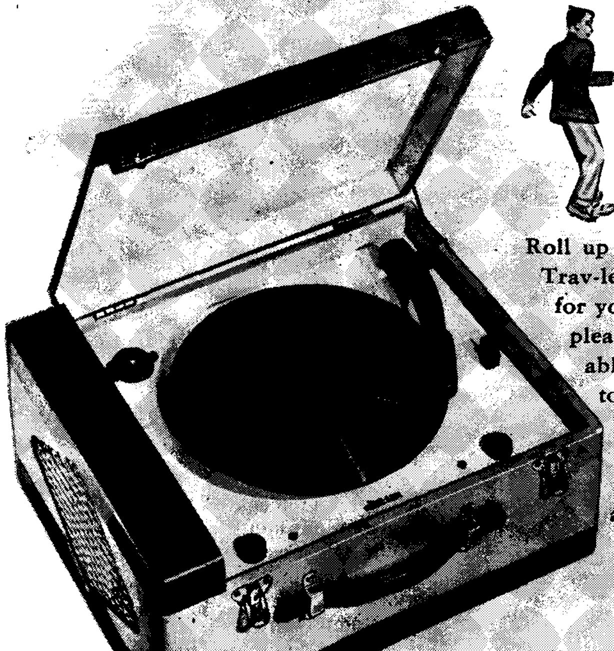

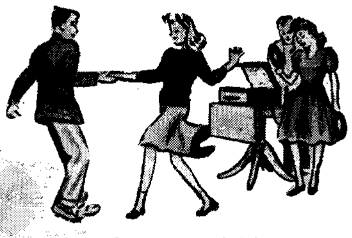

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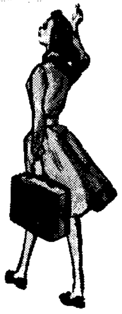

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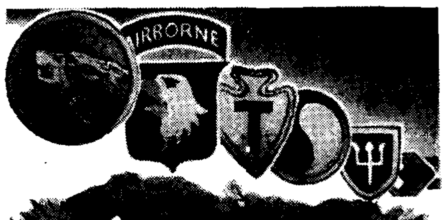

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Little Miss Innocent

Continued from page 16

rest of the money on a car, a fur coat—mink—a few tons of assorted canned goods and some pretty sexy frocks. After all this, the other members of the family got new clothes and dental work, the garden got a floodlight system and the house and patio a lot of new furniture.

About this time a voice from the bank called up and said come on down at once with $1.38—you're overdrawn.

However, with the rent paid a year in advance and enough food squirreled away to feed the family for some months, Marie didn't worry much—until they turned off the gas. This was followed by a cessation of telephone service. The power company was more merciful, and the family cooked on an electric plate for a while. Marie set out in the car, dressed for a night club—she'd forgotten to buy any everyday clothes—and wearing the mink. Then began the old Hollywood carousel ride.

Visiting Hollywood's "But" Men

This consists of a player going to someone she knows in a studio, who says he would sign her in a moment, but— He sends her to someone in another studio, who says he *would do anything for his old pal in the* first studio, but— He sends her to the third studio, where a pal of her friends in the first two studios tears his hair and says, "Oh, why didn't you come around yesterday?"

After some weeks of this, Miss Wilson stuffed her fingers in her ears and thought it all out.

The result was that a few days later her car coughed to a stop in front of a house where a man was working on the lawn. Miss Wilson got out—in the mink—and puttered about, kicking the tires, raising the hood and looking forlorn—in a pretty, pathetic sort of way.

The man laid down the lawn mower and came over. It did not take him long to discover that the carburetor was flooded.

"Carburetor—flooded?" asked Miss Wilson—who had spent two days learning how to flood a carburetor so the car would stop just where she wanted it to. "Shall I need a pump to get the water out?"

"No," said the man, looking at her fixedly, "just leave it alone for a little while. It will deflood itself, perhaps . . . Meanwhile, come sit down and we will talk. My name is Nick Grinde. I'm a director."

"Not really?" said Miss Wilson, fluttering her eyelashes and making believe she hadn't looked up Mr. Grinde's address and found out that he mowed the lawn most afternoons for exercise.

It turned out that, quite accidentally, Marie had written herself a couple of scripts to be used in movie tests and, by an amazing coincidence, she had them with her. The whole thing amazed Mr. Grinde, too, but he was a good sport about it and got Marie a test at M-G-M.

Of course, nothing more happened. Not for weeks. Then someone at Warner's saw the test and she was finally in.

Time went on and she got the gas and telephone going again and paid the water and power bills just ahead of the dead line. After a while she was starring in the Blackouts—ten shows a week—and making movies all day.

People would come to her and say they didn't see how she did it, and she would smile mistily and say, "Well, ten shows a week is only thirty hours work a week and stenographers work forty for less money." Then the questioners would say, "Yes, but how about ten hours a day on the movie lot?" And she would start and portray amazement and murmur that she'd never thought of that! Kindly disposed people would add up sixty hours making pictures and thirty hours doing vaudeville and say it came to a ninety-hour week and hadn't she ever heard of the child labor laws?

Her real name is Katherine Elizabeth Wilson, but this seemed to be a trifle long for theater marquees so she calmly appropriated the Marie from her sister. There are now two Marie Wilsons in the family, but nobody seems to mind. There is also her stepfather, Robert White, whom Marie thoughtfully relabeled Uncle Frank.

She is married to Sergeant Alan Nixon and, when he gets out of the Army, they're figuring on building a nice soundproof house, just big enough for two, near the family home. Marie will then be able to sleep without her fingers in her ears—a treat to which she is eagerly looking forward.

THE END

The Little Doc

Continued from page 32

awfully hard to find because it appears at the joining of the toes. Bad for chickens—awfully painful."

In a few days she would be going up to northern Wisconsin to a farm to sex a flock. I raised an eyebrow.

"Sex a flock?"

She grinned, saying, "Sexing chicks means that you pick out the boys from the girls. Silly sounding, isn't it? But if you're a poultry breeder with limited space or if you want a strictly broiler business, you have to know quickly whether you have cockerels or pullets. They all look alike—just balls of fluff—but believe me, it might be the difference between receiving a dollar or a nickel for a single pedigreed cockerel."

She stopped to examine a curious weed and after pulling it up to add to her collection of seeds, weeds and pods, she continued: "Needles are used to move the feathers. You hold the bird by the back and with the aid of a high-powered magnifying glass you detect the different shape of the female from the male. It takes extremely gentle handling and swiftness and skill. I'm far from professional but I've been sexing chicks for years."

We were in sight of the farm when I asked Doris if there wasn't anything but poultry in her life. Her laugh rang out. "Why, of course there is. Parties, and a blotter collection—the biggest in the world, I'll betcha. And a doll collection. And I played the French horn at Shorewood High. I was in the band. Of course, I practice on seven different instruments when I have time, but I like the French horn the best."

I remembered that Doris' home was nine miles from the high school which she had attended for four years, and that her scrapbook showed a letter from the principal stating that except for being late one day, her school attendance was perfect.

Last fall she enrolled in the College of Agriculture at the University of Wisconsin on a scholarship, the only girl majoring in poultry husbandry and biochemistry. And while she is busy learning to be a "professor" at the university's poultry farm, she managed to walk off with the Grand Championship of Milwaukee County in the National Victory Garden contest. The result was 243 bushels of vegetables, a $250 War Bond, and being chosen a representative to the national contest to compete with all the Victory gardeners in the nation.

From Washington, D. C., H. W. Hochbaum, the man in charge of the National Victory Garden contest, announced that Milwaukee County had 100,000 gardens and, though they were of the best in the country from back-yard yield, Doris' topped them all.

On top of this, Doris won a flood of awards from the 4-H clubs, beating 450 4-H members in poultry and farm safety demonstrations.

At eighteen, she feels that she is only starting.

THE END

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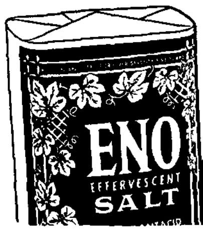

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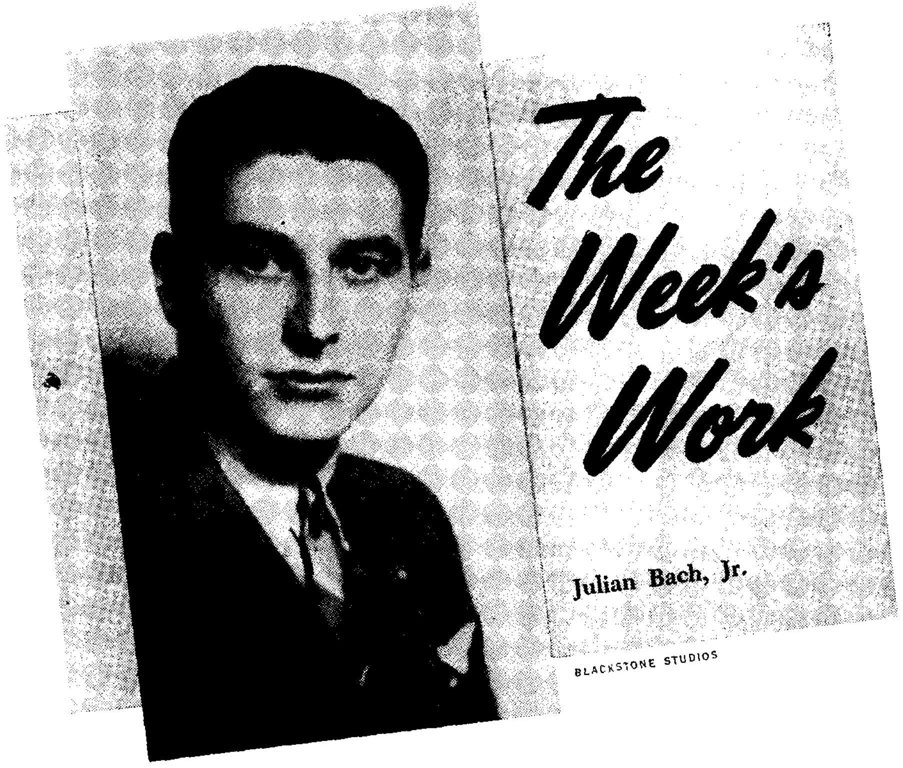

Julian Bach, Jr.

BLACKSTONE STUDIOS

FOR Author Edward S. Fox (The Pond, p. 19) the first million words were the hardest. He wrote that many, and a few more, before he sold his first story.

On the strength of that first sale, he bundled his wife and two children and all their worldly possessions into a car and headed for Florida, where, so he'd heard, the sun always shone and four could live as cheaply as one. Now, a couple of hundred published stories later, the Fox family is living in Daytona Beach with enough sand in their shoes to keep them there indefinitely.

Fox says he never has been able to find a thoroughly satisfactory place to work. "I've worked on the beach until I got sunburned. I've worked in the cellar until I grew moss on my ears. I used to write in the back seat of the car parked off somewhere in the woods."

Fox's pre-writing jobs were of a kind to encourage him to write. "I did my first writing ten years ago," he says, "when I was third assistant statistician in a New York brokerage office. Hidden behind massive volumes of statistical books piled on my desk I reeled off reams of would-be literature—over a million words that did not sell.

"My worst job was in a shipyard, where I did nothing but drive spikes with a sledgehammer and lost 26 pounds in 29 days. The next worst was as foreman on an air base where the most inexperienced of the 200 men under me knew more about the job than I did.

"The best job I ever had was as agent for a real-estate development that wouldn't develop. It was after the depression and the houses wouldn't sell. I had time to write."

Fox's story, The Pond, is based on his own experience. "I used to trap with an older brother," he says, "and each time we caught a muskrat I think I died with it. I never hit my brother on the head, though."

Edward S. Fox

ARTCRAFT

NOTES on books by Collier's writers: Quentin Reynolds' Officially Dead has sold more than 40,000 copies and keeps its place on best-seller lists. His new book, Seventy Thousand to One, to be published this spring, tells a Robinson Crusoe kind of story of a bombardier and his adventurous survival on an island held by 70,000 Japs. Reynolds is on the West Coast at present, negotiating for the filming of the story.

Jim Marshall, Collier's West Coast representative, earned excellent reviews with his new book, Santa Fe. It was out of stock in bookshops, before the second printing could be rushed through.

Jim Bishop has developed a sizable correspondence with psychiatrists since publication of his The Glass Crutch, the story of an alcoholic. Doctors are interested in the novel method of treatment described in the book.

ABOUT a month ago, we mentioned that Author Bernard V. Dryer had lost an African zodiac ring he treasured as a souvenir of his Navy experiences in North Africa. The other day the mail brought him such a ring from Collier's Reader Alma Kunz of Baltimore. She had found it in the street, she said, and whether or not it was his he could have it because she enjoyed his stories.

AFTER jeeping about Occupied Germany for six months as a roving correspondent, Julian Bach, Jr., is now back home. Part of what he saw makes up the article, America in Germany, p. 18. More is contained in his book, entitled America's Germany, which Random House is publishing shortly. Before the war, Bach was a writer specializing in foreign affairs. During the war, he took an active part in foreign affairs, serving for two and a half years as an infantry platoon leader in Iceland, England, France and Belgium. After V-E Day, he got an Army job exactly to his taste, as a roving correspondent in Germany for the magazine, Army Talks.

Bach calls himself a "subway writer," because he claims that noise and discomfort are no obstruction to work. He wrote his Collier's piece while seated on a bench in Hold No. 3 of the S.S. William Few, a Liberty ship, during a stormy Atlantic crossing. On two occasions the ship rolled so violently—42 degrees—that he was thrown off the bench and clear across the hold. Picking up himself and his typewriter, he returned to the bench and finished the article.

This week's cover: Artist Bill Gillies credits his wife with inspiring the snow cover. His wife won't wear her galoshes when she ought to, he says. She obligingly served as the model for the picture, too, and kept their two little boys out of the way while he worked. . . . A. P.

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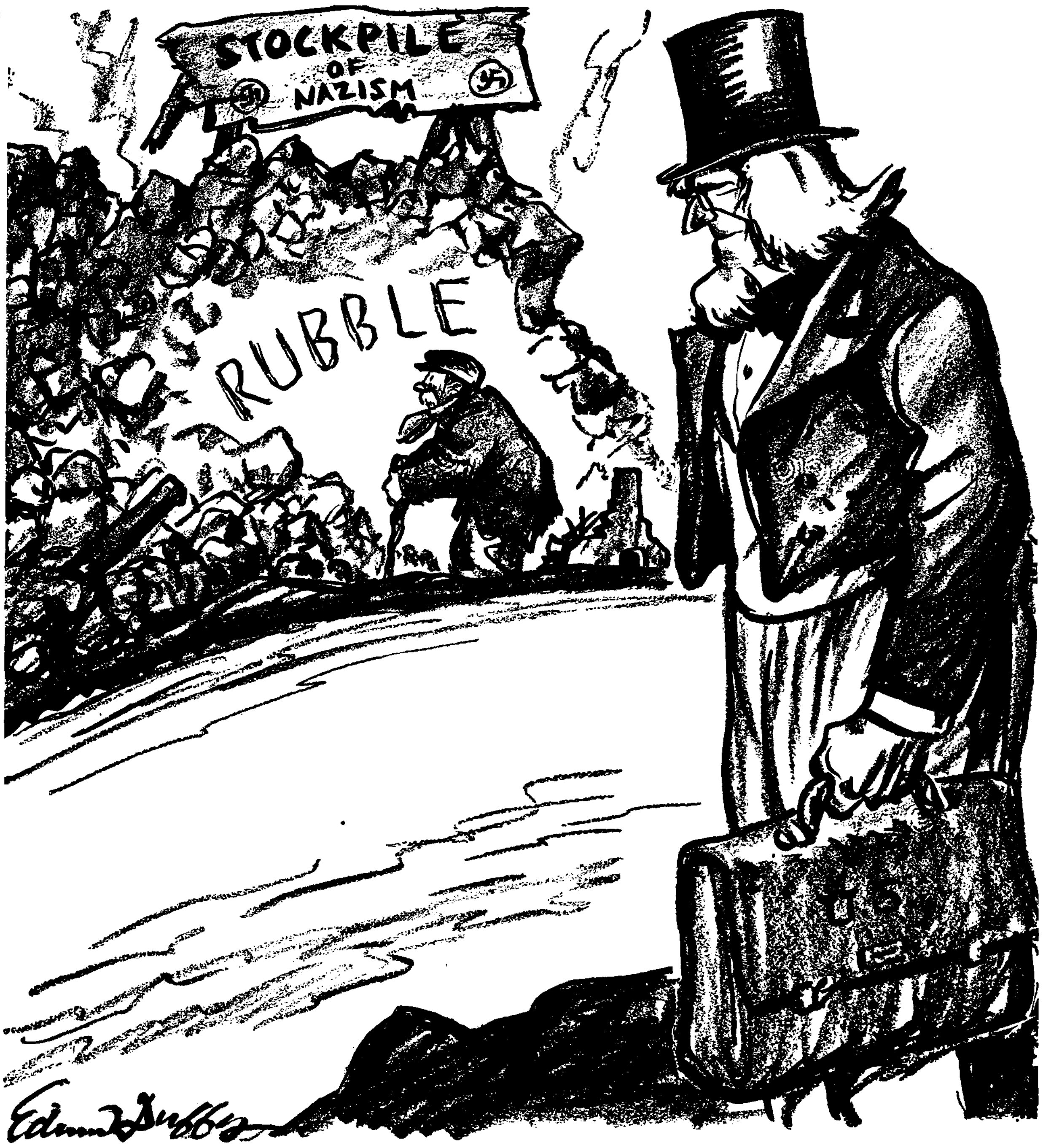

INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY AND WAR

IMPRESSIVE, we think, is the word for a story told by Robert S. Wilson, formerly director of rubber programs for the WPB, in a speech the other day at Akron, Ohio.

The story had to do with German synthetic rubber achievements before and during the war, as contrasted with American achievements along those lines after we got into the war. We retell the story here, not to throw a spotlight on any particular industry, but because it is so typical of the way in which all our industries went about cracking the problems which the war threw at them.

Here was the Nazi approach to the synthetic rubber job; Nazi chiefs picked I.G. Farbenindustrie as the great overlord—the *Fuehrer*—for the manufacture of synthetic rubber, and simply told Farben to make the world's best synthetic rubber and lots of it. Then they delegated to leading German rubber processors the job of turning out the world's best synthetic rubber tires, etc., made of the world's best synthetic rubber. The users of these products—mainly the army, of course—were just to use them, find them the best in the world, and get the world's best results with them.

Each of these elements was led by supermen, naturally, so there could be no questioning and arguing back and forth among them. Neither could there be any exchange of experiences, or joint tests of products. That would have been contrary to the *Fuehrer Prinzip*, the superman philosophy, totalitarian dogma.

Our boys went about it rather differently. The Rubber Director's office set up a complicated arrangement of 17 technical committees, with members taken from the rubber manufacturing industry—one committee for each of 17 types of rubber product. Tire makers also set up a committee, and so did Army Ordnance. These committees met often and informally; palavered and wrangled about their problems; roosted on an apparent dead center for months into crucial 1942; and in all other ways went through the familiar motions of democratic dispute, majority decisions, admitting mistakes and so on.

Then, more or less in the nick of time, the rubber program meshed into action. The rest of the story is well-known. We produced more and better synthetic rubber than the Germans, and this achievement was a major factor in winning the war for the Allies.

These words write their own music. It is sad music for believers in totalitarianism, which means, in essence, rulership by a small bunch of supposedly all-wise persons over the great mass of supposedly dumb people. It is very glad music for believers in the democratic way of doing things—by trial and error, by general and frank discussion, by selfless swapping of information, by assuming that any man or woman can have brains and use them even if he or she doesn't use the right fork for the salad or didn't go to Groton, Wellesley or Yale.

Democratic methods in U.S. industry, in short, played a colossal part in winning the war. War is the supreme test of a civilization's ability to produce results. Therefore, we had better hang onto our democracy and its methods, and ignore the advice of people who want to sell us something better. Nothing better, on past and current performance, has yet been discovered.

TWO GOVERNORS ON RACE PROBLEMS

ABOUT a year ago, a fourteen-year-old Negro broke into a Wilmington, North Carolina, house, raped a pregnant woman, was caught next day, confessed and was sentenced to death. Recently Governor R. G Cherry of North Carolina commuted the colored boy to life imprisonment, remarking in part:

> The crimes are revolting, but a part of the blame . . . arises from the neglect of the state and society to provide a better environment. . . . Our public schools, equipped with capable teachers . . . (and) an effective compulsory attendance law, would do much to correct delinquency among all races.

In Florida a few months ago, a Negro under indictment for attempted rape was snatched from jail by a mob and shot to death. Governor Millard Caldwell of Florida said he didn't consider this a lynching. He went on to opine that the mob had saved courts, etc., considerable trouble and added:

> The ordeal of bringing a young and innocent victim of rape into open court and subjecting her to detailed cross-examination could easily be as great an injury as the original crime. This fact probably accounts for a number of killings which might otherwise be avoided.

Thus, Cherry of North Carolina expresses the forward-looking view of these matters, while Caldwell of Florida expresses the old, narrow view which has been about as harmful to Southern white people as to Southern Negroes. We can only congratulate North Carolina on its governor, and hope that Florida may have similar gubernatorial good luck before long.

UNREST IN THE ARMY

THE unrest in various Army overseas contingents—it manifested itself first at Manila, then popped up like prairie fire on Guam, at Le Havre, at Yokohama, at Frankfurt am Main, and at various other points—is understandable but it is not commendable. Neither is it good for the United States as a world power committed to taking a foremost part in world affairs.

Generals Eisenhower and MacArthur have shown that they understand the way a lot of the men feel, and are doing all they can to redress real grievances though Eisenhower finally found it necessary to forbid mass meetings. These men fought magnificently in the war, but now they want to forget soldiering and come home.

This unrest is bad business. The United States has undertaken world responsibilities, for better or for worse. It cannot discharge those responsibilities if any considerable portion of its armed forces is to degenerate into a mob, thus making our government look weak.

It seems to us that one thing which is urgently needed is a re-examination of our methods of indoctrinating new troops slated to occupy Germany or Japan, and of keeping the overseas troops convinced that they fought a worth-while fight and still have a patriotic duty to act their age.

Are these indoctrination programs carried out conscientiously and interestingly by officers whom the men like and trust? Or are they delegated in some cases to lackadaisical or cynical little junior officers who make perfunctory chores out of their assignments? There isn't a more important assignment in peacetime.

The War Department can ride herd on indoctrination, and Congress can ride herd in this matter on the War Department. Both agencies can, and should, be watchful in respect to real grievances, unjustifiable delays, and all other injustices that crop up.

But Congress and the War Department also should resist all agitation to turn demobilization into disintegration, especially with reference to the occupation forces in Germany and Japan. General McNarney thinks the German job can be handled with 300,000 men after July 1st; General MacArthur thinks 200,000 can run the Japanese show. Very well. Until these generals revise their estimates, let those estimates be our guide in furnishing them with well-trained, well-indoctrinated, responsible and orderly troops.

If we muff this postwar job, we can shred away and lose the enormous prestige with which we came out of the war—and under certain easily imagined circumstances, that can add up to losing the peace and laying the groundwork for World War III.

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